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PUNCH



VOL LXIV

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1873.

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"AND now," said MR. PUNCH, "to pay my respects to the SHAH. You have, of course, seated him on my best Divan, TOBY, which I trust you had caused to be properly dusted."

So saying, MR. PUNCH, with even a more fascinating smile than usual, entered the Chamber of Reception at 85, Fleet Street.

"*Bigarosh muck warbouth selattyn ti pagbluth blocktinder,*" said NASSER-ED-DIN, returning the smile, and saluting.

"*Batman collothun chenica masherbath cowfrishi, digling ahasuerus jonnycrab, halimanthus y pop grodibungus,*" replied MR. PUNCH, bowing three times as he alone can bow.

"If you prefer to talk English," said the SHAH, "pray do."

"I prefer it very much indeed, your Majesty. Permit me to observe that I am immeasurably and inconceivably honoured by this condescending visitation, and that the day will be dear to me as the most distinguished and fortunate period of my existence."

"That is humbug, and you know it," said the SHAH.

"It is humbug, and I know it," said MR. PUNCH. "But I desire to exhibit my accomplishments to your Majesty."

"Exhibit your grandmother, and give me a pipe," said the SHAH. "I thought I had come to one place where I might talk plain Persian, leastways English, and hear no flammery-flummery."

"To hear is to obey," said MR. PUNCH, clapping his hands. Three housemaids, of extreme beauty and neatness, instantly entered, and various exquisite refreshments were placed before the illustrious pair.

"Not bad-looking moon-faces, those," said the SHAH, as the maidens, with deep reverence, withdrew.

"Beautiful myself," said MR. PUNCH, "I love to see myself reflected in all about me. May I offer your Majesty some sherbet?"

"Sherbet doesn't go off with a bang, and effervesce like that, at least in Persia," said the SHAH. "Are you sure you use the right name?"

"I am like Humpty-Dumpty, Sire, in *Through the Looking-Glass* (elegantly illustrated by my friend, JOHN TENNIEL), and when I wish a noun to mean anything, I make that noun mean what I wish. This is sherbet, Sire, made by a meritorious French widow, from a recipe found in the writing-desk of Shampagnecharlemagne, heretofore King of France."

"When at Rome we must do as they do in Rome," said the SHAH, pensively.

"No, you mustn't, Sire," returned MR. PUNCH, "or you would do without honesty, drainage, punctuality, and soap and water. But in my office you may do as I do. *Lackshibboleum tommywarboy,*" he added, raising his glass.

"*Bong flippas dindy gudgeon,*" replied the SHAH, returning the courtesy. "By the beard of the Prophet, that widow knows what she is about."

"Most widows do," said MR. PUNCH. "And how do you like us English, my successor of DARIUS?"

"Who was he?"

"How should I know, Sire? But it is the right thing to say. We'll make it XERXES, if more agreeable, as it is equally idiotic."

"I am a Kadjar," said the SHAH.

"We have many of your namesakes here, Sire, only their name is spelt with a variation. Your revered father was MOHAMMED, and his illustrious predecessor was FETH ALI, who succeeded to the magnaminous AGA-MOHAMMED, founder of your unsurpassable dynasty."

"You know everything, I believe, Berglerbeg."

"That, I think, is Persian for Governor, Sire. Yes. My eye and FREDERICK MARTIN have told me several things about Your Majesty, within the last week. But I am not proud, as every one of my contemporaries has availed himself of the same authority. Is the tobacco to my Lord's liking?"

"Houri's breath," said the SHAH, piously. "Now, can I do anything for you? Do you want any diamonds?"

"I make them, Sire, and sell them at three pence a packet. No, Your Majesty, PUNCH asks nothing of Kings except that they would follow his counsels. Those who do not, have a habit of soon ceasing to be Kings. You are wise. I learn that you are going to develop the resources of your country, with the aid of my friend SIR JULIUS DE REUTER and his capitalists. I wish your Majesty brilliant success. *Lackshibboleum.* How do you get on with LORD GRANVILLE?"

"He is a delightful man. He speaks French beautifully. But"—(whispers).

"But your Majesty wants him to speak English?" said MR. PUNCH, winking.

"I confess that I would rather have six words than six hundred from a friend, when I have told him my need."

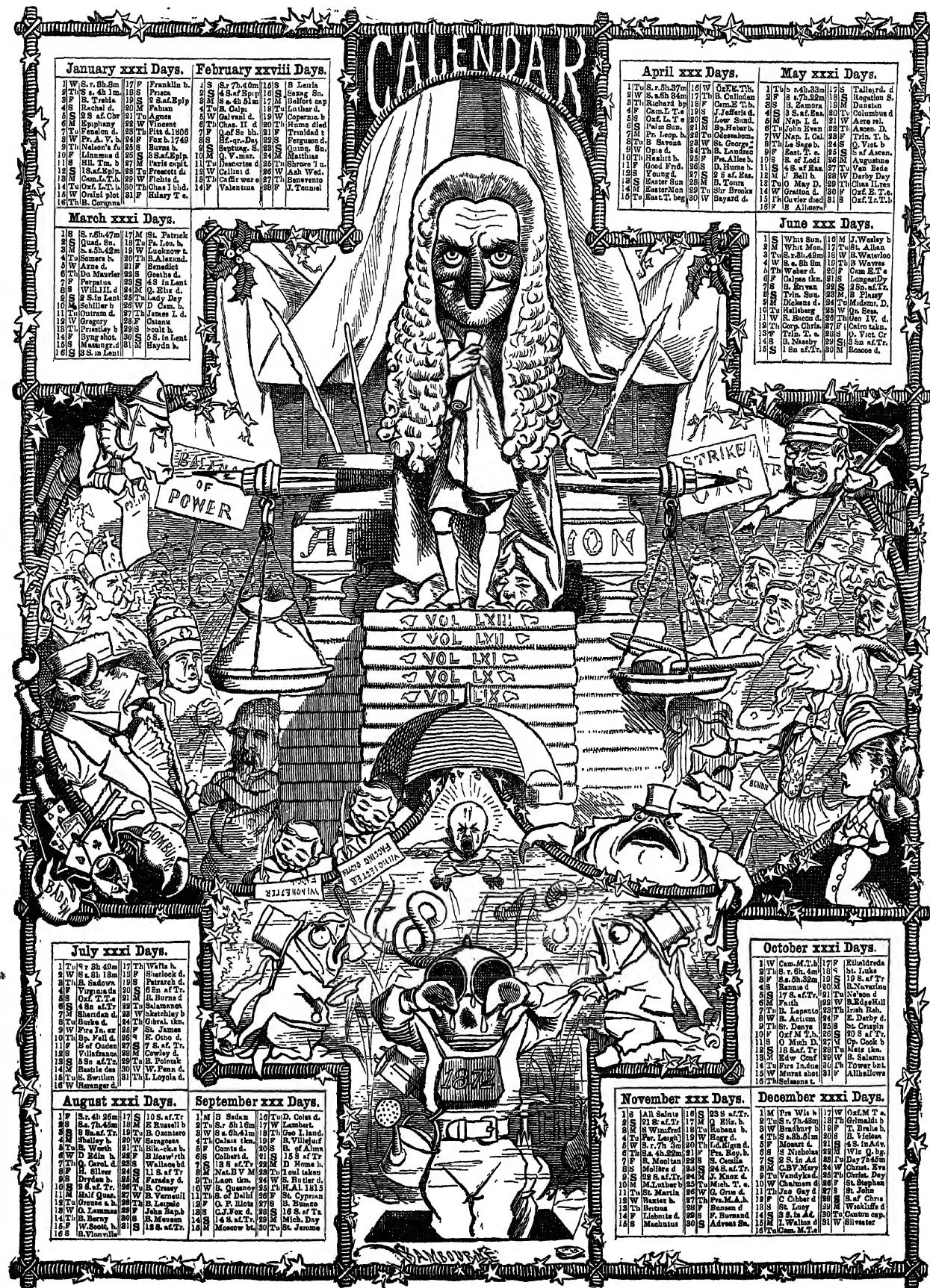
"We'll square it, Majesty. I have sent for him. He is in the next room. We'll have it out with him, and your Majesty shall return to Teheran with your face whitened before the peoples, and shining like the moon in the firmament. Jump up, Sire! Jump, my bounding Bactrian! On to the book, Sire! We will march upon the Foreign Minister in an impressive manner. Steady, Lord of the Lion and the Sun."

And in this wise went the SHAH and MR. PUNCH to confer with LORD GRANVILLE.

(*The result to be revealed at a fitting season.*)



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.





HIGH LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Doctor. "I AM PLEASED TO SAY, MRS. FITZBROWNE, THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO VACCINATE YOUR BABY FROM A VERY HEALTHY CHILD OF YOUR NEIGHBOUR, MRS. JONES—"
Mrs. Fitzbrowne. "OH DEAR, DOCTOR! I COULD NOT PERMIT THAT. WE DO NOT CARE TO BE MIXED UP WITH THE JONESES IN ANY WAY."

LINES TO MY LADY-LOVE.
(By a Common-place Person)

To thee, were I a humble bee,
I'd hourly wing my honeyed flight;
To thee, were I a ship at sea,
I'd sail, tho' land were in my sight:
To thee, were I a pussy cat,
I'd spring, a tho' 'twere on a rat!
To thee, were I a stickleback,
I'd swim as fast as fins could move,
To thee, were I a hunter's hawk,
I'd gallop on the hoofs of love:
But as I'm but a simple man,
I'll come by train, love—if I can!

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1001. Invention of the riddle,
When is a door not a door?"

A.D. 1220. First asking of the question,
"Where was Moses when the candle went out?"

A.D. 1349. Discovery of the conundrum, "Why does a miller wear a white hat?"

A.D. 1508. A tongue is cut at supper,
and for the first time a joke is cut upon it.

A.D. 1650. Introduction of the pleasant saying, "Who stole the Donkey?"

A.D. 1703. Jones helps Smith to trifles,
and has the happiness of making the first pun ever made upon it.

THERE was a Rich Merchant of Bristol,
Who shot at a cat with a pistol:
The cat's living still,
And the merchant by will:
Enriched an Old Cat down at Bristol.

WHAT's the distinction between Winter
and Summer?
One's the Double Vest time, and the
other 'the Half-vest time.

ORNITHOLOGY AT SCHOOL.—Our old English ancestors called the Song Thrush or Thrush the Mavis. The Mavis eats slugs and snails. Here are a slug and a snail. *Utum horum, Mavis, accipit.*

FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Is there any connection between the Whisper and the Sound?



"HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME."
Vide "The Bottle Imp."

PRIZE CHARADE.

(To be asked in January and answer to be looked for in December.)

WITHOUT my first Chance wouldn't stand a chance,
My first can make you jump and look askance.

The House of Commons dearly loves my first,
Without it, too, some folks would be athirst.
My second is what certain snobs admire,
And far more useful than a coal for fire.
My whole is what my whole must have to be

Of use to Sweepor, Sailor, or M.P.
I'm from the deep, or from the richest mine,

Or from the forest. On the railway-line
I'm carried, and the shivering soldier thanks
His lucky stars that gave me to the ranks.
I'm blessed by saints, though often cursed by sinners,
Whom I have kept away from festive diners.

Take me to China and you'll find tea
Is nothing when a Mandarin sees me.
So think me over, meditate, and guess,
And if you're right, depend on 't, I'll say "Yes."

A SUGGESTION.

"FROZEN over is the pond, love.
Dearest KATE,

Let us therefore, O fond love,
Go and skate."

"But the ice is so thin,
We might both tumble in.

Tra la la la!"

"Well; but if a drag we borrow,
What do you say about to-morrow?"

"Ask Mamma."

ADVICE TO SPONSORS.—Never name the boy to whom you stand godfather, JOHN EDWARD. The diminutive of JOHN is JACK; that of EDWARD is NEDDY. The latter diminutive is bad enough by itself, but the former, prefixed to it, makes it twice as bad. Plain Donkey, an appellation sufficiently opprobrious, becomes doubly objectionable when expanded into Jackass.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.



'THE LAST (CO-OPERATIVE) FEATHER.'

'My Lady' "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"

ZODIACAL ZANYISMS.

ARIES, the RAM, harbours need for defiance.

Taurus, JOHN BULL, will be put to expense.

GEMINI, TWINS, make their Sires doubly blest.

CANCER, the CRAB, is oft hard to digest.

LEO, the LION, as BYRON hath said, Will turn tail and flee before VIRGO the MAID.

LIBRA, the BALANCE, at Banks is the thing.

SCORPIO, the SCORPION, can both pinch and sting.

CAPRICORNUS, the BILLY-GOAT, TAFFY knows well.

SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, they called WILLIAM TELL.

AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, carries two pails.

PISCES, the FISHES, have true fins and scales.

My dears, but you always confound them with whales.

There was an old "salt" down at Barmouth,
Who married a widow at Yarmouth,
A second at Goole,
And another at Poole,
Yet lived to be ninety at Barmouth.

THE BIRDS' BETROTHAL.
"My Snowdrop," the cock blackbird quoth
Unto his Valentine.
"My Crocus," said the hen, "in troth,
With that yellow beak of thine!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—HAROLD has proposed for CONSTANCE. She thinks him delightfully eligible in every point of view; but the higher powers are not equally enthusiastic. A family meeting is held consisting of Papa, Mamma, Uncle CHRISTOPHER, and Aunt EMILY. Two people anxiously await the decision of this COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

CUTTING AND MAIMING.—When you see a man mangling a goose or a hare at the dinner-table, you may safely predict of him that he will never carve his way to distinction.

THE FESTIVE BORED.—At a Public Dinner,



A RARA MONGRELLIS.

Tourist "YOUR DOG APPEARS TO BE DEAF, AS HE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ME."
Shepherd, "NA, NA, SIR. SHE'S A VARRA WISE DOG, FOR ALL THAT. BUT SHE ONLY SPEAKS GAELIC."

CASUALTIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

A CONGREGATION was carried away.

A meeting was set by the ears.

A man was buried in thought.

A great many persons drowned their sorrows.

Others were overwhelmed with thanks.

Others were smothered with kisses.

Others cut their own throats.

Others split their sides.

Many people lost their heads.

Others ran them against a stone wall.

Others fell between two stools.

Others stuck to their posts.

Others were riveted to the spot.

Others cut off their nose to spite their face.

There was a flood of light literature.

The Registrar-General's Reports show

about an average number of cases of blind sides, deaf ears, cold shoulders, noses put out of joint, wry faces, turned heads, people without a leg to stand on, and people falling over head and ears in love.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

"Tis the twenty-ninth of May;
Deck with oak-apples your hair;
"O yes! We'll keep any day
When there's anything to wear."

THERE was a Young Lady of Ifield,
With whom a gay Flirt had trifled,
Till she snatched up a pen,
Crying, "Write the day When,
Or I'll strangle you till you are stifled."

NOTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—Our Saxon ancestors called the months by names of their own. If the members of their Wittenagemote, when it had broken up, had been accustomed to stump their constituents, and others had been learned Associations wont at the same time to hold their annual Congresses and palaver, they would perhaps have conferred the title of Mouth-Monath on September.

WHAT a host of learned women there would be, if all those of the sex who sometimes "look blue" had any pretensions to be considered literary characters!

FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Is a molecule a little mole?

OLD ENGLISH FARE.—By a stage-coach.



A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"
Charles (his friend). "HA!—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINE?"

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

MR. BROWN begins to light his fire according to the almanack instead of the thermometer.

MR. JONES dare not praise a picture until he knows who painted it.

MR. ROBINSON once journeyed to Jerusalem, and cannot meet you for five minutes without saying he has done so.

MR. FLUKE never plays a game of billiards with a friend without alleging that he has not touched a cue for upwards of a twelvemonth.

MR. GROWLER never misses any chance, when the Tories are in power, of proclaiming his opinion of the decadence of England.

MR. TOMKINS can't enjoy a play of mattockets, because he won't restrain himself from looking at the wires.

MRS. FUSSIE keeps an album, pets a pug dog, and collects old postage-stamps.

MR. GRABB is always ready to borrow a cigar of you, but never volunteers to lend you one.

MISS SIMERTON can't travel half-a-dozen miles without a lady's-maid and half-a-dozen hand-boxes.

MR. HUBBY hires a Hansom to take him to an omnibus.

MR. MONYBAGGE aspires to be a member of the School Board, although he calls intelligence "reliable," and peculiar "peccoler."

MISS DAWDLERON can crochet, knit, and tat; but, except in great emergencies, cannot sew a button on.

MR. HUNKS prefers, he says, to travel second-class, because the first-class is so stuffy.

MR. DUFFER gives to beggars, and avoids a poor-box.

THERE was a Young Person in Poland, Who bought some Macassar of Rowland: Her hair grew so thick, It was propped by a stick— A thing which had happened in no land.

FOR THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is a Cipher can he take care of Number one, and is everybody at liberty to set him at nought?

A COMPLETE SUTT.—Bob wig, billycock hat, dicky, jean' coat and waistcoat, jack-boots, and nankeen trousers.



NEATLY TURNED.

Gallant Paddy. "SHURE, THEY'RE ILLIGANT GREASES, DARLIN'. BUT CHOOSE YER OWN BUNCHES. SOME IV 'EM'S LIKE YOURSELF—BETTER LOOKING THAN OTHERS!"

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(By a Married Man.)

Life is beset with dangerous temptations When you take your wife down Regent Street, always leave your purse at home.

In connubial arithmetic, a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.

Pity the poor gentleman whose wife will have a latch-key!

Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state, if it were not for cold mutton.

When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bonnet.

Pleasant is the Derby Day with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a West End jeweller's is a costly price to pay for it.

If your wife says, "Dear Mamma is coming for a week or so," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or two.

Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but, when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

SONG ON ST. CUTHBERT'S DAY.

"Easy Shaving! Easy Shaving!"

Legend still above my door;
 In the breeze whilst beards are waving;
 Men get shaven now no more.

Cutting and shampooing only,
 I with soaps and grease rub on.
 But my little shop is lonely;
 Now the Barber's Trade is gone!

THERE came a Queer Stranger to Dawlish,
 High-shouldered, low-spirited, tallish:
 He mooned on the beach,
 And he spouted a speech,
 Which sounded quite Exeter-Hall-ish.

ASTROLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to ZADKINE, "Saturn steals on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the Thief-god or god of Thieves was Mercury.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—When was the last Fairy seen in England?

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.

December 17, 1872.]



A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

English Tourist. "I SAY, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY—"
Tourist (aghast). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?" *Native.* "EH-H-THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TIL' IT!!"

ECCLESIASTICAL PUNNING.—It is needless to repeat the joke made by POPE GREGORY on the English youth, whose countrymen he sent St. Augustine to convert. Was a similar pun intended by the Pontiff who appointed the 28th of August for St. Augustine's Day?

HAGIOLOGY.—June 5. Festival of St. Boniface. In the Army of Martyrs a host in himself. St. Boniface is the Patron of the Licensed Victuallers.

MALAPROPLANA.

Mrs. MALAPROP has been very much interested in a description of the Honeycombs at Rome.

Mrs. MALAPROP possesses a Shakespeare with Margaret notes.

Mrs. MALAPROP recommends the consecrated milk.

Mrs. MALAPROP hates your chymical people.

Mrs. MALAPROP is looking out for the Christmas Novices.

NOTE ON OLD ENGLISH FARE.—Christmas plum-pudding is quite as indigestible as wedding-cake, but the latter has consequences which, happily, do not follow eating the former. They are carved alike—in wedges. Beware the thin end of the wedge; still more the thick.

STICKING TO THEM.—Beards are not so much worn as they were, but the Oysters, always tenacious, have made no change.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PAST YEAR.

BEATING about the bush.
Drawing the long bow.
Fishing in troubled waters.
Catching Tartars.
Hooking husbands.
Flying in the face of Society.
Harping on one string.
House-hunting.
Killing two birds with one stone.
Outrunning the constable.
Ringding the changes.
Sailing close to the wind.
Shooting folly flying.
Tuff-hunting.
Walking over the course.
Going on a wild-goose chase.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.
THE storm-cock on the leadless tree-top fife
I've twinges in the shoulder and the knee.
And my corns shoot, and so do my own wife's.
We shall have rain before or after tea.

GREAT BABES IN THE WOOD.
LINKED together, heart and soul,
In September let us stroll,
Then the mushrooms we can pull,
If we find each other dull.
Otherwise, our lips we'll stain
With the blackberries in you lane.

THERE was a bold sailor of Cardiff,
Who said to himself, "It is hard if I
can't have a stir made
About a young mermaid
I'll bring the Museum at Cardiff."

A REGULAR FEAST DAY.—
May 29. Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND. The restaurant, MONK'S.



THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED; OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN BESSEMER!

OFFENCES OF THE PAST YEAR.

KNOCKING people down with a feather.
Throwing dust in their eyes.
Blowing them up.
Stealing kisses.
"Taking silk."
Murdering tuns.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Setting fire to the Thames.
Roasting friends.
Cutting up authors.
Quarrelling with bread and butter.

THERE was an eccentric at Chester,
Who walked about in a sou'wester,
And stood on his head.
When he got into bed,
Which was only a second-hand tester.

THE INNOCENT TO HIS MATE.

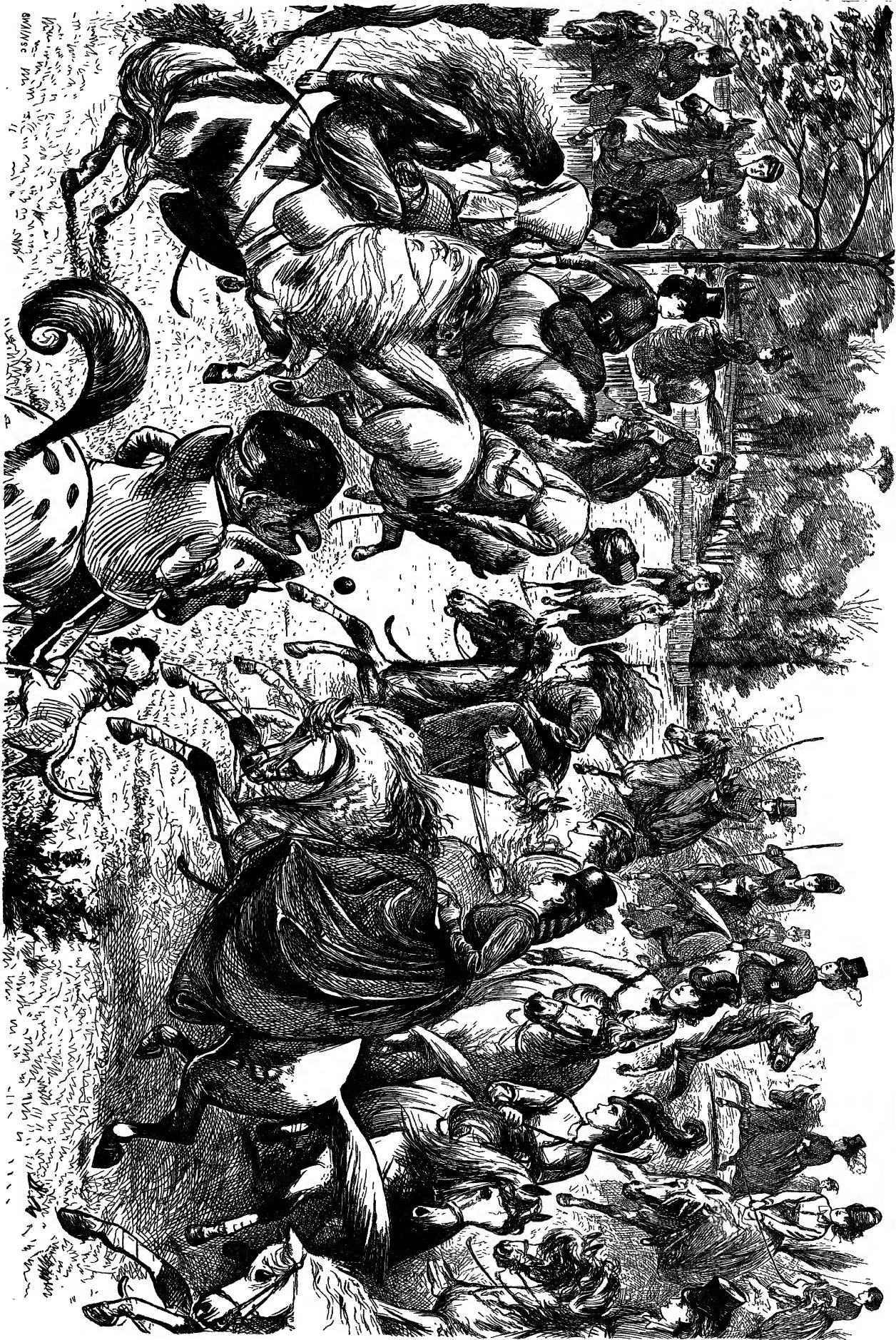
COME where the redbreast warbles;
Come where the beetles crawl:
There will we play at marbles,
Under the garden wall.

AN APRIL FOLLY.

"Good morrow, 'is St. Simpleton's Day.
All in the morning cool,
And I'm not up at your window
To be your April Fool!"

IMPOLITE THING.—To grumble at the high price of coals when you are dining with a colliery owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Note. A creature of Impulse—Football.



POLO POST FUTURUM.



ON THE HILLS.

Deer Stalker (Old Hand, and fond of it). "Isn't it EXCITING! ? KEEP COOL!" [Jones isn't used to it, and, not having moved for the last half-hour, his excitement has worn off. He's wet through, and sinking fast in the Boggy Ground, and speechless with Cold. So he doesn't answer.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

BUTTERFLIES were broken on wheels.
Cats looked at kings.
Cricketers made ducks' eggs.
Little birds whispered in the ear.
A good many mares' nests were discovered.
People smelt a rat.
Others were still as a mouse.
Others plucked crows.
Others took "rooks."
Birds of a feather flocked together.
Puppies and dull dogs were as numerous as ever.
Cucumbers maintained their usual coolness.
Unsuccessful attempts were again made to put salt on birds' tails, to catch weasels asleep, and to introduce pigeons' milk.
The British Lion had a strong dose of "Geneva" administered to him.

THE ANGLER'S CATCH.

The fly is on the water,
The fish are in the creel.
For caught by whipping trout are,
But you can't so catch an eel.

THERE was a Young Lady of Norwood,
Who chattered just like a macaw would,
Her Ma said, "In vain
Do I try to stop Jane;
Praps a husband who kept her in awe,
would."

A SCIENTIFIC WANT.—We have statos and hydrostatics, pneumatics and rheumatics; but none of these exactly represent the feelings of young ladies, when they see a new bonnet or a new baby, or hear of another ball or a fresh party—this is Ecstasies!

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Midsummer is apt to be attended with thunderstorms. The highest points are those which most attract the electric fluid. The bolt which strikes the palace spares the pigsty. Hrummk!

RUDE THING.—To take out your watch during the sermon.

RUDER THING.—To take yourself out during that discourse.



THE ARCHERY MEETING.

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!" Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"

WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

ARRING French.
Building castles in the air.
Chopping logic.
Cracking Jokes.
Cleansing Augean stables.
Cutting and drying.
Fencing questions.
Hedging bets.
Imprinting kisses.
Knitting brows.
Nursing omnibuses.
Putting shoulders to wheels.
Scouring the country.
Skinning flints.
Sowing wild oats.
Reaping the consequences.
Splitting hairs.
Ventilating grievances.
Wading through books.
Wool gathering.
Spinning yarns.
Cheese-purining.
Trimming.

GARDENING NOTES.

A TINY sort of a Tree is a Spruce Fir. Grass that can't be expected to grow straight is evidently Rye-Grass.

THERE was a Young Lady called Bethel; Who, Hisping, to Cecil said, "THEREH! In rain, hail, or freeze, I'm for Church, if you please, But I cannot abide Little Bethel."

OCTOBER 2.—Pheasant-eating begins.

NOVEMBER 2.—St. Cecilia's Day. A Monster Concert is given by the Amalgamated Organ-Grinders, Scotch Bag-pipers, Street Ballad Singers, and Nigger Minstrels of London.

THERE was a stout Bishop of Venice, Who, when he had finished at tennis, In pontificalibus Ran out to hail a bus— Then a new feature at Venice:

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Our friend, WYLDE FLOWERS, is an enthusiastic naturalist. His wife has lately presented him with twin daughters. He has called them FLORA and FAUNA.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

"OH, PAPA! WHAT DO YOU THINK? FOUR OUT OF OUR TWELVE BOXES ARE MISSING."
"HURRAH! BY GEORGE! THAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF NEWS I'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME."

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Educational.—Large attendances at the School for Scandal.

Chemical.—Drugs in the market.

Potential.—Turning over a new leaf.

Military.—March of intellect.

Naval.—Blowing great guns.

Meteorological.—Showers of circulars.

Surgical.—An infusion of new blood.

Agricultural.—CORNEY GRAIN very amusing.

Commercial.—Number of far-fetched jokes, according to the import returns, slightly in excess of the year 1871.

Philanthropic.—Advice freely given.

Scientific.—Aquariums going on swimmingly.

Farming.—Ploughing in Oxfordshire.

Grazing.—Scraping your shins.

THE DOUBLE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

Phœbus, with unclouded ray,

Evermore for London shone

On November's twice third day;

Head the number of thy Nine.

With the Crown that never fails

Hymn we then the Civic Chair.

Then was born the PRINCE OF WALES;

Then comes in the New LORD MAYOR.

Phœbe, being not elsewhere

Absent, shed thy light sereno

Though in every thoroughfare

Stars of gaslight mock thy sheen;

While the People rend the air

Shouting, o'er their grogs and ale,

Glory to the new LORD MAYOR:

Ditto to the PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE was a Young Lady called LILY,
Say, was she or was she not silly?

She rejected a hand

Bringing riches and land,

Because she disliked the name "BILLY."

SYMPATHY.—Things wore a serious aspect when the Bakers threatened to strike. The bread itself looked "sad."

ODD THING.—To encore a song, and to be quite satisfied when another is sung in its stead.

MEAN THING.—To ask for discount when you buy the wedding-ring.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TASK.—Cram, without examination.



"DISTANCE LENDS," &c.

Wiry Keeper. "THAT'S OUR GROUND, SIR, JUST ROUND THAT FURTHEST HILL."

[Brown (from London), who had understood his Moor was within easy distance from the Railway Station, and has been walking for the last Two Hours, and hasn't "a Dry Thread," Caves In.

A SONG WITHOUT SENSE.

(Adapted for Slow and Sentimental Music.)

O who will o'er the moon so free,

O who will gaily ride

Upon a rocking-horse with me,

That carries twelve inside?

I promised her a slice of cake,

Made by a kangaroo:

Alas! my brittle heart will break,

For all in vain I woo.

How fondly I recall the time,

When, sitting on the stile,

We heard the beetle's drowsy chime,

And saw the cuckoo sing!

But now no more the beetle sings,

The birds are silent too,

For tho' I've bought four wedding-rings,

Tis all in vain I woo.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

For thy meteors, moist November, oft

I've watched till late at night.

O that in my little garden there would

fall an ærolite,

Having withinide a diamond which

would for a million sell!

No man now upon less money could

afford to marry well.

DOMESTIC PETS.

EVERY dog must have his day;

And every cat her night.

This is the sort of thing men say

When they have gotten tight.

THERE was a Young Lady called FLORY,

In goodness she placed all her glory,

And boxed both her sisters'

Four ears into blisters,

Because they had told her a story.

DECEMBER ANSWER TO JANUARY'S PRIZE CHARADE.—But-ton.

The man who is equal to himself is generally a match for others.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH.—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

UNSEASONABLE THING.—To say "Good morning" on a very foggy day.

A COURT CIRCULAR.—From a Royal Tradesman.

A "YOUNG SHAVER."—A barber's baby.

A LARGE FAMILY PARTY.—All of us!



THE TWO MOTHERS. A VISIT OF SYMPATHY. NOV. 10, 1872.

Queen Hippo. "And how is THE DARLING, MY DEAR MADAME HIPPO?"
Madame Hippo. "Oh, him berry well, Majesty, tank you, M'am. BRESS MY HEART! 'SPECTS ALL THE WORL' COMIN' TO SEE DIS BABY, BY 'M BY! YEAH, YEAH!"

EDUCATION—A CHRISTY 'UN.
Ques. What is the best food for Niggers?
Ans. Myinc.
Ques. And why?
Ans. Because Christy was made for slaves.
Massa Bonnes!

FOR THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is himself again, who was he in the interval?

To Poor Persons about to MARRY.—Take your honey-moon trip in the Isles of Scilly.

ERMYNOLOGY.—"Give the meaning of sympathy," asked the Examiner. The Candidate answered, "Not caring a penury."

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.—"What an idiot I have been!" cried a betting man, who had lost a fortune on a horse. "Where shall I seek an asylum?" "At Earlswood," replied his friend.

A NOTE AND QUERRY.

Now the Swallow seeks her dwelling
In the chimney. Very well.
Tell us, if there's any talkin',
Where she did, are chinnocks dwell?

AFTER A BATTLE.—The arguments a Cabman uses for overcharging you are sometimes so ingenious and subtle, that they may fairly be called Cetulista

NO MORE LITIGATION.—We should have no need to elate our legal reforms, and a great saving would be effected in the expenses under the head of Courts of Law and Judicature, if people would only judge for themselves.

MORAL ANTHONY.—A Barrister receives instructions from an Attorney. He discovers his client to be a rogue, and throws up his brief.

HERRANDY FOR STAN-BOARDS.—The Pawnbrokers' Arms —Popguns.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.



"SWEET GIRL-GRADUATES" . . . AFTERNOON TEA versus WINE.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1873.

[December 17, 1872.]



HUNTING LADIES.
OLD BULLENCHE REGARDS THE TWO MISS SCRAMBLETONS OUT HUNTING, AND WITH DIFQUITY KEEPS THEM IN SIGHT. THEY COME TO A STONE WALL, WHICH B. NEVER DREAMS OF.
Rider Miss S. "O, Mr. Bullencinch, Papa always goes first!"



NEW-YEAR GREETINGS FROM ALOFT.

MR. PUNCH, with his accustomed frankness and generosity, freely admits that it was a Happy Thought which incited the *Daily Telegraph* to give us, on Christmas morning, a gratulatory message from nearly every place where Englishmen abide in this Planet. He expects that his contemporary, and all his contemporaries, and the Universe generally, will as chivalrously recognise the still Happier Thought which prompted him to arrange that all the Planets should send him messages on New Year's Day. He has the greatest pleasure in laying these upon the face of the Earth, or rather upon its tables.

Mercury.

Happy New Year to you! It must be a bore to you to have only one New Year's Day in 365. We have one in 87. This is because Mercury is made of quicksilver. Very hot weather. Our neighbour, Sol, is poking up his coals like fun. Wish we could send you some of our grapes, which are about the size of your pumpkins. We are very happy, and our beloved KING SALAMANDER is going to be married to the beautiful PRINCESS ASBESTOS. They spend the honeymoon in the State Volcano.

Venus.

We wish you all joy! Venus has been looking towards you many evenings of late, but you are all too busy with your noses turned down to your mud, to look at her. Our best love to the ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, and to MR. LOCKYER. We are perfectly happy here, so we have nothing like what you call news to send you. Our fruits and flowers are glorious, and all the silver fountains of perfumed water are in full play. Ivory Temple of Ashtoreth being rebuilt. Compliments to MR. SWINBURNE, the poet.

The Moon.

We send you the proper greeting, but there is no very good feeling towards you. You have dragged us with you into horrible atmospheres, and we have hardly had a glimpse of the Sun for a moonth. You are always bothering over reforms, can you not agitate for a repeal of the union between you and us, and then we should glide away, like one of your balloons, into pleasanter regions? We noticed your gas-strike, and pitied you. The last scenes in *Babil* and

Bijou are exceedingly like the scenery in the Moon, but your ladies have two eyes, which is ridiculous. We have, however, no such splendid being as Amazon-Queen HELEN BARRY.

Mars.

The Red Planet salutes you. But you are a slow lot. Why don't you get up a good war or two? We had hopes of you last year. When you do get at fighting, however, we allow that you do it handsomely, and we are pleased to see that you are making the most awful guns ever heard of. Soon may you have occasion to use them, and we drink to the early glory of the *Devastation*. No time to say more, as all we heroes have to get uncommonly drunk out of The Skulls to-night.

Jupiter.

So your little year has come round again! Well, such happiness to you as you are capable of feeling. We pity your barbarous and uncivilised condition very much, and would send you missionaries, but the smallest dwarf among us would terrify you into fits, as a Monster. We could send you mighty news, but you could not comprehend it, still, perhaps, you may manage to understand that in one of our four little Moons there has been disaffection—something like your Fenianism—and that we sent over six Mammoths, who stamped it out in the twinkling of a star. Well, little Earthmen, creep about and be merry, there is plenty of room for you in space, and there is some reason for your existence, no doubt, as there is for that of our toad-glowworms, which are about your size, but much handsomer.

Saturn.

The "Chilly Orb on the Verge of Creation" sends a word to the invisible speck calling itself The Earth. You must be a curious nest of animalculæ, probably noxious to one another, though incapable of doing harm to your superiors. Here we are without passions or wishes. Exist, if it amuses you to do so.

Uranus.

Happy time to you, little folks! Have you heard from Jupiter or Saturn? Don't be humbugged by their preposterous airs. Because they are big, they think they are great. It's not an uncommon blunder with you, as DANTE, MILTON, and SHAKSPEARE told us the last time they came here to a festival. We know all about you, and

admire you awfully, with deductions. Our news would not much interest you, or you should have it; but look out for such a jolly comet. He'll be with you in 9765 of your years. You'll hear something to your advantage, for he is going to bring you within a million miles of us—if he doesn't swallow you *en route*. Don't have any nonsensical ideas about Uranus. We are most delightful people, and your RABELAIS comes and reads his book to us. We are always laughing, and what we hear about you makes us laugh more than anything else. You must be awful fools, but that's your misfortune. Be jolly while you may.

The Sun.

I hope you are quite well, as this does not leave me at present. Fact is, I am under repair. But what a set of little idiots you are! You go splashing about into unlucky atmospheres, get yourselves as wet as you can, and then abuse me, because, in drying you, I make clouds come up, and you can't see me. I'm all here, my dear little Earth, so don't frighten yourself. Don't believe a word that chap FIGURE says about your folks coming here some day. I wouldn't have you at any price; and he's an idiot. I hear that little fool of a moon of yours is giving herself airs. If you were worth a ray, some of you would find your way to her, and teach her manners. DR. CROLY told you that it could be done easily, if you only knew how. But that's your look-out. Mind, I intend to dry you thoroughly, and until that's done you'll see very little of me. However, you can go on bellowing, if it amuses you, but after all these years you might know better.

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.



actively engaged in correcting the proof sheets of two most interesting and instructive emanations from his pen, the one whereof will be entitled *Ayrton's Polite Letter Writer*, while the other will bear the name of *Ayrton's A B C of Art*.

It is a curious fact, but one well-known to skilled geologists, that, scattered in the drift of certain parts of Cambridgeshire, fossil sausages are found among the friable deposits.

Members of Convocation will no doubt rejoice to learn that DR. GOULBURN has most thoughtfully invited MR. SPURGEON and DEAN STANLEY to visit him at Norwich, for the purpose of preparing a scheme for the amendment of the Athanasian Creed, and for introducing certain liberal reforms into the rubric.

At a recent festive meeting of the Royal Academy, it was proposed and carried, *nemine contradicente*, that in future no R.A. should have the privilege of hanging any picture "on the line," unless it were adjudged to be deserving of the place by the voice of a Committee yearly chosen by outsiders.

It is not generally known that RAFFAELE, the "Old Master," as we presume to call him, was in reality a music-master, and gained his fame as an *artiste* by playing airs upon the banjo in the cars of New York railways, where the tunes which he performed are still known as RAFFAELE'S Car-toons.

Vesta.

My dear Earth, don't speak to me. I used to like you very much, but really your conduct—and you get worse and worse. I do hear such things! There really can be nothing between you and me until you alter very much indeed. I would wish you happiness, but it can come only with virtue.

Juno.

I cannot do better than quote the words of your own poet, who is good enough to visit me sometimes:—

" Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing;
Hourly joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessings on you."

Ceres.

I hear what Juno says, and I imitate her:—

" Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with godly burthen bowing,
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest,
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you."

According to a rumour which is current in the Navy, the Lords of the Admiralty have decided that a yacht shall be constructed, for their use, upon the BESSEMER invention for preventing marine nausea.

MR. PETER TAYLOR has signified his wish to assist at the next prison whipping of garrotters.

It is reported at the Clubs that the Rangership of Hyde Park will be offered, in the middle of next week, to MR. ODGER.

So averse is MR. GILPIN to the punishment of hanging, that he will not even let a bit of Christmas beef be hung upon his premises.

Provincial readers doubtless will hear with deep regret that the gallant Corps of Beefeaters on duty at the Tower will in future be filled only by the strictest Vegetarians.

The world will hear with some surprise that the Estimates, next year, will be framed upon a plan for abolition of the Income-tax.

PERSECUTION ABROAD AND AT HOME.

REFERRING to BISMARCK and the Governments of the German Empire, the Pope, in his late Allocution, was pleased to observe:—

" These men, heaping calumny on ridicule, do not blush to attribute persecution to Roman Catholics."

Persecution, we all know, is an enormity of which Roman Catholics are, and ever were, incapable, on their own principles. The Inquisition persecuted heretics by burning them no more than criminals are persecuted in being hanged. When will the world be made by Infallible Holiness to see that Roman Catholics cannot possibly persecute; can only be persecuted? They are manifestly persecuted by disability to exterminate heretics by law. MR. DAWSON BURNS appears to consider himself and his associates persecuted because they are not empowered to suppress the trade in generous liquors by a Permissive Prohibitory Act. Doubtless this view of the case is also taken by DR. MANNING, the advocate, likewise, of compulsory total abstinence; and with equal reason the titular teetotal Archbishop might complain of the ill-use he endures, in common with Roman Catholics generally, inasmuch as they are denied, even in a district where they constitute a majority of the ratepayers, the right to vote for the abolition of all places of worship but their own. All this is so clear, and BISMARCK and his like must know it so well, that, unless lost to all sense of shame whatsoever, they could not attribute persecution to Roman Catholics without blushing; yet, as the Pope says, it is too certain that they do.

One of the Best Compliments of the Season.

THE Zoological Society have, with great propriety, awarded a Medal to MR. BARTLETT, the able Superintendent of their Gardens. Remembering a recent interesting event in the Regent's Park, we should not have been surprised to hear that MR. BARTLETT had been made a Companion of the (Hippopotamus's) Bath.

A DEFINITION AT A DANCE.—Woman is a creature endowed with a self-ornamental instinct.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



ow, Mr. Editor, for Your Representative Man to go somewhere on Boxing-night, was an absolute necessity. But where? I, as Your Representative, tried Drury Lane, and couldn't get in — no, not three days before, and Covent Garden was equally out of the question. If these two were full, where next? The Alhambra. The application was satisfactory, and what Love might not have been able to do was effected by Money. Crowded in every part: even up to the Oriental pigeon-holes at the very top, from which elevated position only the heads of the performers could, by any possibility, have been visible, when they approached the foot-lights, with the bodies under them horribly foreshortened, or rather flattened into mere lumps.

Anybody visiting the Stalls at the Alhambra Theatre, should practise some sort of gymnastics in order to render himself sufficiently litesome for the position necessary to be assumed on entering any row of these seats. If your Stall is in the centre of a row (as mine was) you must incur the wrath and hatred of all those on whose toes you are compelled to trample, the anger of all in front against whose back hair you can't help brushing, and, finally, the loss of your own temper at being complained of by others, when you yourself are suffering torments from the unnaturally angular attitude which you have to preserve in progression. *Revocare gradus* is equally unpleasant, unless your neighbours have quitted before you. Your Representative's advice to intending stall-occupiers is, "Look at the plan, and don't take the seats at the back, opposite the entrance, as there are no doors, and there is such a draught!"

The Alhambra was unlucky as a Boxing-night choice. It announced, as a "New Grand Spectacular Opera Bouffe Feerie" (whatever that may mean), *The Black Crook*. The most important person in it, however, was a MISS JULIA SEAMAN, who played a tragic Indian Princess without the least attempt at fun. She played it very well, and, though at a considerable distance from the stage, I heard every word of her part, which is saying a good deal for the Alhambra, specially on Boxing-night. I was not any happier when I had heard it: but this wasn't the lady's fault. Mlle. CORNÉLIE D'ANKA did not appear, and a clever lady read her speeches and sang her songs. This was unfortunate.

How they manage to produce a Spectacle at all on so small a stage is a marvel, and one is almost inclined to add what DR. JOHNSON said about the wonderful performance on the violoncello. The piece lasted from seven till past eleven; and this after the excisions which Monday's and Tuesday's performances had rendered indispensable.

In *Babil and Bijou*, which has set the fashion for this style of entertainment, there is something to laugh at—I mean MR. BROUH and the Turtle, besides the procession of the Origin of Man, with Lord Dundreary and the Ape,—but in *The Black Crook* there is, at present, nothing laughable, though, as there is plenty of room for improvement, some witticisms or practical fun may, in course of time, be introduced.

The *Biche au Bois*, in Paris, was full of startling effects and pantomimic changes. These, probably on account of the limited stage appliances, are omitted, and hence one strong element of its popularity is wanting.

The Costumes are for the most part brilliant.

Your Representative was pleased to notice the excellent terms that some of the gorgeously-clad warriors of the ballet were on with their admirers among the audience. There was no pride, I was rejoiced to see, among these ladies, although they were dressed so finely. They had, I imagine, some capital jokes on the stage, as, when one of the performers spoke, the supers and chorus went into convulsions. I was glad to see them enjoying themselves, but the humorous jests, whatever they were, did not reach the row of stalls where Your Representative was seated. MR. FREDERIC CLAY has written a song for Miss KATE SANTLEY, which is likely to be popular: it was the one cheery thing in the piece, and was deservedly encored; nay, if I remember aright, it was demanded

three times. If there are many draughts on that stage, it strikes me that the young lady just named will be a sufferer.

There were ballets in plenty fairly danced, but with nothing grotesque or laughter-moving in them, such as playgoers, in holiday time, love to see from the VOKES's at Drury Lane, the DAUBANS, formerly at the Gaiety, and the PAYNES, till now, at Covent Garden.

In short, *The Black Crook*, as a whole, is uncommonly dull; but as anything, however absurd, may be introduced into such an Extravaganza without injuring the dialogue, situations, or story, it is not unlikely that the Management will hit upon something to give that amount of "Go" to the entertainment, which, as now represented, it most certainly requires.

Your Representative has nothing more at present to say of the Theatrical novelties, but hopes to make a speedy round, and report progress. There are two duties at Christmas time: one is to go to the large West End Theatres, and the other to visit the Grecian, and see what MR. CONQUEST is doing. To save Paterfamilias trouble, it may be as well to state that there is a Pantomime at the Princess's and at Astley's, and morning performances at the Big Houses on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Poor Pantomimists, 'tis enough to make you all turn tragedians! Wishing everybody generally, and you, Sir, in particular, a Happy New Year,

I am as ever,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE WEARIEST WAIT OF ALL.

(See the POPE's Christmas Allocution.)

THERE'S a sound that at still Christmas midnight.

Comes fitfully borne on the gale,
Of carols, to sleep that forbid night,
With their quavering, querulous wail,
And their wind and string burden sonorous,
As much out of tune as of time—
Then we know the Waits' regular chorus,
And stop ears against music and rhyme.

More and more grow the Waits, whom the season

Into voice is too certain to call,
Whose rhymes have their more or less reason,
With "Give, give!" for key-note of all.
But through e'en their most dolorous singing,
And crack'deest of music, we know
A faint far-off echo is ringing
Of the Bethlehem choir long ago.

But there's one old Wait of this Christmas.

Whose carol is saddest of chime,
As he calls on a deaf world to list mass,
In a tune that is all out of time.
Through the night, that for him ever darkens,
Still droning his descant of wrong,
In the ears of a world that but hearkens,
To grumble, "Hang him and his song!"

Poor old POPE!—o'er the wide waste of waters,

No more by his dykes kept in hold,
He calls on his stray sons and daughters,
Broke loose from the Vatican fold;
But his voice, through the midnight all moonless,
Awakes nor regard nor reply,
And hollow and empty and tuneless,
Comes back, on the night-wind, to die.

Christmas rev'lers, as homeward they royster,

Old Wait after Wait may pass near,
Some to tavern address, some to cloister,
And some to whoever will hear;
But of all the old Waits on their trial,
Whose waiting is hopeless as thine,
Who wait'st till the hands of Time's dial
Shall backwards for forwards incline?

Affirmative Negation.

Giles. Did e'er a man ever zee sitch wet weather in all his bann'd days afore?

Hodge. Noah!

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

It is consoling to reflect that when a Norfolk turkey falls ill of the pip, it is never sent to table until it is s-kewered.

A TEETOTAL CONFESSOR.

By both consumers of generous liquors, and total abstainers from them, the following extract from the *Morning Post* will be read with interest and sympathy:—

"THE FIRST PLEDGED TEETOTALLER.—The national penny subscription, on behalf of JOHN KING, the first man who, in 1832, at MR. JOSEPH LIVESEY's request, signed the total abstinence pledge in England, has just been closed. KING is nearly 77 years of age; his sight is very defective, and nearly gone; his wages as a gate-keeper on the Southport line of railway are very small, and his income has not been such as to enable him to make provision for his old age. The subscription has not much exceeded £300."

By a curious coincidence, the paragraph above quoted is followed by a recommendation of that "celebrated and delicious old mellow spirit," KINAHAN'S LL. Whiskey. To many readers this will suggest the very improper surmise, that if a man does not wish to live to be reduced to destitution in his old age, he should abjure thin potations and addict himself to spirituous liquors. Poor JOHN KING, the aged Teetotaller in distress, will, to the eyes of too numerous persons of another way of thinking than SIR WILFRID LAWSON's and that of the REV. DAWSON BURNS, present himself as an awful example of the effects of total abstinence. Some bibulous parents will perhaps even be so abandoned as to point this abstemious man out to their children with the same object as that with which, on the other hand, the Spartans used to exhibit a drunken Helot. These considerations render it very desirable that the subscription-list on MR. KING's behalf, which has been closed, should now be immediately re-

opened, chiefly in order that the lovers of generous liquors may exercise their generosity by relieving the necessity that has fallen on an exemplary person—relief which will be generous the more that, under their adversaries' banner, he has come to poverty.

THE NATION'S NET PROFIT.—That of the British Fisheries.

A STRIKE IN THE CHURCH.

WHERE is the prevailing epidemic amongst the Working Classes to stop? It has now extended to an order of Working Men not accustomed to work in their shirt-sleeves, or in flannel jackets, or caps of brown paper. The *Times*, a few days ago, contained the following piece of ecclesiastical intelligence:—

"REMEDIAL CALAMITY.—The London Correspondent of the *Birmingham Gazette* states that four Curates at Richmond struck on Sunday, but the Vicar, being a man of energy, summoned assistance by telegraph, and was enabled, notwithstanding the defection, to get through ten services in two churches."

There is, however, to be noted this distinction between the Working Men of the Trades' Unions and the Journeymen Parsons; that the latter, in the case above specified, did not strike for higher wages, as most Curates have more reason to than any other of the labouring classes. They appear to have struck on behalf of Ritualism against a Vicar who insisted on asserting Church of England principles. Such a strike is remarkably different from that whereby the Stokers were like to have plunged London in darkness. A general strike of Ritualist Curates would, so far from that, have precisely the opposite effect, in the opinion of all men except those whose conscientious but illogical convictions have induced them to pin their faith on a system of pseudo-Papery, or whose really ill-considered priesthood has contracted the opposition that people are to be led by the nose with it.

There is an old aphorism, of high authority, which should make Curates loth to strike for any cause whatsoever. Every Curate may be said to carry a Bishop's

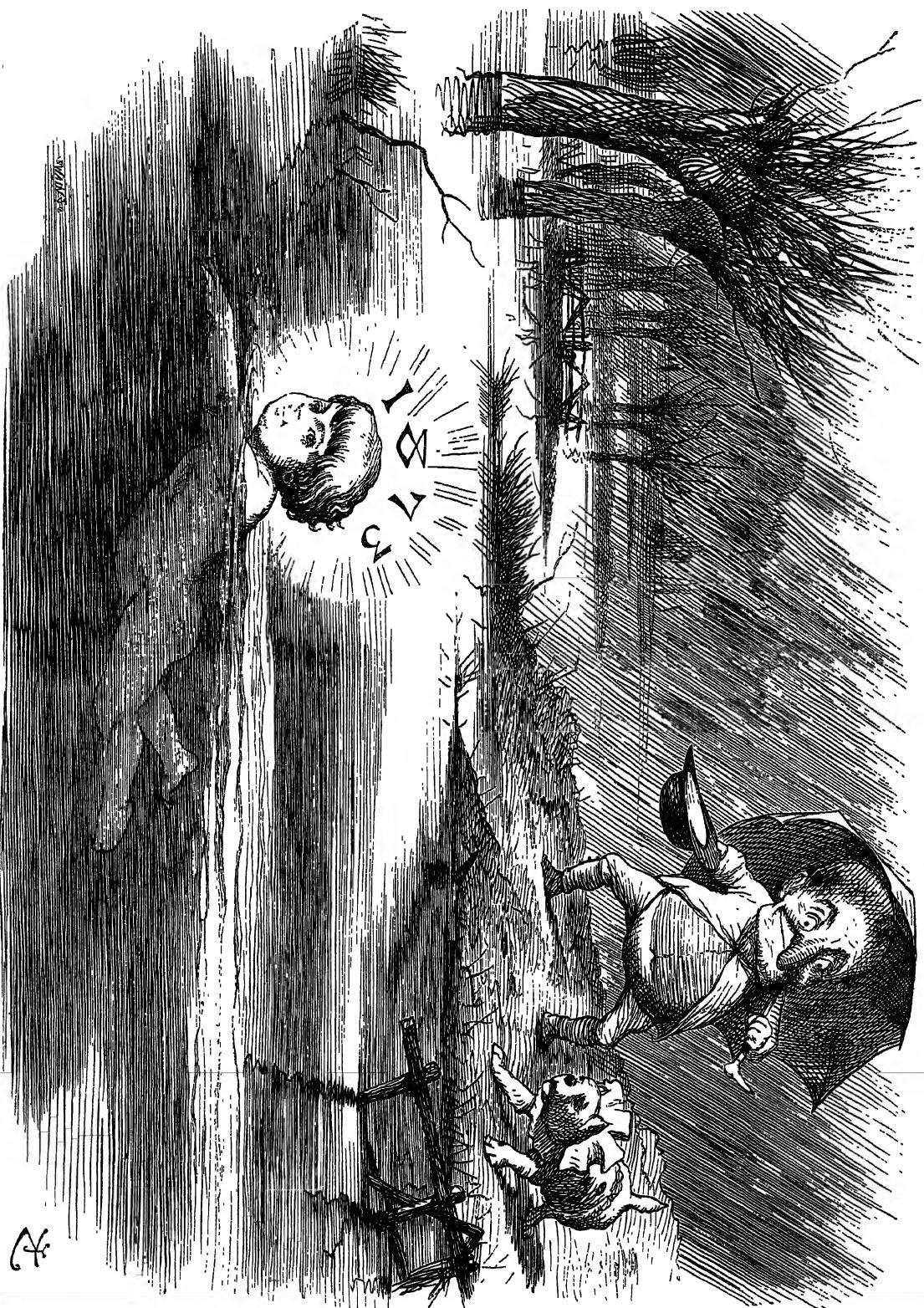
crosier in his portmanteau. A word to the wise is sufficient without recourse to objectionable "iteration."

PROPHETIC.

Susan (thinking of the Weather). "THEY SAY WE SHALL HAVE MORE WATER YET!"
Milkman (thinking of his Milk). "AH! THAT YOU WILL, MY DEAR!"



TWO SORTS.—There are goody goody books; there are also baddy baddy books, and rather too many of them.



THE "WATER-BABY."

(*A Vision of our present Déluge. Respectfully dedicated to CANON KINGSLEY.*)

"FETCH 'IM OUT, BOY, BOY, FETCH 'IM OUT!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



"When he rides," suggests ENGLEMORE.

"No, that's not it!" chuckles MICKLETON, delighted at his first failure.

"I can't guess," I reply.

"O, you can."

"No, indeed, I can't. I never could."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he laughs heartily. "I asked lots of fellows in the City, and they couldn't make it out at all. Old DUMPTER bothered himself over it for half an hour or more, and as to MAGENDIE I thought he'd have gone into fits when he heard the answer. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"What is it?" asks ENGLEMORE.

We are both getting hungry, and I've just stopped a yawn.

"I'll tell you," replies MICKLETON, winking rather to himself than at either of us, "An Alderman goes on four legs when he becomes a Mare. Eh? Good? isn't it?"

"Ah, I see," says ENGLEMORE. "Lord Mayor." "Capital." "Capital," I echo. Then both keeping up a laugh, we once more attempt the door, ENGLEMORE observing that he's afraid we shall be late.

The Cuckoo coming out at that instant, is of the same opinion. He only rushes out for one second, or less, to cry "Cuckoo" at the half-hour, and jumps in again, banging the door after him, as if he'd got private and important business to attend to within at which he mustn't be disturbed on any account. He was too quick for me, and I haven't seen him, as yet.

"Half-past six," I say, moving towards the door.

"Plenty of time," observes our host, "we're never very punctual. By the way," here he stops us once more, "talking of riddles,"—we weren't, but that is of no consequence to him—"I made one the other day as I was going up in the train."

We can't help ourselves. ENGLEMORE can only murmur sadly, "Colonel Conundrum," and yield. I never saw a man so suddenly and completely depressed as ENGLEMORE after these two riddles, and in the presence of a third.

Happy Thought.—Look at my watch and slightly yawn.

No good. MICKLETON must tell us this. If we've heard it will we say so? "Why is a Charity-boy—"

Brilliantly Happy Thought.—Yes, we have heard it. Very old one.

"No, no, it's not the one I mean," he says.

"Quite the same," returns ENGLEMORE, turning the door-handle. MICKLETON goes on,—

"When is a Charity-boy like a blue-bottle?"

"Give it up, Massa Bones," says ENGLEMORE, in despair.

Do I give it up? Certainly. Certainly. What is it?

"Well," says MICKLETON, amazingly delighted at his third success, "the answer is, when he's *buzzy*. Ha! ha! ha!" He roars at it.

We are a bit sulky. ENGLEMORE observes that it's not so good as the others. I agree with him.

"No!" exclaims MICKLETON. "Then I've got a better. It's a first-rate one. I met little PINKER at BIRCH's the other day, and asked him. He said it was the best thing he'd ever heard. Look here. 'When is the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—'"

Here the door is pushed open from the outside. MRS. MICKLETON enters in full dress.

"What, JAMES! not gone to dress yet? It really is too bad. The dinner will be spoilt, and I shall be kept waiting."

Here a bell rings loudly.

Happy Thought.—Leave the Riddlemaker to explain. We go to our rooms.

I've come down here to learn about Gardening and Farming, and he's not said a word on those subjects at present. ENGLEMORE calls him Professor. Of what? Conundrum-making?

Happy Thought.—Dinner.

We have a very pleasant dinner. MICKLETON introduces different wines to us of rare excellence.

Remembering that I have come to learn a great deal from him about farming, I try to turn the conversation in this direction.

It appears that if there is a subject which both MICKLETON and his wife carefully avoid, it is farming. As for horticulture, Mrs. MICKLETON informs me that "she has become quite tired of flowers." Speaking, I think, at her husband, who, while pretending to be completely absorbed in giving ENGLEMORE the remarkable history of a dinner claret, is clearly uncomfortable, she goes on to say,

"The fact is, I have been so long down here without seeing anything except flowers, or anybody except the gardener, that I have become utterly weary of them."

With a secret feeling that I am siding with my hostess against my host, but that he, as a man of the world, will understand this politeness, I reply, "Well, yes, I suppose that it must be a trifle dull."

"Very dull," she returns emphatically. "It's all very well for you gentlemen who have got your Clubs and your business in town, to come down for a day now and then," (such a look at MICKLETON, who smiles feebly at ENGLEMORE), "and say you enjoy the country so much. But it would be a very different thing if you were obliged to stay here, all alone, from one year's end to the other."

"O, well!" exclaims MICKLETON, jovially, "we'll take a house in town for the season, next year, and you'll enjoy this place all the more when you return."

"My dear JAMES," replies MRS. MICKLETON, with a sarcastic smile, "you've said that every year as long as I can remember, but you've never done it."

MICKLETON tries to laugh it off, and I see that by showing myself interested in farming and gardening, I have evidently put my foot in it.

Happy Thought.—Take my foot out of it. Change the topic at once. Ask MICKLETON if he's going up to town to-morrow. He frowns at me rapidly, and shakes his head. I've put my other foot in it. It seems that I've got both feet in it, as MRS. MICKLETON takes the reply into her own mouth,

"Of course he'll go up early to-morrow."

"Business," I hint, faintly, in order to do MICKLETON a friendly turn.

"There can't be much business going on, as my husband is always complaining of what's not being done in the City; but if he makes a new Conundrum, or thinks of a good story, he's not happy till he has gone up to the office and told it to all the people who call themselves his friends."

"My dear!" interposes MICKLETON, evidently wishing to restrain his wife's remarks before us, and in the presence of the footman. However, as a large stand with an enormous bush occupies the centre of the table, he is hidden from her as completely as I am from ENGLEMORE, whose eye I only manage to catch through the leaves, or by dodging a little on one side.

"It's quite true, my dear," she continues. "And then, MR. ENGLEMORE, just before dinner I often receive a telegram to say he won't be down that evening, in consequence of having to meet somebody who is of the greatest importance to him."

"Well," says the unfortunate Conundrum-maker, "I do have to meet people who are of great business importance to me, at dinner."

We (his Guests) smile.

I say, "Of course you have," and smile. ENGLEMORE winks privately at MICKLETON, but is detected by MRS. MICKLETON, when he laughs, and observes that "Boys will be boys," which, though meant kindly, does not exercise a soothing influence on our hostess.

"Boys, indeed?" she says. "I should think so. From what I've heard, they're a nice set of boys, too, on the Stock Exchange. And when he stops in town, as he's always doing—on business—he comes back with a lot of Conundrums, as if his trade was to make Christmas crackers, and then he drives all over the country asking these. But it's very dull for me down here, as you may imagine."

Happy Thought.—MARIANA in the Moated Grange.

Luckily, at this moment, ENGLEMORE changes the conversation by asking MRS. MICKLETON if she'll assist him at his House Warming, when he proposes having Theatricals and a Ball.

MARIANA of the Moated Grange jumps at the idea. So does



HINT TO FOX-HUNTERS.

(*Should the Floods continue.*)

Emily. "ISN'T THERE A BIG BANK AND RAILS SOMEWHERE HERE, CHARLES?"

Charles. "YES; NOT FAR OFF. MIND YOU KEEP HIS HEAD STRAIGHT. I MEAN, LOOK TO YOUR STEERING, AND SIT TIGHT!"

MICKLETON. So do I. Anything to get rid of the unpleasant subject. We all go in heartily for ENGLEMORE's scheme.

MICKLETON, seeing his wife in so excellent a frame of mind, won't hear of her quitting the room, as she is the only lady, and it would be dull for her in the drawing-room. She stops with us.

Consequence of this is that the only topics interesting to me are tabooed, and I have come down here for—nothing.

It's late in the year. The Gardeners from GUTCH's are, I suppose, hard at work at the Nook. I should like to ask MICKLETON, who, I still believe *does* farm (or why should he have received us dressed in a shooting-coat, clopping boots, and gaiters?), what one ought to do in the garden at this time—viz., just the end of the year.

Will catch him in the morning. I decide upon this to myself while they are discussing the house-warming.

MICKLETON asks ten Conundrums—his wife encouraging him now—before we take our candles for bed.

MICKLETON comes up to see that I'm "all comfortable."

Opportunity not to be lost.

Happy Thought.—Seriously, before going to bed, I ask him, "You know all about gardening. What would you do in a small garden at this time of year, with only one gardener and a help?"

He pauses to consider. He looks at the floor. Then he looks up, shakes his head knowingly, and replies, "I know; I've heard it before. It's like the ship weighing anchor, and drawing four feet of water, and what's the name of the Captain? SMITH, eh?"

He thinks it's a riddle. I am about to disabuse him of this notion, when ENGLEMORE looks in, and says,

"Hallo! Colonel Conundrum out again?" Whereupon he and MICKLETON both laugh heartily, the latter observing, jocularly, something about an old bird not being caught so easily; and then they both say "Good-night!" and retire.

Evidently I shan't get much gardening information out of Colonel Conundrum. What a habit for a man to get into!

ACCOMPLISHED PROPHECY.—"Après moi le Déluge."—METTERNICH.

FEASTS OF FOND MEMORY.

THERE is a sweet savour
Suggesting the flavour
Of what in mine youth was a great treat to me.
I nose it, whilst roaming,
Sometimes, in the gloaming:
Sally Lunn at the fire somewhere browning for tea.

O joy I can't utter,
Hot tea-cake, with butter,
Or muffin, or crumpet, all gushing, galore,
When young lips were squeezing!
'Twere now full as pleasing
As it then was when these at their corners ran o'er.

Hot rolls, of a morning,
To shun I've had warning,
But now love as much as I ever did, quite.
The middle piece, crummy,
And oozy, and plummy,
Would still yield me all its remembered delight.

Toast, likewise, I dote on,
Hot, buttered, oft gloat on,
With eggs, in idea, for a morning's blow-out.
But that, for digestion,
Is out of the question.
So I breakfast on porridge for fear of the gout.

NOTION OF NOBILITY.

A MAN of Birth is commonly one whose remote ancestor did something, and his intermediate predecessors, for many centuries, nothing at all.



AT THE CHURCH-GATE.

Ethelinda. "IT'S RAINING! WHAT SHALL WE DO?"
Edelgitha. "HAPPY THOUGHT! LET US WAIT FOR AFTERNOON SERVICE!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADULTERATION.

FROM a pile of letters addressed by Retail Traders to a well-known London firm of condiment and provision merchants, namely, MESSRS. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, dealers who refuse to put copper into their pickles and preserves for the purpose of colouring them in order to please the eyes of idiots to whom food is repulsive that does not look pretty, *Food, Air, and Water* extracts the following sample:—

"We are sorry to inform you that our customer has returned the case of *petits pois* on account of their bad colour; it is, consequently, thrown on our hands, and we shall be glad if you will take it back, as we have no sale for a second quality. If you have anything better, we shall be glad of your quotation, but they must be perfectly green."

Like their customers. The British Tradesman very commonly incurs a great deal more than his due share of censure and satire for the roguery which in too many instances he is guilty of adulterating provisions. The blame ought to be fairly divided between him and the British Public. It is a fact, for instance, that anchovies had, for a long time, if they have not somewhat generally still, to be dressed with red-ochre for the British market. Without the addition of that pigment (not fit even for pigs) they would have been less marketable. The quality of knavery on the part of the seller of sweetmeats, and condiments coloured with salts of copper and arsenic, and other poisons, is to a great extent developed by another quality on the side of the customer.

"Fools are the game that knaves pursue."

The latter class of our Fellow-Men would not so greatly abound in South London, and elsewhere, as they do, if the former were less numerous.

Table Talk.

Mrs. MALAPROP, when dining out lately, was heard to ask for some Paragon Vinegar, and to admire the beautiful order in which her friend kept her Electric-Plate.

THE SAFE SIDE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Seeing is not believing.

SEYMOUR, SAY LESS.

O, DUKE, had you not spoke so fast,
But on your tongue clapt hobbler,
Remembering "Each man to his last,"
Holds good of Dukes as cobblers,
And owning that Dame Nature may
Refuse e'en SEYMOURS one sense,
At Newton Abbot, t'other day,
You'd not have talked such nonsense.

When GLADSTONE, wishful Arts to grace
'Gainst claims of Science swingein',
On one brain-level claimed a place
For fiddle and steam-engine—
The courage was not his who dared
The bold juxtaposition,
But SOMERSET's, who straight declared
GLADSTONE a bad logician.

"Fiddlers," you say, "on squeaking strings
Have scraped three hundred years,
Yet what good from their fiddling springs
To asses, through their ears?"
COLUMBUS sneeringly you name
In a breath with PAGANINI,
And hint that Genoa, meting fame
To both alike, 's a ninny.

You sing in raptures, warm for you,
The locomotive's glory,
How its touch changes old to new,
And lifts the world a storey:
How, while its grasp links sea and land,
The lightning's fettered fires,
In Science's strong harness stand
Ready to ride the wires.

All true, my lord Duke, and what then?
What idiot e'er denied
The load that Science lifts for men,
When to toil's levers tied?
Who e'er compared what violin
And steam-engine can do?
Unless some Duke of donkey-kin,—
(Of course I don't hint who.)

Not less each perfect work of Art
From a great master's hand,
With Science's best work hath part,
And claims as high to stand.
And though a SEYMOUR, and K.G.,
At STRADUARIUS sneer,
I'd rather STRADUARIUS be
Than e'en a SEYMOUR's peer.

Economy in the North.

"THE Glasgow St. Andrew Society will give prizes of £21 and £10 10s. respectively, for the best two Essays 'on the Jacobite Episode in Scottish History, and its Relative Literature.' It is desirable that the Essays be within such compass as to be read aloud within two hours."

By St. Andrew, these thrifty Scotchmen are determined to have their penn'orth! Ten guineas, or even twenty, for an Essay which may take two hours to read aloud, cannot be condemned as a reckless expenditure of money; especially as it is stipulated that the copyright of the successful Essays shall be the property of the Society. After thinking the matter well over, we have determined not to compete.

Pen in your Teeth!

A NEW YORK firm (so a paragraph in the *Times* informs us) has this year imported 15,000,000 goose-quill tooth-picks.

Let our American cousins, above all the editors among them, be grateful.

Every feathered goose that furnishes fifteen tooth-picks robs fifteen featherless geese of as many pens.

Punch, much suffering under a nightmare of Christmas correspondence, calls this "quill-driving in the right direction"—to honest picking of teeth instead of wicked raising the wherewithal to keep them going.



"BAFFLED SCIENCE SLOW RETIRES."

SCENE—Conversations of the Therebihangataiologial Society.

Dr. Fossil. "YOU OBSERVE, LIKE THE OS CALCIS, THERE IS A PROJECTION HERE OF THE—"

Lady Listener (*eager with demonstration*). "THAT SHOWS WE CANNOT HAVE BEEN MONKEYS, DR. FOSSIL; BECAUSE IN REAL PEOPLE THAT PART IS THE FUNNY BONE."

Military Escort (*with evidently clear View of the Theory*). "VERY TRUE, I THINK IT'S ABSURD, YOU KNOW, TO IMAGINE THAT THAT—AW—FELLAH COULD EVER HAVE BEEN A MAN—ARM IS MUCH TOO LONG TO HOLD A GUN PROPERLY; PROVES IT, BEYOND A DOUBT—AW!"

[Exit Dr. Fossil, a sadder if not a wiser man.]

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

Our Young Friends are home for the holidays, but should not quite waste all their time, or forget all that they have learned. A few of these Questions and Answers from Mangnall might surely be enjoined as a study, even in the most indulgent of households.

Q. WHAT King first affixed a Seal to his documents?

A. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. Hence comes the phrase, the Seal of Confession.

Q. What is a barometer?

A. A thing you knock in the hall, and then you grunt.

Q. Are not umbrellas of great antiquity?

A. Some of them, and shocking shabby, too.

Q. Is not ROGER BACON said to have made the first map?

A. Yes. It was one of Hogs Norton, where the pigs play on the organ.

Q. Are not turnips a most useful vegetable?

A. Yes, for shying at persons you don't like.

Q. What people drink their wine warm?

A. Chinese, and idiots.

Q. Has not the Coast of Barbary been infested with pirates?

A. Yes; but they have all gone to America and turned publishers.

Q. What did men and women wear before hats were invented?

A. Heads.

Q. What are Dutch tiles made of?

A. Beaver or felt, just like our own hats.

Q. Why is butter wrapped up in newspapers?

A. In memory of NATHANIEL BUTTER, who printed the first, in 1622.

Q. What is drawing on stone called?

A. Usually very bad.

Q. What are bricks?

A. Jolly, kindhearted, clever people, like Mr. Punch.

Q. How are they formed?

A. By reading *Punch*, and acting up to his precepts.

Q. What is the peculiar property of diamonds?

A. Causing a lady who wears them to despise one who doesn't.

Q. What is tortoise-shell?

A. The skin of the most beautiful kind of domestic cat.

Q. Were the ancients acquainted with the use of forks?

A. Only of pitchforks, which must have been inconvenient at dinner.

Q. How, then, did they carve without forks?

A. With knives, as is still the custom.

Q. Where is the Elephant found?

A. It is difficult to lose him, he is so large.

Q. What is rhubarb?

A. An excellent if nasty medicine, and much used in spring tarts.

Q. What is peppermint?

A. A thing taken by horrid old women in churches and omnibuses.

Q. What do you mean by forging iron?

A. Don't be angry with me. I haven't been doing anything of the sort.

AN ADDRESS WANTED.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has been speaking on the subject of Applied Education. Will some one, ducal or otherwise, say a few words about Misapplied Education?

In ancient times, at this season, the Servants became Masters. In modern times, the Servants are our Masters at all seasons.



"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Host (really in agony about his polished inlaid floor). "HADN'T YOU BETTER COME ON THE CARPET, OLD FELLOW? I'M SO AFRAID YOU MIGHT SLIP, YOU KNOW."

Guest. "O, IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW—THANKS! THERE'S A NAIL AT THE END, YOU KNOW!"

OUR PROSPECTS FOR 1873.

MR. LOWE will deliver his annual financial speech, extending over several newspaper columns. In six lines towards the end he will open his Budget—surplus of three millions: destination, America.

A rich Baronet or two will be raised to the Peerage.

There will be a new Lord of the Admiralty.

The Law Courts and Law Reform will go on, both probably at the same rapid rate of progression.

When Parliament has sat about a month, some exhausted Member will ask MR. GLADSTONE when the holidays are going to begin.

The performances of the Ritualists will be continued with new tricks and dresses.

Convocation will spend most of its time in debates upon the Athanasian Creed.

Some astounding revelations will be made of the ignorance and superstition still existing in this country.

Ink will be shed over SHAKESPEARE, the origin of the Collar of SS. and of Man, Woman's rights, Spiritualism, Primogeniture, the Agricultural Labourer, the British Navy, Co-operative Associations, Domestic Servants, Arctic Exploration, the Income Tax, and the high price of everything.

Hundreds of novels will be published, of which about five per cent will be remembered in twelve months' time.

Several persons will die at the age of a hundred and upwards, in the full possession of their faculties, and leaving behind them eleven children, sixty-eight grandchildren, &c.

We shall hear of the Medes and Persians, the MONTAGUES and CAPULETS, MAHOMET and the Mountain, CAPTAIN MACHEATH, TALLEYRAND, LORD BACON, DR. JOHNSON, ADAM and SYDNEY SMITH, JOSEPH MILLER, the CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERN, the Upas tree, and many other old established favourites.

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY.

ACCORDING to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"The Pope's Allocution, which led to the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Berlin and the Vatican, has, it seems, been published in German by several Prussian Catholic papers, two of them printed in Berlin. The offending journals are to be prosecuted."

Although an Allocution is not exactly a Bull, yet, in grappling with the former, the German Government regularly takes the Bull by the horns. The POPE is to be honoured for having the courage of his opinions to a degree which is exemplary in these times of truckling to the gregarious "wish" and "opinion". It is really a pity that his Bulls are all blunders; but happily they are not suffered to toss anybody. BISMARCK and his EMPEROR bid fair very soon to reduce papal Bulls to oxen.

Ritual and Rapping.

(*Or, the Tables Turned.*)

No more high spiritual things
The grovelling Pastor handles,
He gloats on censers, crosiers, rings,
Albs, chasubles, and candles:

The Layman, scorning all we see,
And all this globe inherits,
Plays idiot tunes in other key,
And scares himself with spirits.

Exchange of Butter.

We rejoice to see, from the Irish agricultural returns, that the Green Isle sent us 116,501 firkins of butter last year, against 48,592 the year before. Let us set off the butter of her farmers against the bitterness of her "National" editors, agitators, and home-rulers. On the other hand, after reading FROUDE'S *English in Ireland*, one cannot say that England has this year sent Ireland any extra quantity of butter—in that consignment, at all events.

LET HIM ALONE.

"WHY is he Hated?" with a hiss
Asks enmity, unsated:
A more befitting question this,
"Say, why is GLADSTONE baited?"

Testimonials will be presented wherever the sun never sets on the British Dominions.

We shall read some wonderful anecdotes about dogs.
New magazines will be started, supported by a powerful array of contributors—in the prospectus.

We may see and hear the last of the Claimant.
The conjunction of the planets portends trouble in one of our Public Schools.

Premiums will be offered for the best essays on *Vegetarianism*, or *Etiquette*, or *Late Hours*.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN will publish most eloquent books with most eccentric titles.

JACKSON SMITH and JOHNSON BROWN will advertise that they wish henceforth to be distinguished as GRANVILLE FORTESCUE, and HARCOURT CLAVERING.

There will be a scandal in high life.
The newspapers, about September, will get hold of a tale of a Sea Serpent.

Sometime in the Autumn, an announcement will be made that the Government, to their great regret, are obliged, in consequence of the pressure of business, to abandon the idea of introducing a Bill for the Municipal Government of the Metropolis next Session.

Begging letters will appear in the newspapers on behalf of Trafalgar and Waterloo veterans, allowed by this great and grateful country to die in poverty and the workhouse.

MR. AYTON will distinguish (perhaps extinguish) himself.
The year will not pass over without a job or two.

A REFLECTION.

Most men wish to stand well with the world, yet in these days of heavy assessments, how few of us there are who would not much rather be under-rated than over-rated!

"WHY IS MR. GLADSTONE HATED?"



HE *Spectator*, having propounded the above agreeable question, and having given its own answer, is followed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* with an answer of an entirely different kind. The former journal says, *inter alia*—

"The same intense hatred for MR. GLADSTONE crops out where you generally look for only lukewarm sentiments of any kind. The *Saturday Review*, which has no intellectual *raison d'être* except the depreciation of warmth of conviction of every kind, and a mild preference of the common-place because it is common-place, seldom mentions MR. GLADSTONE's name without a passion that seems to amount nearly to loathing."

The *Pall Mall* intimates that the reason why MR. GLADSTONE is hated is to be found in—

"certain tendencies of ecclesiasticism—its dreamy benevolence, its impatient

despotic temper, its too ingenious subtleties, its womanish obstinacy, its intellectual unscrupulousness, the facility with which it imposes untruth for truth on the mind of him who is given over to its influence, and the mischief which the domination of such a spirit naturally brings into the daily work and the practical life of a nation."

Now this cannot be pleasant reading for the PREMIER, or his friends, or society generally, we trust, when it is saturated with all the sweet and healing influences of the Christmas season, and when universal philanthropy is disturbed by nothing but incessant indigestion. Is this the way to be writing while holly prompts the jest and mistletoe the kiss? Is this the sauce for pudding, the spirit for mince-pie? How can amiable journalists sit down to pen such unkindness when very likely they dined with their beloved aunts overnight, and expect to meet all their affectionate cousins tomorrow? Where are the gentle bands that draw closer as the new year is born? Where are the sweet sentiments that should crop up, unshaved—we mean unshamed—as the glad bells proclaim peace and goodwill? Truly, truly, and with melancholy tears in our manly eyes we write it, if Christmas can do no better for us than this, we fear that Christmas must be an everlasting humbug. Might we ask for the smallest glass of Cognac?

THE HARROWING OF THE HELLS.

(DECEMBER 31, 1872.)

In depths of Pandemonium
Is weeping, woe, and wail,
Asmodeus and Ashtaroth
Droop each a doleful tail:
And Beelzebub, disheartened,
Can scarce prick up an ear,
The New Year's allocution
Of PÈRE RENARD to hear.
For this day sees the closing
Of the year, and something more—
The shutting-up, in Vaterland,
Of Hell's long-open door:
The last spin of the little ball,
The last turn of the card,
The last chant of the Croupiers,
The Devil's *ori de garde*—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

In Hombourg and Wiesbaden,
If we had eyes to mark,
Though Allée, Cours, and Kursaal,
Salle, and Redoute, and Park,

Are hovering baffled squadrons
Of devils, blue to-day,
At the fitting of their patrons,
The Potentates of Play.
KING BENAZET, like BOABDIL,
His Baden riding through,
Utters farewell for ever
His ancient realm unto:
KING BLANC on brow of Taunus
Would draw his bridle-rein,
For a long adieu to Hombourg—
But that he goes by train!
So "Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

From forth the Kursaal portals
Issues a funeral band,
Black-coated, white-cravatted,
With cards and balls in hand:
Croupiers that bear the tables—
Dead tables!—to their tomb,
The cloths with squares and numbers
Laid o'er like palls of doom.
With devils for pall-bearers,
That skip on either side,
Whose *noir* to *couleur* changes,
In effort grief to hide.
And sad those Croupiers' bearing,
Those Inspectors' faces long,
As their Hell-gates behind them
Clash, with the mocking song—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

O European rascaldom,
O French cocotteerie,
And you, that world-wide order,
Chevaliers d'Industrie!
How is your glory vanished,
Your richest seed-field shorn,
Your fattest, happiest hunting-ground
How hungry and forlorn!
But comfort ye, in Monaco,
By San Sebastian's shore,
The Gates of Hell, if here shut up,
Will open wide once more!
Or if not, there are Bourses
And Money-Markets dight,
Where more than double zero
Rewards the adventurous knight—
There, "Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

While of all Saints, Saint Mammon
For most of us is head,
And a purse devoid of money,
The devil we most dread,
Let prim and pious Emperors
Shut up the Kursaal Hells;
While roguery keeps the kernels,
What good to smash the shells?
With JAY GOULDS o'er the Atlantic,
And their good cousins here,
Why should *Chevaliers d'Industrie*
Their fate-forecast in fear?
Long will it be ere rascaldom
Needs table, card, and ball,
Must droop its head, throw up its hand,
In answer to the call—
"Faites votre jeu,
Messieurs!
Messieurs,
Faites votre jeu!"

From the French.

A RADICAL, but handsome M.P., was observed, the other night, talking volubly to an exceedingly obese lady. Remark thereon being made to a French Gentleman, he said, "O yes, he is accustomed to address the masses."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Nook. As I shan't be up in Town again for some time, more reason to take advantage of it now.

At dinner, a Gentleman, who was at the Grecian Theatre on the first night of the Pantomime, tells us "something that will amuse us." Thinking over it afterwards, it strikes me as a

Happy Thought.—To put it into verse.

ENGLEMORE says, "Do so, BARKINS, and come out as Mister Reciter."

Without coming out as Mister Reciter, I put forward the following rhythmical version, which I call

A BALLAD OF BOXING-NIGHT.

Being the Narrative of what happened to an Eastern Youth, who had saved up Sixpence in order to go and see the Pantomime on Boxing-night at the Grecian. A fact.

BILL MIVINS, hero of my rhyme,
Height five feet, boots and socks in,
Vowed he would see a Pantomime
Upon the night called "Boxin'."

An "arrand boy" from door to door
Is honest BILL. "And which is
Better, a arrand boy what's poor,
Or arrand knave what rich is?"

He saved his earnings; and this way
He had a goodly store got—
Fippence three fardens. Yet a day
And he'd one farthing more got.

These small coins filled his pockets in
An inconvenient manner;
Says BILL, "For this 'ere 'eap o' tin
I'll get a silver tanner."

Tanners are sixpences, and so
Are "tizzies," also "benders;"
This doth a wealth of language show
Common to our East-enders.

Far happier BILL on Boxing-Day
Than any monarch regal,
He'd got the wherewithal to pay
His entrance to *The Eagle*!

At six the doors would open wide,
Not earlier or later,
And then he soon would be inside
The Gre-ci-an Theazter.

R U L Y. *Happy Thought.*—This being such peculiarly unseasonable weather for going down to The Nook to see how GURCH's men and the new Gardener are getting on—accept ENGLEMORE's invitation to stay in Town for a night or two, as he says he particularly wants to consult me (and the MICKLETONS) on his forthcoming theatricals and fancy ball.

Note.—Received telegram from my galvanised Aunt. Be home day after to-morrow. Our party, little Uncles and Nurse, &c., to be moved at once to The

Joy beamed upon BILL MIVIN's face,
Framed 'twas by two locks curly;
He cried, "I'll have fust gallery place!"
And so he went there early.

"Fust come, fust served," he thus observed,
Alone at half-past four there;
But in an hour, despite a shower,
There were some ninety score there.

How to hold on BILL understands;
He pushed, he backed, he tussled;
He needed elbows, arms, and hands,
That he might not be hustled.

His treasured Sixpence, in his right,
Was in no trifling danger;
He saw that it next minute might
Be collared by a stranger.

Scores more from East, West, North, and South.
Says BILL, "Here's vere I'll put it."
He popped the Sixpence in his mouth,
And, having done so, shut it.

Each man his neighbour now opposed
(Describe the scene can *no pen*),
BILL scrooged, but kept his mouth well closed
Until the doors should open.

They're open now! the first rush in!
BILL MIVINS would have followed,
But for a blow upon the chin—
And Bill the Sixpence swallowed!

Now, carried onward by the stream,
Each bent on getting a place,
He stopped, all dazed, as in a dream,
Before the dreaded pay-place.

He had no money. Gone his all!
They shout, "Now then! the man pay!"
"Get out!" says a Policeman tall;
"Let them advance as *can pay*."

Outside the Grecian walls BILL sat,
In double-deep dejection,
He thought upon the Sixpence: that
Was food for his reflection.

At a bright thought his tears he dried,
And then upon the flat way
He stood upon his head, and tried
To get the Sixpence *that way*.

Then he "turned wheels," as street-boys do,
But he made nothing of it;
He tried gymnastics all he knew,
Without return or profit.

A Chemist's? Should he—no, or yes?
He feared an operation.
BILL would be charged, too, if success
Should crown the speculation.

Once more he stood upon his head,
Policemen wished to take him;
But he explained, and so, instead,
They only stopped to shake him.

They held him like a man that's drowned,
Until he turned quite dizzy.
Success at last their efforts crowned—
Gug—guggle—"Here's the tizzy!"

When he came in, the gallery cheered
The triumph of his long quest;
The Grecian youth had persevered,
And his reward was CONQUEST!

The Last Outrage.

It appears that we are resolved upon finally alienating one of our noblest Colonies. In the journals last week appeared a notice of the demise of a gentleman, and there was added, "Canadian papers, please copy." The gentleman's name which our friends are asked to copy is "COUNT MARSOUSHEWSNOFF." American States, please annex —after this it would be childish to affect to wish to retain Canada.



ANSWERED.**

"O, LOOK HERE, MR. CRISPIN ! I BOUGHT THESE BOOTS HERE ONLY A WEEK AGO, AND THEY'RE BEGINNING TO CRACK ALREADY!"
"AH, MISS ! PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN WALKING IN THEM ! OUR BOOTS ARE INTENDED FOR CARRIAGE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW !"

FROM THE GREEN-ROOM.

"The *Daily News* says that gossip is busy with the reconstruction of the Government, and mentions the retirement of EARL SPENCER, and the shifting of MR. BRUCE to some other position, MR. CHILDERS succeeding him. There are also speculations as to some place being found for MR. AYRTON."

In regard to this last arrangement, there are some venomous persons who would quote a certain speech by *Lady Anne* to *Richard, Duke of Gloucester*, touching the only place for which she considered him fit. But this would be most improper. India, however, is not too warm for MR. AYRTON, as he came thence, and we own that, if love of his natal soil should prompt him to demand an oriental appointment, our compassion for the poor Indians and their over-tutored minds would not conquer the more selfish feeling with which we should hear the news. EARL SPENCER has long been heartily tired of Ireland, and this we cannot understand, as he must have plenty of excitement there—Fenian plots, Belfast riots, and an agrarian outrage twice a week ought to be enough for the most *blase* official. "Tipsy last night, and tipsy again this morning; what more would you have? Do you want to be a hangel?" was the just remonstrance of a "flesh-and-blood" husband to his grumbling spouse. As for shifting MR. BRUCE, we have had our little quarrels with him, but he is a valuable official, all the same, and we would rather make shift with him than shift him to make room for MR. CHILDERS, for the fact that MR. CHILDERS does not show off well in sudden debate is not absolutely convincing proof that he would make a good Home Secretary. On the whole, *quieta non move*, which was SIR ROBERT WALPOLE's motto, would be an excellent one for MR. GLADSTONE, in this and other matters. He is too good a man to play cards, we dare say, but he may take it from those who are not so good that a hand is not strengthened by mere shuffling. But he understands the theatre. Let him borrow a hint from *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, and insist that his actors shall be thoroughly "up in their parts," and show proper respect to their generous benefactors, the Public.

OUT OF PLACE ALTOGETHER.—A Frog on a Toadstool.

SENSE AND SOBRIETY.

In a leader on the recent speeches of the two Members for the City of Oxford thereat delivered, the *Times* made the very just remark that "MR. VERNON HAROURT seems to have gained more applause than his sober colleague." That which seems to have been the case in this instance was indeed so, and no wonder. MR. VERNON HAROURT talked genuine, and not Ministerial, Liberalism. He insisted on the point that an essential principle of Liberal policy is the maintenance of personal liberty, and he declared that principle to have been violated by certain excesses of paternal legislation, fit only for a puerile people. MR. VERNON HAROURT condemned the vexatious and restrictive Parks Regulation Act, and the more restrictive and more vexatious Licensing Act. He therefore gained, as he was well entitled to, "more applause than his sober colleague." The sobriety ascribed in that phrase to a Cabinet Minister means reticence on the subject of Liberal complicity with Teetotal and Sabbatarian tyranny. The epithet, sober, applied to MR. CARPENTER, is eulogistic of MR. VERNON HAROURT, and not the contrary.

A GROWL FROM GRANDPAPA.

WISH me what ? Many happy New Years ?
When my years at the most must be few !
If one only prove happy, my dears,
'Twill be more than I ever got through.
Besides, whether they're happy or not,
Should my last year of all be this New,
You'll come in for whatever I've got,
And the sooner the better for you.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE.

Moralist. Who knows what to-morrow will bring forth ?
Positivist. The day after.



A ROW IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

MR. A-RT-N. "CHANGE THE CAST!! HANG IT, GOVNOR! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CUT ME OUT OF MY FAVOURITE AND HIGHLY POPULAR PART OF THE 'WALKING GENTLEMAN'!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He, as usual, addresses the Editor, and writes some account of the holiday performances at Drury Lane, and the Olympic.



H, SIR.—I am unable to go everywhere at once: I cannot be in more than two places at one and the same time. I have even tried doing two places at once, and have failed. I cannot cram all the Christmas pieces into one week's notice; no, not if you were to give me two columns, each as big as NELSON's or the DUKE OF YORK's, to do it in.

There are many I can't go to, in time that is to be of any use to the public; and there are some I won't go to. I am speaking as Your Representative, i.e., as the Representative of your known obsti— I mean firmness and decision.

I represented you, Sir, at Drury Lane. Every-body said you were looking very well. But that is

neither here nor there. MR. E. L. BLANCHARD's Twenty-Third Comic Annual is entitled (for the title is no longer a secret, and I am at liberty to divulge it) *The Children in the Wood*. Sir, Your Representative laughed most heartily, and enjoyed it most thoroughly, being of the audience's opinion that, taken altogether, it was the best thing in Pantomimes he'd seen for some considerable time. MR. FREDERICK VOKES is the Cruel Uncle, all legs and moustache. Apart from his imminently grotesque dancing, his quiet pantomimic acting is something first-rate in this peculiar line. The performance of the MRSSES. VICTORIA and ROSINA VOKES, as *Master William* and *Miss Mary*, is capital throughout. They always play as if they thoroughly enjoyed it themselves, and though the most extravagant steps are performed by them, they never once overleap the bounds of propriety, nor even so much as suggest vulgarity; and this fact, in these nothing-to-wearisome days and can-canistic times, is well worthy of note and very much to their credit.

But, Sir, what a dear old pathetic tale it is. Despite big heads, despite all the fun of the fair ones, despite rum-tum-tiddly-iddly tunes, when the poor Babes, faint and weary, lie down on MR. BEVERLEY's mossy bank to plaintively yield to hunger, and, loving boy and girl, to embrace for the last time on earth in the sweetest and purest affection, and in each other's arms to die, I warrant you that from the topmost boy in the gallery above, to the oldest *habitué* in the stalls below, all momentarily experienced a choking sensation in the throat, and, feeling just the slightest moistening of the eyelids, were much relieved when the old rum-tum-tiddly-iddly struck up, and the queer squirrels and comic birds came hopping with their pantomimic leaves to destroy the illusion. I am speaking, I know, Sir, your distinguished sentiments when I say that all who visit Old Drury will thank MR. BLANCHARD for flavouring his Christmas howl of pantomimic and burlesque merriment with just this one drop of the essence of the story's poetry. The pathos of the familiar situation is charmingly and touchingly rendered by the two Vokes Babies aforementioned.

For the scenery—"May every blessing wait on my BEVERLEY, my loved BEV— . . . but oh! how unlike my BEVERLEY!"—it is not so bright as usual. The Dreamland scene, however, is pretty enough, and the tableaux illustrating old nursery rhymes and fairy stories are most effective.

The comic scenes of the Harlequinade are carried on with much spirit; and the two Clowns, MRSSES. EVANS and HARVEY, have some good fooling. The former had better take a friendly piece of advice and omit the pail from his trombone performance. A nod is as good as a wink from Your Representative in his own little stall.

I have not yet been to the Adelphi. Little WAGG after supper gave us a specimen of MR. EMMETT, the American actor, and I smiled at the Emmettation. I made this joke as Your Representative. I also announced that MR. BATEMAN had become an Irvingite. Some one said he'd heard this before. I then asked the new Conundrum, "What part of Grammar is Remorse?" and somebody answered, "The Syn-tax;" which is, strange to say, the answer. This brilliant conversation decided me upon visiting, next evening, the Olympic Theatre.

Without Love is not a Christmas piece, thank goodness! and therefore, at this season, does not call for special notice. Suffice it, that such a piece, however well played, can never enlist the sympathies of any audience, whether French or English. There is in it no Virtue to rob Vice of its reward, and all the characters are morally bad—past hope of redemption—with the exception (as far as Your Representative could understand the matter) of *Fifine* and *Suzanne* (waiting-maids), and *Victorine* and *Cecile* (professional bride-smaids), whose gloves appeared to have grown grey in the service. These were the exceptionally good people among the women. Among the men I had my doubts about the virtue of *Armand the Coiffeur*: but as, in such a state of society, it is a relief to doubt, I am inclined to give him the benefit of it, and pronounce his guilt not proven. The three other Goody-goodies were *Messieurs Cabernet, Jules* and *Henri*, who appeared for a few seconds in the last Act, only to be told that they were ruined men. They had been asked, poor fellows, to a Wedding Breakfast. They were the "Company"; and, as the Company, they had to hear about the smash of the Commercial Company in which they were deeply involved. They bore it with exemplary fortitude. One smiled slightly, and appeared a little bashful. That was the effect of the news on him; nothing more. He was the youngest of the party, and I pitied him, for it seemed to me that the sudden shock had turned his brain. The well-bred, imperturbable servants elicited my warmest admiration. MR. RIGNOLD drinks champagne, and immediately dies. *Whose Champagne was it?* Here's a chance for Advertising Wine Merchants! "CAUTION.—Beware of Inferior Wine. THE CHAMPAGNE which exercises nightly so fearful a power over MR. RIGNOLD of the T.R.O., is not THE FIRST-CLASS ARTICLE SOLD BY" &c., &c. Here would follow the name of the firm, who forthwith should bring out an entirely new brand, and patent it as the "Vive Clapot!! or, Rignold Reviver." But I have said that this is not a Christmas piece, and I have to answer the question proposed in the bill, namely, *How I found Crusoe?* I found him going on as well as could be expected, or indeed better. It is certainly one of the prettiest things in London, in the way of scenery, costumes, and music. The idea seems to have been originally a very good one, but its strength has been somehow allowed to evaporate in the boiling. And yet there are so many good things in it, that the trifles, which is given at an hour to suit late diners, ought to draw, and do good holiday business even after holiday time. The quintette, in imitation of the Christy style, announced as "*Wash me early, Mother dear,*" is deservedly encored. The piece would still gain by excision; and Your Representative would unhesitatingly excise the "*Not Worth a Damsel's Smile*" refrain, and also the first line of *Robinson Crusoe's* first song. To his second song (where he pretends to be prompted by the parrot) I say reform it altogether. In this piece, MR. CRELLIN's imitations of popular actors—of WEBSTER, BUCKSTONE, of LEVING as *Charles the First*, and in *The Bells*, of TOOLE and J. CLARKE (of the Adelphi), are very clever, especially those of MRSSES. CLARKE and TOOLE, which were immediately recognised, and acknowledged with a tribute of genuine applause. Mimicry is a dangerous power for an actor to possess, but GARRICK was an exquisite mimic.

To say that in this lightest of light pieces there are about thirty or forty charming young ladies, and that among them are Miss ROSE CULLEN, Miss EMMA CHAMBERS (who used to be "such an admiral" in the St. James's burlesque of *Poll and Partner Joe*), Miss BRABANT, and others of often-photographed beauty, and to add to this, that the theatre is in every respect the most elegantly decorated, and one of the most luxuriously comfortable of all our smaller theatres, is but to do justice to MR. ALFRED THOMPSON's taste and talent, and to the discernment and liberality of the present Manageress, Miss ADA CAVENDISH, to whom for myself and as Your Representative, I offer my best wishes for a happy new year, and many of them.

I have finished my present week's Theatrociniun, or review of Theatres; and so, Sir, being somewhat tired, I,

"With a yawn
Of sheer fatigue, subsiding to repose,"

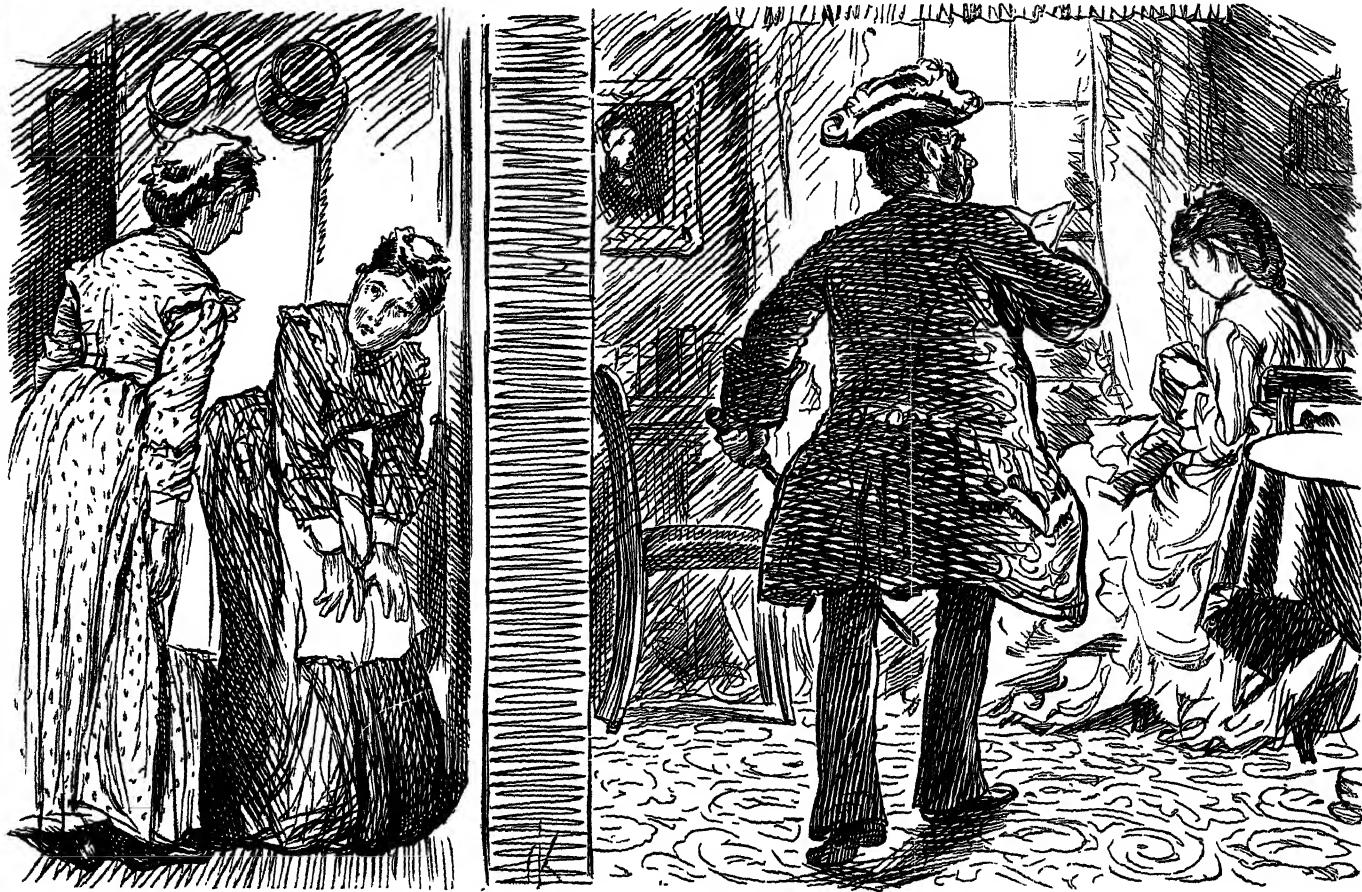
lay down my pen, recline in my arm-chair, light The Fragrant Soother, open my *Middlemarch*, and cease, pro. tem., to be

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Line upon Line.

MR. PUNCH is glad to see that one of the Railways, at least, is equal to the wet situation. The Great Northern preserves its fish. Can tickets for a day's sport be obtained at King's Cross? Would the Manager oblige by stating what kind of fish are to be caught, and give any other piscatorial hints? Here is his advertisement:

NOTICE TO FISHERMEN AND TRESPASSERS.—ALL PERSONS fishing or trespassing on the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY, after this notice, will be prosecuted.



OUR THEATRICALS.

Brown (rehearsing his part as the "Vicomte de Cherisac"). "YAS, MARIE! I'VE FONDLY LOVED YE. (Sobs dramatically.) 'TIS WELL
—BUT NO MAT-TAR-R!"
Housemaid (to Cook, outside the Door). "LAUKS, 'LIZ'BETH, AIN'T MASTER A GIVIN' IT TO MISSIS!"

HUMBLE PETITION TO HELPS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS is very cruel. He has been saying that if a superior being were to ask him whether he would rid the world of Inaccuracy or of Lying, he would say, "Let us get rid of Inaccuracy." Now SIR ARTHUR goes into and adorns not only high, but good society, and we ask him, plaintively, what Society, which loves him, has done to him that he would reduce it to the dead level of accuracy in its speech. We don't lie, exactly, and when True THOMAS wanted to decline the tongue that could not lie because it would unfit him for ladies' society, he was a rude old THOMAS. But all the charm of conversation would vanish if Imagination did not wait on Assertion, and Ignorance on both, and Cheek on all three. The most frightful story in our whole literature is that of the *Accurate Child and the Astounded Visitor* (Mr. BARLOW may know it) wherein is truth, and the infant, aged seven, was COLERIDGE'S. "My Papa has left the house, seven, or perhaps nine minutes, and he stated that he was going to call on our friend, Mr. JONES. Unless he have varied his intention, you will, by following him, find him at Mr. JONES's house. I cannot precisely inform you of the number, but as there are only two houses in the terrace, if you fail to detect him on inquiring at one, you will certainly discover him on application at the other." "SIR ARTHUR, your slave," as DEAN SWIFT says, but please let us talk as inaccurately as we like. It will be all the same one hundred, or say for most of us, forty years hence.

Heterodox Intelligence.

SOME French papers have announced the death of M. FÉLIX ARCHIMEDE POUCHET, describing him as "the celebrated writer on spontaneous generation." This, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not so. "His son, GEORGES POUCHET, now about thirty-five, was the author of *Heterogenesis*." This statement has greatly puzzled "Ignoramus," who writes to say that he should have thought that *Heterogenesis* had been written by BISHOP COLENZO.

NOTE FROM LORD BYRON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

My line, "Thou dashest him," &c., seems, like *Charles Surface*, to give a great many worthy men cause for uneasiness. One of them suggests that it ended, "There let him Pray." Sir, if I had used that word seriously, I should have been a hypocrite, and if ironically, it would have been vulgar profanity in presence of the awful Ocean. What I wrote was

"There let him Bray."

I wonder that this did not, for various reasons, occur to my amender.

Yours truly,
Elysium.

Funny.

WHO will explain this paragraph?—

"HONG KONG, Dec. 31.

"MR. WADE has reprimanded the British Consul at Ningpo, who, with his American colleague, had brought the disturbance at Hangchow to an end. The American Minister has thanked the latter gentleman."

A British Consul and an American join to put down a disturbance, and put it down. The British Consul gets reprimanded by his Minister; the American Consul gets thanked by his.

Which course is likeliest, "Encourager les autres,"—and in which direction,—to put down disturbances, or to stand by and let them blaze?

TOUJOURS HAYMAN.

THERE was a certain King, when, according to the venerable jest, the Jews were like old Stilton (for they grew mitier and mitier in the days of Moredecay) and this King waxed very angry at hearing so much about one HA-MAN. We sympathise with that King, and pray our kind contemporaries to consider our feelings.



EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

Pater. "ERNEST, A WORD. YOU WERE IN TURNS DEPLORABLY DULL AND VULGARLY FLIPPANT AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. MY DEAR BOY, YOU GRIEVED ME. SURELY YOU HAD NOT BEEN TAKING—NO, YOU COULD NOT BE SO—HOW WAS IT?"

Filius. "MY DEAR FATHER, IT SHALL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. I AM HEARTILY SORRY. DRINKING?—NO. THE FACT IS, I HAD LOOKED IN HERE, AND THE ONLY PAPER DISENGAGED—it always is—was the *S—y Review*. I READ TOO MUCH OF IT. I AM QUITE ASHAMED."

[They shake hands, and exit.]

PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

On Wednesday last week, being the First of January, Mr. Punch distributed a number of New Year's Gifts to meritorious and distinguished Personages. He sent to—

MR. GLADSTONE—A file of the *Morning Advertiser*.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR—A Portrait of his predecessor, LORD ELDON.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—The first half of a Bank of Elegance Note, conscience-money.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL—Various photographs of CASTRO.

MR. AYTON—A handsomely bound edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*.

MR. GÖSCHEN—A rope's end.

MR. FORSTER (in recognition of his educational services)—A Cane.

MR. BRUCE—A Cushion for his Official Chair.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON—A Punchbowl and Ladle.

THE REV. MR. DAWSON BURNS—A Pewter Pot, and a bottle of Pick-me-up.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY—*Law's Serious Call to the Unconverted*.

MR. DARWIN—A Pocket *Paradise Lost*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL—*Hervey's Meditations*.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING—DEAN SWIFT'S *Tale of a Tub*.

MR. WHALLEY—*The Garden of the Soul*.

MR. SPURGEON—A Rosary.

MOTTO FOR THE GRECIAN.—"When Greek meets Greek," then they go to the Grecian.

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY IDYL.

THE January Dividends
Will now be shortly paid.
His money to the State who lends
To lose is nought afraid.
But O, how very small the rent,
Though certain it may be,
Whereof the Fundholder, per cent.,
Receives no more than three!

So little were enough to make
That man, Bank Stock who owns,
Go sell it out, and, wide-awake,
Invest in Turkish loans;
Of six per cent. because thereby
May dividends be had.
But ah, where interest is high,
Security is bad!

Suppose that into Joint-Stock Shares
My capital I cast.
How stand the Company's affairs?
How long will sunshine last?
Concerns of highest name oft fall.
Then cash is worse than fled,
Each being liable for all,
Unless they're limited.

At present Gas is paying well,
But there's an awful doubt—
How soon may be, ah, who can tell,
New sources of light found out?
When I should Bray an' 'twere an ass,
Demented by the moon,
Beholding all my worth in gas
Collapse like burst balloon.

Ye Banks, ye Railways, and ye Mines,
Ye Speculations all,
I watch your fluctuating signs,
Your prices' rise and fall.
O, would that I had clairvoyance
To penetrate the veil;
See which of you defies mischance,
And which of you will fail.

Some are, among e'en men on 'Change,
Who credit Spirits' knocks.
Lie out of their familiars' range
The secrets of the Stocks?
Alas, no Medium can be found
Mongst all of the possessed,
To say what are and are not sound,
And guide me to invest!

SCHOOL.

(To be sung during the remainder of the holidays.)

UNLESS for a spooney, a dunce, and a fool,
Howe'er we may grumble, there's no place like School.
The games and the larks that a fellow has there,
Through all the vacation are wanting elsewhere.
School, School, sweet, sweet School!
Wherever I wander, there's no place like School.

In study and learning I take such delight—
Could always be at it from morning to night:
Though holiday tasks to perform 'tis my rule,
For downright hard "swotting" there's no place like School.
School, School, sweet, sweet School!
For downright hard "swotting" there's no place like School.

Festive Fancies.

THE elegance and taste conspicuous in the decorations which the raw materials of Christmas fare were this year as usual embellished withal, must have commanded the admiration of all observers. But another time, perhaps, the Grocers will give their Australian meat tins their merit—ornaments of gay rosettes. The turkeys, trimmed with bows of pink and azure, looked, as young ladies generally remarked, "sweetly pretty." It is said that an eccentric poultier once, when a public mourning occurred about Christmas time, decked out his turkeys with black ribbon.

DARWIN'S MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

MR. PUNCH,

WHEN next you see the illustrious author of *The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals*, will you, if you please, ask that distinguished Naturalist if he himself has ever, in his own person, experienced a certain sensation which he offers to explain, namely, "the thrill or slight shiver which runs down the backbone and limbs of many persons when they are powerfully affected by music." The persons wont to experience that sensation, and acquainted with the Darwinian hypothesis of Man's pedigree, are, some of them, curious to learn whether its projector is, as to his musical sensibilities, one of themselves.

Perhaps, Sir, you would therefore have the kindness to ascertain for us if the thrilling effect of music, which Mr. DARWIN refers to, is a fact of his own consciousness, or one which he has only been informed of by others. Few, perhaps, if any of those others, are fully prepared to accept the theory suggested by him to account for this mysterious feeling in the observation that "music has a wonderful power of recalling, in a vague and indefinite manner, those strong emotions which were felt during long past ages, when, as is probable, our early progenitors courted each other by the aid of vocal tones."

If any truth is embodied in this suggestion, would not every one susceptible of musical influence have always found the most powerfully thrilling music to be that of love-operas like the *Sonnambula*, and the other chief works of modern Italian composers, such as BELLINI and DONIZETTI?

Eh, Mr. Punch?

Would not the frame of such an one be made to thrill, and his flesh to creep, by those saccharine strains rather than by the choruses of *Israel in Egypt*, the *Dead March in Saul*, the funereal movement in BEETHOVEN'S *Sinfonia Eroica*, the supernatural suggestions in MOZART'S *Requiem*, and the weird harmonies and

discords of *Der Freischütz*? Would not *La ci darem, Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino* in *Don Giovanni*, for example, usually thrill the sensitive hearer very much rather than he is thrilled by the tremendous opening of the overture of that Opera, and the awful music announcing the *Statue*? If the thrill struck by music be traceable to an amatory origin, would not *My Pretty Jane* be a piece of music considerably more thrilling than *King Death*?

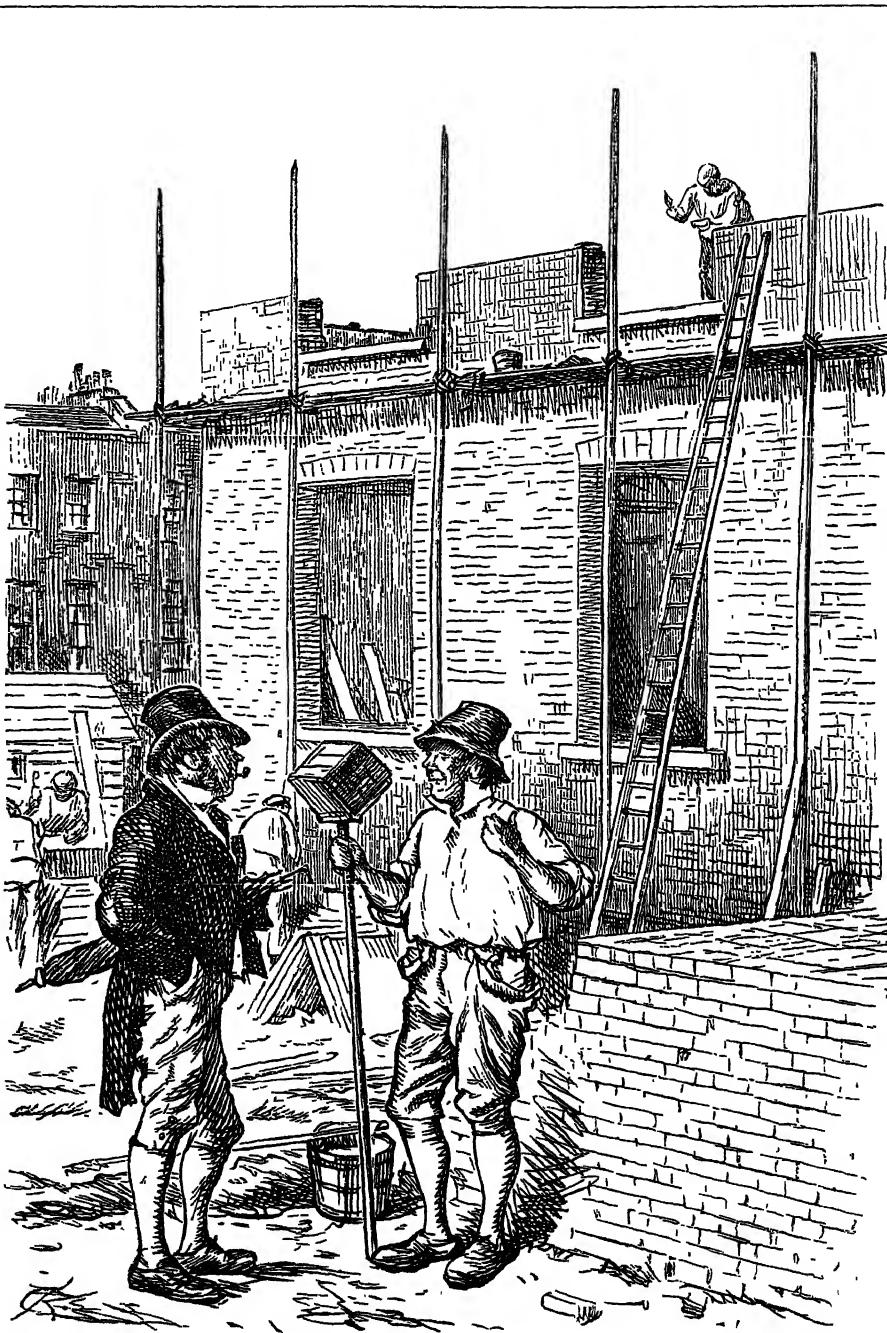
If on the other hand, music of the grim and unearthly, or the holy and heavenly, sort, is that which generally proves the most thrilling, and Mr. DARWIN's speculation as to the origin of the vibrations imparted by music to us is sound, then must the sublimest effects in the compositions of SEBASTIAN BACH, HANDEL, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and WEBER, be musical developments of the squeaks, squalls, and grunts, and growls, in which our ancestral apes, or other brutes, used to woo, instead of expressing themselves in "vocal tones" of a quality softer, and "more condoling," as *Bottom* hath it.

To the majority of persons endowed with an ear through which it is possible for music to touch their higher sentiments, do you think, Sir, that Mr. DARWIN's conjecture as to the cause of its operation through the human mind on the human body, will indicate that he himself has any the least proportion of "music in his soul"? Don't you fancy that, in their eyes, it will rather betray an entire inability to discern any difference in import, if in tune, between *Dr. Martin Luther's Hymn* and *Alice Gray*? Should you not, yourself, indeed, be very much surprised to hear that our great Genealogist was capable of distinguishing the *National Anthem* from *The Devil among the Tailors*?

As a matter of fact, MR. DARWIN may be an excellent amateur performer on the violin, and as good a musician, as well as fiddler, as HERR JOACHIM. In that case, his way of accounting for the mystery of music can only be regarded as the crotchet of a musical genius to account for a quaver.

Your Servant, Sir,

ADAGIO.



"A CONTINTED MIND."

Tirence (Bricklayer's Labourer, acclimatised, to Paddy [just] from Cork). "SELL YER PIG AN' FOURNICHURE, AN' COME OVER WID BIDDY TO THIS BLISSED COUNTRY. I GET THREE AN' T'RIPENCE A DAY FOR CARRIN' BRICKS UP A LADDER, AN', BE JABERS, THERE'S A POOR DIVIL UP AT THE TOP DOIN' ALL THE WORK FOR ME !!"



"SMALL MERCIES."

Young Larksper. "HULLO, GRUMMLES, HOW ARE YOU? WHAT'S THE MATTER? I HEAR YOU'VE HAD A LEGACY LEFT YOU! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRAT—"

Grummles (dismally: he never could look at the bright side of things). "O, BUT A FELLOW CAN'T EXPECT MORE THAN ONE IN HIS LIFETIME, AND THIS IS ONLY TEN POUNDS, AND THE ESTATE'S IN CHANCERY!!!" [They liquor up despondently.]

"PERSONAL STATISTICS."

The oldest Beadle is BENJAMIN BRAGGITT, of the parish of St. Simeon Skylites, aged eighty-two; the youngest, THOMAS TOWERERRY, of the Worshipful Company of Leather Breeches Makers, aged thirty-nine.

The oldest Town Crier is STEPHEN STENTERTON, of the Borough of Wraxeter, aged ninety-six; the youngest, ROBERT SHOUT LOWDER, of the town of Ebbingsfield, aged twenty-four.

The oldest Crossing-sweeper is JAMES CHIVINS, at the corner of Granville Place, aged seventy-three; the youngest, Tom PYEWPIPE, in Throckmorton Square, aged nine.

The oldest member of the Swell Mob is GEORGE FOGLE, alias ALGERNON HARRINGTON HARcourt MONTGOMERY, alias "GORGEous GEORGE," aged fifty; the youngest, CHARLES PRIGGINSON, alias "KIDDY SWIPES," aged sixteen.

The oldest Sheriff's Officer is MOSBY CROOLE, aged sixty-six; the youngest, DARBY WHITECROSS, aged twenty-three.

The oldest Charwoman is MRS. JUGLETT, aged seventy-one; the youngest, MRS. PIMINER, aged twenty-nine.

The oldest Maid is MISS BARBARA ANNE PRIMFLOWER, aged ninety-four; the youngest, MISS LEILA LAURA CHITWOOD, aged two minutes and a half.

The oldest Bore is SIR WINDHAM YARNLEY, aged seventy-six; the youngest, MR. SOLOMON DAMPER, aged thirty-one.

The oldest Veterinary Surgeon is MR. MATTHEW HEWBANK, aged eighty; the youngest, MR. CLATTERFORTH HORSMORE, aged twenty-two.

The oldest Huntsman is TOM BOSSMORE, of the Runnymead Hounds, aged seventy-nine; the youngest Whipper-in, HARRY VULPS, of the Reynardson, aged twenty-three.

The oldest Judge of Port Wine is GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER FIELD

MARSHALL, G.C.B., aged eighty-eight; the youngest, MAJOR DE CRESCINGCOURT, aged thirty-six.

The oldest Whist-Player is ADMIRAL LORD NORMAN, aged eighty-three; the youngest, LIEUTENANT CAVENDISH D'HOIXLY, aged twenty-one.

The oldest Vestryman is ABRAHAM JAWSWORTH, Esq., aged ninety; the youngest, GUSTAVUS TIDDIMAN, Esq., aged thirty.

The oldest Woman is—No! Politeness forbids! Besides, we have so many "old women," that it is almost impossible to settle the question of precedence.

CHEMISTRY AND CRIME.

INSISTING on the propriety of putting ferocious murderers to death rather than going to the expense of keeping them in prison, "R.", the writer of a letter, on "The Sacredness of Human Life," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, offers a suggestion which, if put in practice, would combine economy with gentleness:

"If we are too squeamish to hang, let prussic acid or chloroform be called in aid until such time as we shall discover the blessed secret whereby we may instantly 'veil' such people out of the world."

Certainly, it may be said that in cases, wherein the reformation of criminals is hopeless, the cheapest and best way next to it with them would be their chloroformation. For the halter, chloroform, as Humanity must allow, and the lower orders of East London generally may be conceived to say, would be a good halternative.

SUGGESTION FOR A PANTOMIME.

SCENE—*A Street in Ancient Rome, with Inscription over Door—*
"M. T. CICERO'S OFFICES." Enter CLOWN and PANTALOON.

CLOWN. *Hic sumus!*

WONDROUS BEER.



pulous, he might have disposed of his Lourdes water in a genuine way, through brewing beer with it. If it contains anything medicinal, it would then perhaps, more or less, have approached to the quality

RITING from Paris, the Correspondent of a readable contemporary states that :—

"A good deal of controversy has been going on respecting the water of Lourdes. A common *marchand de liqueurs* attempted to sell it in bottles with his other wares, whereupon the BISHOP OF TARbes interfered, and condemned the publican in a pastoral."

Foolish Bung! Why did he incur episcopal censure, by the open sale of spiritual in common with spirituous liquor? He might have sold it under a disguise with impunity, at a great profit. He might have used it to water his brandy with. Or, if scrupulous,

of Stogumber ale. No reasonable person can doubt that any miraculous properties it may possess it would have exerted, with at least undiminished strength, in the form of malt liquor. Miraculous water would perhaps have been found to make miraculous beer. Ale made of Lourdes water might have proved to be a beer that nobody ever got the worse for by drinking, but everyone always the better, and the brewer and vendor of it might have made his fortune by supplying the public with the desideratum of beer which, whilst remarkable for its cordial effect, was not an intoxicating fluid.

Denied.

A SCIENTIFIC Musician, named SIDLEY TAYLOR, A.M., who is quoted by our dear and disportive old friend, the *Musical World*, has laid down some "Acoustical propositions." We have no doubt of his learning, but we utterly deny his very first allegation. He says :—

"Sound can pass through solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies, but not through a vacuum."

We have, unhappily, heard too many delightful songs delivered by men and women with perfectly empty heads, to admit this for one moment.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor concerning the Renovations in the Spectacle at Covent Garden, the Grecian Pantomime, and that at the Crystal Palace.

THREE more Christmas pieces. At Covent Garden *Babil* and *Bijou* has been renovated. It scarcely wanted it, as the main—"Spring Chorus" of the piece was as good as ever. In this wretched weather I am personally obliged to MR. RIVIERE for having put *Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring*, into the mouths of all the errand-boys, walking butchers, pedestrian bakers, tinkers, tailors, whistling sailors, and all such as have time for a tune, while trudging through the dirty streets, and o'er the flooded gutters. "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring!" that's all I know of it, and I come to grief in the second line. I have met a parrot and a bullfinch that do precisely the same thing. My friends stop me when I begin, or *exeunt*, frowning. I hope to have the first eight bars of the air perfect by the time I call upon You, Sir, in your study; but, as Your Representative, I am not a good hand, or, I should say, ear, at catching anything. Vaccinate me, however, with a taking tune, such as this present popular melody, and I'm a pleasant companion. Now then, what's the next article?

As for the novelties in the ballet department, there is M. ESPINOSA, who makes quite a Tee-to-tum of himself as a Dancing Dervish, and MADAME ESPINOSA, with some dancing ladies, as "Tartares." Good name for a ballet, by the way, *The Teetotum and the Fair Tartar*. But quite alone comes HENRIETTE D'OR, the most graceful, the most refined *danseuse* since the days of lengthy book-muslin skirts. Even when she is representing a Bacchante, there is nothing sensual or gross in her impersonation. Hers is not the dance in which wild orgies culminate, but it is that of the Priestess of Bacchus rejoicing in the gift of the Vine to men. Were all descriptive dancing like this of HENRIETTE D'OR, the Golden Age of the ballet would have returned. The special artist, M. COLLODION, is clever, but he only executes two caricatures, and before he begins he writes above them for whom they are intended, which is complimentary neither to his own talent nor to the intelligence of the public. MISS BARRY does more than look the Amazonian *Prince Fortinbrasse*; she acts it. Many of the dresses and some of the music is new, and, taken altogether, the brilliant spectacle of *Babil* and *Bijou* is, as yet, unsurpassed by anything of the kind in London, or out of it.

True to my Christmas duties, I represented You, Sir, at the Grecian, and wondered much at the Speaking Head of Mr. Nobody, which walks and talks (bother CHARLES THE FIRST, he's always cropping up now-a-days!) in the second scene of *Niz*, which is the name of the Pantomime. This is the novel feature of the perform-

ance, as the CONQUETS, *père et fils*, do as many astounding jumps, hops, skips, and tumbles as of old, and in the Incantation Scene a LULU-like bound is repeated every two minutes. The perpetual question is, "Where are they now?" And the answer comes, "All over the place." So the *spécialité* of the Grecian is as heretofore, and the theatre is so densely crowded that on Saturday nights the people walk on one another's heads, until they drop in somewhere, when they sit how they can, and see as much as they can with half an eye; for in these compact bodies you may be firmly wedged in sideways, and unable to use more than one eye, and that only with a dangerous wrench. West-end Managers have sung in their Eastern brother's ear, "To the West, to the West!" but the Bounding Brother of the Eastern Boundary does not, very wisely, care to give up the *trapezes* on which he has to fly, for others which he knows not of.

After all, Sir, the holiday place for the million is Mister Crystal Palace. Better than the Theatres, because, including a theatrical entertainment, it gives you and yours—"and yours" being in the Christmas holidays the important point—a first-rate Pantomime, full of funny business worked into, and got out of, a story that all know something about, though for detail they must consult the C. P. Pantomime, namely, *Jack and Jill*. Then there is a transformation scene, which is probably unequalled in London at the present time, which is saying a good deal, but not too much. The Arabs, too, have left their tribes and tents in the desert for London lodgings and tent bedsteads, in order to show an appreciative public at the Crystal Palace what are their habits and manners when at home on their own native sand. They pile themselves one on the top of the other as if the highest up aloft was going to inspect the roof of the Crystal Palace, to see if any repairs might be necessary. Fingers were made before forks, and lads before ladders; the use of which is entirely superseded by these Beni Zoug-Zoug Arabs, who, without any mechanical appliance, could send one of their young men, or even their "Venerable Chief" himself, mounted on the shoulders of several other Beni Zoug-Zougs, up to the attic window of a Belgravian mansion. Your Representative, Sir, hit at once, when he saw the performance of the Zoug-Zougs, on the enormous trade which the Oriental Forty Thieves must have driven in housebreaking. Nothing more simple. The celebrated *troupe* of Forty (always under the guidance of their "Venerable Chief") enter the streets of Bagdad, for example: they make their ladder of men, the fortieth steps from the thirty-ninth's shoulders on to the roof of CALIPH HAROUN's palace, and through the trap-door he descends into the sumptuous rooms below. The thirty-nine in the street attract the attention of the household by their performances until Number Forty has finished his little business, when up goes the human ladder again, down comes the fortieth thief with his pockets full, when, breaking the ladder up into its living component parts, away they scamper to the trackless desert. They are

marvellous fellows. It would be a bad speculation on the part of the College of Surgeons to pay them so much down to insure the possession of their skeletons *in futuro*. Why, they haven't got any bones, or, if they have, they must be supple as whalebone. Then after this sight there's the Aquarium. To see the Crabs in solemn conclave, like a party of old fogies, who know each other's stories by heart, seated round a table on a Club-night, is in itself as refreshing as a good scene in a comedy. Then to see King Octopus is a pantomime, with Cod for Clown, Shrimps for Sprites, and Mackerel for the Silver Fairies; and there's Captain Cuttle (of whom, when found, make a note), to serve as a farce to wind up the entertainment.

Now, Sir, with the exception of the Polytechnic, where You would like to be represented in the Diving Bell, I think I've given a report of things specially Christmassy, and have directed the attention of Parents and Guardians, and holiday-makers and holiday-takers generally, to the spectacles of Covent Garden and the Alhambra, the Extravaganzic Trifle at the Olympic, the Pantomimes at Drury Lane and the Grecian; and last, but not in any sense least, the Crystal Palace, with its varied amusements. I am awearied, I own it. I would lay down my pen and sleep—if I could. But the brain, acted upon by pantomimic fancies, is over-excited, and will not be soothed. Morpheus! unsaid by MR. DANIEL HOME, I invoke thee! The Drowsy God appears before me. He stretches forth his hand towards me, as I recline in my old arm-chair where my forefathers sat. He holds out a paper. "Tolle! lege!" says the Phantom. "One line will induce the soundest slumber." I take it. It is the *Saturday Review*. I read . . . half a sentence . . . the charm works . . . Good . . . night . . . all's well . . . with

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.



THE *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that Tuesday last week, the 7th of January, was what used to be called "St. Distaff's Day," when "our ancestresses were in the habit of resuming their spinning operations after the Christmas holidays." Our judicious contemporary, having truly remarked that "the distaff, spindle, and spinning-wheel have long since disappeared, and woman is engaged in far more sublime occupations than spinning flax," suggests, with manifest reason, in so far as the strong-minded declaimers of the female platform are concerned, that the practice of spinning might be advantageously resumed. In spinning, however, Woman would, now-a-days, be opposed by a competitor that would render it unprofitable. Steam has superseded Woman. The

spinster would find herself cut out by the spinning-jenny. But what then? St. Distaff's *cultus* might very well be revived, *mutatis mutandis*. The Sewing-Machine, among the wiser sort of women, has replaced the distaff. The 7th of January might, in future, be observed as the day of St. Sewing Machine, or St. Elias Howe's Day, in honour of that engine's inventor and the United States. Or the day might be dedicated to one of its improvements, or improvers; St. Agenoria, St. Singer, or St. Wanzer the Less. If strong-minded women would transfer their feet from the stump to the sewing-machine, they would turn them from the error of their ways, and at the same time employ their hands in occupation exclusive of the misemployment which is apt to be found, for hands otherwise unoccupied, by somebody mentioned in a poem by DR. WATTS.

Speculation and Sanskrit.

THE new translation of an ancient work which PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLEB is bringing out constitutes a theme of interest in commercial circles. Gentlemen on the Stock Exchange, especially, are anxious to know whether acquaintance with the *Rig Veda* hymns will help anybody to rig the market.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,

EX-EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

BORN AT THE TUILLERIES, APRIL 20, 1808. DIED AT CHISLEHURST, JANUARY 9, 1873.

"THE EMPEROR died this morning—half-past ten."
So runs the tidings, writ-up, short and round,
On mud-splashed windows of each dusty den,
Where, daily, the day's news takes shape and sound.

And the unresting tide of life, that flows
Through London's arteries, 'twixt heart and brain,
Stays to take in, then on its errand goes,
Nor settles, straight, to even pulse again.

News, this, of the deep voice that speaks to all,—
Lightest of heart or gravest—those who care,
And know least of the world's dice as they fall,
Or, keenest, back the game, or, deepest, share.

News, whose dull fall through Time's dark pool will urge
The pulses of an ever-widening ring,
That cease not, till they touch the farthest verge
Reached by man's message on the lightning's wing.

It was no common life that so could fill
The thought of Europe: 'tis no common death,
Kings, Statesmen, Nations, with such shock to thrill,
As rarely greets surcease of exile's breath.

Already scores of ready penmen draft
Of his life's course to power their bird's-eye view,
Through poverty, and perjury, and craft,
And redder stains that the blurred track imbrue.

Let whoso will count of his faults the cost,
And point a moral in his saddened end;
This is the thought in England uppermost—
He, who has died among us, lived our friend.

If sinners may by suffering, too, be shriven,
What penance those last years had to sustain!
The sting of fall and failure deeper driven
By the dull stroke of slow and sleepless pain.

Who that has judged him harshest but has found
Comfort in thinking love was there to tend
The exile's eve, and cheer home's narrow bound—
That wife and son were with him to the end.

The time to weigh him fairly is not now;
Nor are the true weights any France can bring:
That sprang to fix the crown upon his brow,
And her own neck beneath his feet to fling.

Heavily both have answered for their sin:
Nor did the EMPEROR heavier fall undo,
Than France, that backed him still while he could win,
Nor turned against him till the luck turned too.

But now 'tis England, and not France, that stands
Silent beside an exile's dying bed,
Mindful of kindness rendered by his hands,
Sorrowing with those that sorrow for the dead.



NOT TO BE BEATEN.

*Mrs. Brown (whose Daughter has just been performing admirably on the Piano-Forte). "DO YOUR DAUGHTERS PLAY, MRS. JONES?"
 Mrs. Jones (whose four Daughters have only been listening). "No." Mrs. Brown. "SING?" Mrs. Jones. "No."
 Mrs. Brown. "PAINT IN WATER-COLOURS?" Mrs. Jones. "No. WE GO IN FOR BEAUTY!"*

VERNON HARCOURT AND VERACITY.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT, in some of his late speeches, has placed himself in striking contrast with most of the other leading politicians, both Liberal and Conservative, by speaking the truth. For example, at the Druids' Dinner, the other day, in discussing the impost by which the incomes of a part of the people are taxed to pay the expenses of the whole, instead of attempting to defend confiscation with sophistry, and to stifle complaint with sneers, he condemned the false and dishonest apology, alleged by financial swindlers' advocates on behalf of the Income-tax, that it weighs only on the rich who are well able to pay it, and he maintained that, on the contrary, it falls "with the greatest severity on the poorest of all the classes of the community—that which, upon limited means and small profits, has to keep up a state of respectability." The lie which MR. VERNON HARCOURT refuted is one of those lies which Statesmen are very apt to tell in talking to simpletons; lies coupled with truths, from which the generality of people at public meetings have not sense enough to disentangle them. It is quite true that the rich are well able to pay the Income-tax; but to say that the Income-tax weighs only on them is telling a falsehood which transcends common lying. The rich, as a rule, can afford to live up to their incomes, and it matters nothing to wealthy people whether their incomes are taxed, or duties are imposed upon the luxuries on which they expend them. The class rightly described by MR. HARCOUET as the poorest of the country, consists of persons under the necessity of living as much within their incomes as possible. They need to make all the provision that ever they can against ruin constantly staring them in the face. The Income-tax, substituted for indirect taxation, wrings from them the savings they ought to put by, and, by way of compensation, offers them the advantage of buying cheapened superfluities, which, how cheap soever, are too dear for them at any price. Thus are their slender incomes in large measure confiscated by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and amends are made them with facilities to squander the rest.

WISDOM ON THE WEATHER.

CLEARLY, certain proverbs should be altered according to the weather. This may seem at first a startling proposition, but consider it a moment and you will see there is some sense in it. Look, for instance, at the proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." Surely, in weather like the present, when the sun is never seen, nobody would dream of using such a proverb. In order to be applicable to this damp and dismal time, it should be altered to "There's nothing new under one's umbrella." Or take the common saying that "Every man should lay by something for a rainy day." In weather like the present, when the days are always rainy, a proverb such as this becomes exceedingly perplexing. In fine weather a man may fitly lay by something; say, for instance, his umbrella. But in days of constant deluge he cannot well do this, without the certainty, at any rate, of getting a good ducking. The only proverb wholly suited to the weather of this winter is the saying that "It never rains but it pours;" the truth whereof, for the last four months, has been copiously manifest.

Our Concession to Rome.

"His Holiness has lately delivered an address in which he compared himself to TOBIT."—*Roman News.*

DEAR Father, we love you, but surely 'twas no bit
 Of luck, that suggestion of likeness to TOBIT:
 By miracle TOBIT grew blind to the light;
 You claim to possess a miraculous sight.
 But one thing we hasten to grant, nothing loth,
 The stories, dear *Père*, are Apocryphal—both.

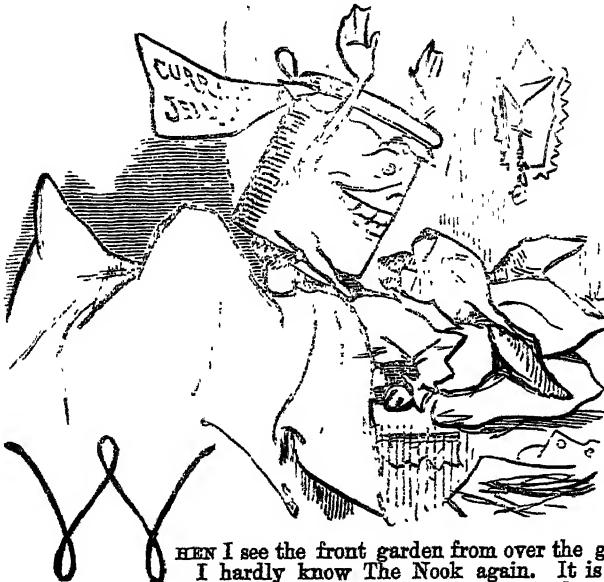


MRS. TAFFY'S ELIXIR.

"EH, MISTER! YOU CAN BAWL LUSTILY FOR THE BALLOT FOR YOUR POLITICS, BUT IF THERE WAS A *BALLOT* FOR 'STRIKES' YOU KNOW WELL THAT MY MAN THERE WOULD BE AT WORK, EARNING A DINNER FOR THE CHILDREN AND ME, LOOK YOU!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Return of my Aunt—The Nook after the late Ruins—A Surprise—The End in View.



HEN I see the front garden from over the gate I hardly know The Nook again. It is as much changed for the better as a slovenly man who has had his hair cut.

My Aunt has arrived. She has been Ganlavised for the Neuralgia, and is quite well again; which, however, she says, she has no doubt would have been the result if she'd undergone the treat samement at home. She is at first a little annoyed with me about the GLYPHYNS, because she had predetermined a match; and, secondly, she is astonished at my not having met her at the Station. These matters are, subsequently, duly explained.

Little Uncles JACK and GILL are also here. When we appear at the front gate, they are playing at horses on the gravel-path, which seems to be, I point out to ENGLEMORE, nicely dry in spite of the rain. They are affectionate children. On seeing me, they run away, crying. "They think you're 'Bogie,'" ENGLEMORE remarks. They've gone indoors to summon my Aunt.

The old woman left in charge of the house comes to the front door. She recognises me, and sniffs. She prepares for my reception by giving her face a rub round with the corner of her apron, and then she opens the gate, stands behind it nervously, and curtseys.

"MRS. BASCOE in?" I ask. It may be remembered, but it probably is not, that my Aunt's name is BASCOE.

"Yes, Sir," says the old woman. "The lady come as the day before yezzerdy. She ain't been altogether well since comin', she ain't. Werry damp it is for them as ain't used to it."

"Damp!"

"Your name must be Mister Drainage," says ENGLEMORE, surveying the lawn. "The ground here's like a greasy sponge. Not nice, Colonel Greasy Sponge, eh?"

"What's to be done?" I ask, for I see that the cottage is in a similar position to what the Ark must have been in after the first half-inch of waters had subsided.

"When I came," says my Aunt, after the first salutations and congratulations are over, "you had to walk through one big puddle to the front door, and you couldn't put your foot out of the French windows—"

"Without putting your foot in it," suggests ENGLEMORE.

My Aunt nods, and continues—"The revandah was a perfectly swoopeless hump."

"Sammy Swamp," says ENGLEMORE, translating the phrase in his own fashion. "Your Aunt's right. Look at it now."

I do look at it, and in another second it occurs to me that the Masons and Builders left here some time since to put everything in order, have achieved a triumph of constructive skill by sloping the pavement of the verandah from the garden down to the house!

"Mister Cellar below, eh?" asks ENGLEMORE.

"Yes, but nothing in it."

"Plenty of water by now. Little Tommy Temperature increases; William Water ditto. Steam up. General Damp—everywhere. No dry goods store." He shakes his head ruefully. My Aunt puts her hand to her side, in anticipation of rheumatic effects.

I turn to him and on him, rather savagely, "Hang it, ENGLEMORE, you recommended the place. You said 'Nook'—"

"And you Nooked. Good boy. But your little ENGLEMORE

didn't know about Colonel Clay-soil, and he didn't give orders to Mister Builder."

I admit this. I remark that the garden, considering all things, looks promising.

He cheers me up on this score. "Very promising. It'll be Little All-right if you give it time. Builder must put this square, or no £ s. d. Touch up the cellars. Dry your eyes. Ring up again, and go on with the next performance."

He is right. If drained properly, and so forth, I am sure there can't be a healthier spot than The Nook.

"The bloom is on the rye as far as the children go," says ENGLEMORE.

My Aunt replies, "Yes, I'm glad to see them with such cheezy rokes."

We are recovering our good-humour.

Happy Thought.—Make the best of a *good job*; for it is a good job done, excepting the builder, who must have been a perfect fool. Talking of perfect fools, how's my new Gardener getting on? "Not that he's a perfect fool," I say pleasantly, smiling: "on the contrary, he appeared to be a very intelligent—"

"Did he?" my Aunt says, dubiously. "Well, I can't make him out myself. Nor any one else, I should say. He's got odd ways of going on."

Happy Thought.—Perhaps he has begun his "fancy gardening," and my Aunt doesn't understand it.

"At times, I don't wish to frighten you, or myself, or anybody," she says, with great consideration, whereat ENGLEMORE nods approvingly,—"but at times I think he's queer."

"At odd times," suggests ENGLEMORE.

But as my Aunt looks uncommonly serious, ENGLEMORE frowns at me, as if I'd made an inopportune joke.

"Queer?" I repeat, and look at ENGLEMORE, who, unseen by my Aunt, goes through a pantomimic performance of lifting up his hand to his mouth, pretending to take a draught, and then touching his forehead significantly.

"You mean that he drinks?" I say to ENGLEMORE.

"Liquor's his name, probably," he returns.

"He frightened that old rag-doll of a woman whom you've put to keep house here," my Aunt continues; "and, though I don't understand much about gardening myself, yet it doesn't seem to me that he's going on right."

The Rag-Doll meets us in the passage, and corroborates this statement. "Nuffin ain't been right since he come, and Gutch's men left. I really don't think as he's safe with a pick, or a 'oe, and childern about."

I inquire as to his habits. She has seen him at meals.

"No, Sir, he don't drink, leastways not nuffin to speak on, but he's strange. His second day here he dashed in among them salary beds quite like a mad person."

"Good gracious! I hope he's not a luniac!" my Aunt exclaims.

"I ain't not so sure o' that, Mum," says the Rag-Doll, sniffing and retiring, first behind her apron, which she holds up to her face, and sniffs over its corner at us; then, under that cover, she backs down the passage, and goes sideways into the kitchen.

All my Gardener's information concerning the MIKADO, Japanese Gardening, and the DUKE of SHETLAND, flashes across me. I do not feel comfortable as I enter the Kitchen Garden.

"Hallo!" exclaims ENGLEMORE; and we all three stand in utter amazement at the scene before us.

Happy Thought.—Fancy Gardening certainly.

One part of the place looks as if it had been devastated by a fearful storm, while another seems to have suffered from some eccentric convulsion of nature, which has sent the roots up in the air and fixed the tops downwards in the earth. This is the case with the cabbages. The new currant-bushes are tied on to the tops of the highest trees, looking very like those Dutch brooms which a landsman often notices with wonder at the mast-heads of fishing smacks. The celery beds are completely dug up, looking like a troubled sea in dirty weather, with the exception of one small patch in the centre, where we observe a stone jar standing, labelled legibly *Mixed Pickles*. Garden tools, all brand new, which he has bought on his own account, are, we see, planted out in a row, like young trees, and carefully propped up. An empty milk-pail is by the strawberry-beds, which have been filled with young plants. At the end of the garden, by the wall, we now catch sight of a smoking bonfire, which is just beginning to blaze. The Fancy Gardener is at present invisible.

"Mad as a hatter!" ENGLEMORE says, emphatically.

Evidently. But what an awful state of things.

We walk down the Kitchen Garden path in some trepidation. A mad Gardener might be waiting behind a bush, or a hedge, with some instrument, and jump out suddenly— Ah! there he is. Now.



HOWL OF FRANTIC DELIGHT

INDULGED IN BY MR. PUNCH ON ONE DAY, LAST WEEK, BEHOLDING HIS SHADOW.

BIELA BROUGHT TO BOOK.

THAT erratic Biela Comet,
Which we thought had gone to smash,
Blundering against our planet
In collision rude and rash,
And scattering tail and kernel,
In windy meteor-flare,
Had vanished from the star-field,
Like a burst-up millionnaire—

Like that millionaire returning
To the world of bourse and bill,
In the Eastern blue is burning
(See KLINKERFUES) still!
There, a beggar upon horseback,
Over the Indian tides,
Reckless of all he's gone through,
Biela the Centaur rides!

And like that millionaire, too,
Whose one faith's gain for loss,
He rides upon a Centaur.*
Whose hoof is on the Cross.
Thus one dull December morning,
In a fleeting break of blue,
The telescope of POGSON†
Nailed Biela—the old do!

* The Centaur rises just above the Southern Cross.
† The distinguished Madras Government Astronomer.

He was no easy capture—
Two mornings had gone by,
That POGSON's watchful weapon
In vain had swept the sky;
When, on the third, the Centaur
Trotting into the field,
With Biela "up" upon him,
His whereabouts revealed.

There through the southern star-sphere
The erratic comet jogs on,
Nor deems that for four minutes
He's within the gaze of POGSON,
Whose sharp eye thus reports him—
"Looks round and fat and bright—
At least about the nucleus—
But has no tail in sight."

I read, and for a moment
Some pity crossed my mind—
"Poor Biela! been in Queer Street;
Had to leave his tail behind!
'Twas, p'raps, when last November
He was missing from our skies,
And with those meteor-fireworks
Threw star-dust in our eyes.

"Yes, for those very meteors
Poor Biela, I'll go bail,
Was forced to raise the needful,
By pledging his own tail,
Or on that tail's been living,
In this ecliptic pause,
As bears they say, in winter,
Keep fat on their own paws!"

So pitiful my fancy,
Over poor Biela grew—
The single tail-less comet,
Bare-burning on the blue!
And I thought, "Will 't be a lesson
To young comets hot and rash,
Not to get across our orbit,
And, like Biela, come to smash?"

But lo, the following morning
From POGSON tidings brought,
By clearer observation
With brighter aspect fraught:
"The nucleus enlarging
To twice its former scale;
And, visible appendage,
A faint, but growing tail!"

Sly rogue! 'Tis the old story,
In star-sphere, bourse, or mart,
Still these erratic blazers
But smash again to start:
Whatever means they squander,
Whatever trains they spill,
When they turn up, 'tis always
With a new tail growing still!

WHO WANTS A DIPLOMA?

THE following notice, with address at top, and name at foot, has been sent to *Mr. Punch*:

"Dear Sir,—From information I have obtained, I wish to inform you I can now assist you in obtaining the title of Doctor, the LL.D. degree from an American University can be obtained in 'absentia.' This degree can be affixed after your name in the Medical Directories, while the other Foreign diplomas are not admitted. My fee is Twenty Guineas. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, &c., &c., &c."

Punch is exceedingly obliged, but when he wants to throw away twenty guineas, he gives them to *Mrs. Punch* for a new dress. Nextly, when he wants a degree, he confers it on himself, because that is just as honourable a course as buying a diploma, and quite as useful. Lastly, he does not wish to see himself in any Medical Directory, even though his name would stand there with the names of numbers of men whom he is proud to call his friends, and who owe none of their hard-earned titles to humbug and quackery like that suggested in the above note. He withholds the name only because he does not desire to advertise the person.



THROWING THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Bob (in the Course of Conversation). "WOMAN'S MISSION!" POOH! WOMAN'S MISSION IS TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF EVER I MEET A WOMAN WITH LOTS OF TIN, WHO'S FAULTLESSLY BEAUTIFUL, I SHALL MARRY HER STRAIGHT OFF."

His Admiring Friend. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL JUST ASK HER FIRST, WON'T YOU, BOB?"

BENTLEYS AND PORSONS.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in laying before his readers some conjectural emendations, by critics whose sagacity bespeaks itself, of certain passages in a sweet little poem, the composition of an anonymous bard, adapted to the youngest capacity, and designed to awaken the affectionate playfulness of very early childhood. These splendid exercises of the critical faculty are contained in the following letters, addressed

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—Allow me to venture on the suggestion of what I take to be the correct reading of two lines in a well-known and favourite nursery rhyme, which, as contained in the common editions of books of such poetry, stand thus:—

Dancy baby diddy.
What shall I do widd'y?

These verses, though not absolutely unintelligible, are seriously vitiated by a proportion of absolute nonsense which cannot be regarded as wholesome nutriment for the tender mental faculties of infancy. "Dancy" is a corruption of a word which has an obvious meaning, and by some minds a signification may be attached to "widd'y;" but "diddy" can hardly convey a definite meaning to any ordinary intellect. I propose that the lines above cited should be read as follows:—

Dansez, baby, Biddy.
What shall I do wid 'ee?

The supposition that the rhymes whence the foregoing couplet is quoted were originally composed in broken English by a French *bonne*, and subsequently varied by an Irish nursemaid, is quite a sufficient warrant for their restoration as above, confidently proposed by your constant reader,

DUNSTAN.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

WHAT are called our Upper Classes should, we think, include our upper servants, for clearly they are getting more and more the upper hand of us. As a step in this direction, please to look at this advertisement:—

COOK (GOOD PLAIN) in a quiet Family—a Tradesman's not objected to.

This plain Cook is certainly plain spoken, but she might be more explicit. For instance, does she look upon a Barber as a tradesman, or would she "not object" to cook a dinner for a Chimney-sweep? The perambulant purveyor of feline provision may call himself a tradesman, for aught that we can tell, and so too may a merchant who traffics in discarded habiliments and venerable hats. Happily one of these fine days (if we are ever to have fine days), we may find a Cook announcing that she will "not object" to take her wages from a Doctor, or else adding, as a postscript, that "No Mistress without a Title need apply."

A Hint.

(Improved from Shakespeare.)

"WHEN that I was a little tiny boy,"
And used bad words because of rain,
My parents, with reverse of joy,
Reversed me, and—I shared their pain.
But now I've come to man's estate,
And curse kind rains in language rash,
There's no one who can smite my pate
For talking thankless, idiot trash.

Oil or Water?

"HERR KAULBACH is preparing, says the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, for the Vienna Exhibition, a large Cartoon of the Deluge."—*Athenaeum*.

If the weather abroad has been like the weather at home, the great German Painter has certainly hit upon a most seasonable subject.

QUESTION AND ANSWER IN NEW GEOGRAPHY.

Q. WHERE are the Sandwich Islands?
A. Near to the Knife-and-Falkland Isles.

SIR,—I cannot for a moment entertain a conjecture which, under pretence of amending a good old English nursery rhyme, would give it a semi-foreign origin. To my mind there is no question that the verses which a dunce has proposed to mar with outlandish corruptions were originally these:—

Dance, a baby, did he?
What shall I do, Kiddy?

"Kid" is a synonym for infant or baby notoriously much in use among the humbler classes, whence we all know that nurses are generally selected. "Kiddy" is its appropriate diminutive.

I am, Sir, &c., EDWARDULUS.

SIR,—I cannot bring my mind to adopt any of the proposed new readings of "Daney Baby." On my own mind there is no doubt whatever that the first two lines of that celebrated poem, correctly rendered would be:—

Dance, my baby, did 'oo?
What shall Ma do widow?

In this variation from the received text maternal prattle, you will observe, is beautifully blended with conjugal solicitude.

Respectfully yours, ANSER.

Jocose Drama.

SCENE—Street, anywhere. TIME—Christmas time.
Enter BUGGINS meeting SMUGGINS. BUGGINS utters a very old joke.
SMUGGINS takes off his hat, reverentially.

Buggins. WHY do you do that?
Smuggins. Because, when I meet an old joke I always treat him as an old friend, and salute him respectfully.
Buggins. Do you? I don't. As you see, when I come across an old joke, I cut it. [Exeunt separately.]



CUMULATIVE JURISDICTION.

Commanding Officer. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, SMITHERS—ALWAYS IN TROUBLE. IF I MADE MYSELF INTO A REGIMENTAL COURT-MARTIAL, I'D GIVE YOU FORTY-TWO DAYS!"

"*Smithers.* 'CAN'T DO THAT, SIR; WOULD BE ILLEGAL!'

Commanding Officer. "ANOTHER WORD, AND I CONSTITUTE MYSELF 'A DISTRICT,' AND YOU'LL GET EIGHTY-FOUR DAYS!"

[*Smithers* is awed.]

RATHER HARD LINES.

THIS is an advertisement from an Irish paper. Please to read, nevertheless—

WANTED by a Gentleman board and schooling for a Boy, aged thirteen years, of a bad turn of mind, and given to lying: intended for the sea: terms from £16 to £18 per annum, payable monthly. Address, &c.

What has the Sea done that so objectionable a youth should be thrown into it? Why insult respectable fishes? And, if he is to be drowned, what is the use of wasting money on his board and schooling? But if by the Sea is meant the Service, the British Marine, is really much indebted to the advertiser. What we find and love in that Service is, among many other excellent qualities, a good turn of mind (whatever the "gentleman" means) and an absolute hatred of lying. Lastly, we would remark that, however desperately and outrageously wicked a boy of thirteen may be, his faults are probably due to those who have brought him up badly, and it is dealing a child rather hard measure to prejudice the mind of any better tutors against him. However, 'tis an Irish advertisement, and an "affectionate people" has its own ways.

Spiritualism and Shakespeare.

In a letter to Prince Henry, the Divine WILLIAMS makes Falstaff sign himself "JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars." Some commentators will hence, perhaps, infer that SHAKSPEARE was a Spiritualist.

A HOME QUESTION.

ARE Young Men who have sisters generally found to marry? One would fancy they must know too much.

PAPAL PREVISION.

THE Roman Correspondent of the *Times* tells us that "the Pope still speaks of the Italian Government as 'Sub-Alpine.'" What first put this phrase to denote VICTOR-EMMANUEL and his Ministers into the Holy Father's head? The Chief and the Members of the Government which he calls Sub-Alpine are not, in any intelligible sense, under the Alps. Certainly they have not, as yet, the Alps on top of them. Maybe the Pope imagines that he foresees them lying under the Alps, which have been hurled upon their heads for having dethroned him. There, perhaps, they lie, to his mind's eye, like the Titan beneath Etna. Thus we can imagine that, as persons destined to be Cardinals by His Holiness are Cardinals already, so the Italian King and his Councillors are already Sub-Alpine to the Pope *in petto*.

First News of the "Challenger."

[The *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent on board states that the first dredging has resulted in the discovery here immortalised.]

News from the *Challenger*, nothing ridiculous!

One Ocean Secret's already disclosed,

The *Gonotryx*, O, the delightful *pisciculus*!

Lives a deal deeper than Science supposed.

Then hey for the *Gonotryx*, *Gonotryx*, *Gonotryx*!

Jolly young *Gonotryx*, swimming so free;

And soon may the *Challenger's* trawlings and bonny

tricks

Drag more jolly news from the jelly old sea.

A PROBLEM.—Is it consistent for a man, who professes to be a Teetotaller, to think no small beer of himself?

POETIC CLASSICS FOR PROSAIC READERS.



BE GRACIOUS MR. PUNCH,

It seems to me that the now favourite form of poetry might be used for the instruction of the rising generation. I have, therefore, put the list of the Roman Kings into verse, and, if this meets your approval, I will do all the Consuls of Rome, and then all the Lord Mayors of London.

Yours deferentially,
ORBILIUS FLAGELLATOR.

I.

The first King of Rome was called ROMULUS.
His position was slightly anomalous,
Him we cannot esteem, as
He killed brother REMUS,
For reading him cynical homilies.

II.

The second was NUMA POMPILIUS.
His subjects were really so silly as
To believe he was taught
By a nymph whom he caught
In a grot. Let's be glad we know *melius*.

III.

The third was named TULLUS HOSTILIUS.
It's uncertain of whom he was *filius*;
But certain his vows
Brought down fire on his house,
For his incense made Jupiter bilious.

IV.

The fourth he was called ANCUS MARTIUS,
Who was full of most laudable vartues;
His Majesty's action
Gave much satisfaction,
And he probably wore fine moustarchios.

V.

The fifth was TARQUINUS and PRISCUS;
He was proud of his wife and his whiskers;
Two Princes he'd chiselled
(When Ancus had mizzled),
Took and broke his old head with a discus.

VI.

The sixth he was called SERVIUS TULLIUS;
On reforms he could talk quite as dully as
Any TAYLOR, or ODGER,
Or Democrat codger
Of that sort, who stands up to *bully* us.

VII.

The Last was TARQUINUS SUPERBUS,
(His wife o'er her father drove her buss,)
He turned out such a brute,
That Rome upp'd with her foot,
And—cried, "There! No more Kings shall disturb us."

THREATENED STRIKE OF CUSTOMERS.

BUTCHERS, our bucks. GROCERS, our good Sirs. PURVEYORS OF FOOD IN GENERAL, our pretty fellows. OBSERVE THAT, ON THE AFTERNOON OF TUESDAY LAST WEEK, A NUMEROUSLY ATTENDED MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF CLUB COMMITTEES AND MEMBERS OF CLUBS WAS HELD AT WILLIS'S ROOMS FOR A PURPOSE LIKELY CONSIDERABLY TO AFFECT YOUR INTERESTS. IT WAS NO LESS THAN THAT OF ESTABLISHING A CLUB CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY. THIS PURPOSE, GENTLEMEN OF THE AZURE TUNIC AND THE WHITE APRON, BIDS VERY FAIR INDEED TO BE CARRIED OUT. RESOLUTIONS WERE PASSED TO TAKE DECIDED STEPS TO THAT END. A CLUB CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED. IT MEANS BUSINESS. YOU WILL SAY IT MEANS MISCHIEF. THE NATIONAL CLUB, THE EAST INDIA CLUB, THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, HAVE PUT THEIR SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL; AND VERY SOON THE REST OF THE CLUBS WILL CO-OPERATE WITH THEM, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

FOR WHY? LOSSES ACCRUE TO CLUBS FROM PAYING HIGH RETAIL PRICES FOR GOODS OF LOW QUALITY. THE DEFICITS IN CLUB BALANCE-SHEETS OUT OF THE SUPPLY OF PROVISIONS HAVE BECOME OF SERIOUS CONSEQUENCE. MEMBERS OF CLUBS CRY OUT AND COMPLAIN THAT THE PRICES AT THE CLUBS ARE HIGHER IN SOME RESPECTS THAN THOSE AT THE RESTAURANTS, WHERE THE PROPRIETORS HAVE TO PAY ALL THE EXPENSES OUT OF THEIR BUSINESS RECEIPTS, HAVING NO ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RELY UPON FOR PAYMENT OF THEIR RENT AND OTHER OUTGOINGS. THESE FACTS WERE STATED BY THE HON. A. B. HAMILTON TO THE CO-OPERATIVE CLUBS MEETING *ex cathedra*; AS CHAIRMAN, YOU KNOW. HE POINTED OUT THAT THEY NECESSITATED COMBINATION ON THE PART OF CLUBS IN ORDER TO SECURE THE BEST ARTICLES OF PROVISIONS AT MODERATE PRICES, INSTEAD OF ARTICLES ALWAYS HIGH-PRICED, AND NOT ALWAYS OF THE BEST. ACCORDINGLY IT WAS UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVED BY THE MEETING—"THAT THE DIRECTORS" (OF THE COMPANY ABOVE-NAMED) "BE REQUESTED TO COMMUNICATE WITH VARIOUS CLUB COMMITTEES, WITH THE VIEW TO SECURE THEIR SUPPORT AND CO-OPERATION." FRIENDS, YOU SEE THESE ARE STRIKING TIMES. CO-OPERATIVE STORES ARE VIRTUALLY CUSTOMERS' UNIONS. IN EFFECT THEY CONSTITUTE STRIKES OF CUSTOMERS AGAINST SHOPKEEPERS. THE CIVIL SERVICE HAS GENERALLY STRUCK AGAINST YOU. NOW THE STRIKE IS EXTENDING TO THE CLUBS. A GENERAL STRIKE OF CLUBS WILL BE A HEAVY BLOW INDEED TO YOU, AND NO JOKE. BE WISE IN TIME. FOLLOW THE GOOD EXAMPLE OF COLONEL CROCKETT'S POSSUM. SAY TO CUSTOMERS ON THE POINT OF CO-OPERATING AGAINST YOUR EXORTION—"DON'T STRIKE, GENTLEMEN. WE WILL COME DOWN." AND COME DOWN IMMEDIATELY. THEN, ALTHOUGH, FOR HAVING BROUGHT YOU TO HONEST REASON, WE MAY SAY THAT CLUBS ARE TRUMPS, THE REMARK WILL NOT BE ADDED, ON YOUR LOSS OF BUSINESS, THAT YOU DID FOOLISHLY IN PLAYING THE KNAVE.

WANTED.

"A COMPANION REQUIRED BY A MARRIED LADY OF POSITION. SHE MUST BE A LADY BY BIRTH. A YOUNG LADY OF A KIND AND AFFECTIONATE DISPOSITION WOULD MEET WITH REAL KINDNESS AND A PLEASANT HAPPY HOME. SHE MUST UNDERSTAND ARRANGING HAIR WITH TASTE. NO OTHER DUTIES."

IS THERE NOT SOME MISTAKE IN THE WORDING OF THIS INVITATION, WHERE HAPPINESS AND HAIR-DRESSING ARE SO BEAUTIFULLY BLENDED? THE ADVERTISEMENT STATES THAT THE DESIRED COMPANION MUST BE "A LADY" BY BIRTH, BUT AS IT IS INDISPENSABLE THAT SHE SHOULD UNDERSTAND ARRANGING HAIR, PROBABLY IT OUGHT TO HAVE SAID "A LADY'S MAID." THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR, WITH OR WITHOUT TASTE, HAS NOT HITHERTO BEEN INCLUDED AMONGST THE STUDIES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS TO WHICH ATTENTION IS PAID IN GIRLS' SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. BUT IF IT WERE GENERALLY KNOWN THAT COMPANIONSHIPS TO LADIES "OF POSITION" COULD BE SECURED MERELY BY THE CULTIVATION OF SUCH A SIMPLE TALENT AS THAT FOR "DOING" HAIR, WE SHOULD PROBABLY SOON SEE THE NAMES OF THE MOST EMINENT COIFFEURS, THE FIRST *ARTISTES* OF THEIR TIME *en cheveux*, IF NOT AT THE HEAD, AT LEAST HIGH UP IN THOSE LISTS OF PROFESSORS OF EVERY IMAGINABLE ART AND SCIENCE, WITHOUT WHICH NO LADIES' ESTABLISHMENT HAS NOW ANY CHANCE OF SUCCESS. PERHAPS THE "NATIONAL UNION FOR IMPROVING THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN OF ALL CLASSES" WILL TURN ITS ATTENTION TO THIS NEGLECTED BRANCH OF FEMALE INSTRUCTION, AND UNSUSPECTED SOURCE OF LADY-LIKE EMOLUMENT.

Ancient and Modern Art.

PICTURES BY THE OLD MASTERS ADORN THE INNER WALLS OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY. THOSE OF THE YOUNG MASTERS EMBELLISH THE EXTERIORS OF OTHER BUILDINGS, AND ALSO DECORATE THE GATES AND DOOR-POSTS. THE LAST-NAMED ARTISTS ARE MOSTLY MEMBERS OF AN ACADEMY COMPOSED OF CADS.



A PLAIN ANSWER.

Nimrod. "HAVE YOU SEEN A DEER PASS THIS WAY, BOY? YOU KNOW WHAT A DEER IS LIKE?"

Yokel. "NOA, I DOAN'T!"

Nimrod. "WHY, SOMETHING LIKE A DONKEY WITH SHORT EARS. HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING ANSWERING TO THAT DESCRIPTION?"

Yokel. "NOA, NOT TILL YEAW COME BY!"

THE MILD SEASON.

THE unusually mild temperature of the present season (by courtesy Winter) is beginning to produce a fine crop of newspaper paragraphs, and one reads and hears of nothing but precocious strawberries, daring hyacinths, venturesome asparagus, and apple-trees prematurely bloomful. Industrious statisticians are looking up old winters, and exploring remote countries and distant centuries for exact parallels. Thermometers are glad to be in the shade. The trade in skates is flat. Furs are entirely changing their nature, and becoming a drug in the market, and alarming reports are flying about the country that the violets have seriously interfered with the hunting. Should the leniency of the weather continue, we may expect to have everything before its proper time, and the summer months will probably find us weary of salmon, sated with strawberries, and supremely indifferent to green peas and roses. The whitebait hold themselves in readiness to arrive at their usual quarters at Greenwich whenever summoned by the head-waiter; and the merle and the mavis are prepared to commence nidification at a moment's notice.

But many of the most remarkable concomitants of the season—we are not now referring to BIELA's friend—have unaccountably escaped being made the subject of public comment. The season's influence has extended to quarters where meteorological phenomena have hitherto been supposed to exercise but little sway; and so striking have been the results, that it appears a matter of national importance to tabulate a few of the more prominent of them for present investigation and future reference. The readings are in all cases given in round numbers, and the instruments employed were the same as those used at the Royal Observatory, Christiansund, Skudenæs, Valentia, &c.

MR. GRAY MAYOR cannot remember Mrs. GRAY MAYOR's temper

THE LAY OF A LODGER.

I'm an Englishman, Londoner, Lodger.
There are thousands and thousands like me;
I'm zealous for freedom as ODGER,
Claim Moral Self-Government free:
But I fret under petty restrictions—
Devices of pedagogue-rule—
Enforced under penal inflictions,
As though this great realm were a school.

I live like a bear in a cavern,
Whenceforth for my victuals I roam:
I dine every day at a tavern,
For they can't cook my dinner at home.
On work-days I'm free, but on Sunday
The serf's bitter portion is mine:
Between three and six on that one day,
A Statute forbids me to dine!

In an hour who can finish his dinner?
I smoke, and repose on my perch,
Past seven, when of old this poor sinner
Was wont to be going to church.
Sabbatarian Teetotallers' notion,
A splendid success don't you think?
They've taken a deal by their motion
To limit my freedom of drink.

A private house I rent a room in.
Instead, were my home an hotel,
The law me three long hours would doom in
Solitude every Sunday to dwell.
As a guest, of a huge fine in danger,
By my side any friend would remain.
A pedant's Act makes him a stranger;
Refreshment forbids to obtain.

Come quickly a blest Dissolution!
Then, Englishmen, rush to the poll;
And force, by your votes, restitution
Of rational folk's self-control.
In a state of submissive prostration
Will you crouch on, like milk-sops unmanned,
A Prig-and-Police-ridden nation
In what once was Liberty's Land?

DIPLOMATIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

COUNT SCHOUVALOFF; and may the Court that has accredited him to the Cabinet of St. James's not design to shuffle off its engagements.

ever to have been so mild as during the current month. For many years past he has kept a daily register of Mrs. G. M.'s variations in this respect, and since 1853, when they were on their wedding excursion in the Isle of Wight, he has no record of anything which approaches the present happy state of things at Roselawn. He sincerely hopes that the mildness both of the temperature and MARIA's temper will be of long continuance.

MR. DIGBY MILDMAX GOZLING's new volume of poems—*Germ and Spray*—is rapidly approaching completion. MR. MILDMAX GOZLING's muse is habitually a gentle creature, but those who have had the privilege of access to the proof-sheets of his forthcoming work, are unanimous in their opinion of the extraordinary mildness of its contents.

The inhabitants of Sleepingwell-cum-Slumberdown came away from the last Penny Reading with an idea in their heads that MR. TOLEMY's elocutionary efforts and Miss WASSINGTON's musical performances were a little mild.

Those who study the devious course of events, and are constantly on the watch for the slightest indications of new phases and fresh currents in the vortex of life, have of late, day after day and morning after morning, been struck—so much so, that they are in communication on the subject with the Director of the Meteorological Office (as the Clerk of the Weather is now called)—with the unusual mildness of their breakfast bacon.

Never since the House of Brunswick ascended the throne of these realms, never since the commerce and manufactures of this sea-girt land received a powerful impetus after the Repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws, never in the annals of Burton, Alton, Romford, Stogumber, Nottingham, and Chiswick, has the consumption of mild ale been greater than at this present hour—11 p.m., Thursday, January 16, 1873.

MRS. TOLMER DOTTERELL has just given to the world another of



STERN, YET SENSIBLE.

Crabbed Old Guard (to Sea-Captain taking leave of his Family). "COME, SIR, COME! MY TIME IS UP, AND I MUST LOCK THIS DOOR. YOU SHOULD COME EARLIER IF YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOUR FEELIN'S!"

her charming ballad compositions, entitled *Fond Hearts are Fondly Beating*. The music and the words (the latter by EUSTACE SILKSTONE) are equally mild. The song is dedicated to LADY MARIAN HONEYMUSK, and is intended for a mezzotinto voice.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Members for East Wessex addressed a large gathering of their constituents at the Annual Dinner of the Killingley Cow Club. Even the *Wesser Watchdog* is constrained to admit that the speeches of SIR WAREWORTH GLUDYER and MR. CHARLES PROSELEY PROSELEY were undeniably mild. Weather again!

A nice dish of early spring gossip was gathered at several tea-parties last week.

PIOUS FRAUD.

THE following was telegraphed, on the 16th, from Rome:—

"The Senate has approved the suppression of religious instruction."

And this followed in the same telegram:—

"The POPE received several children to-day, and told them that after repeated searches the bodies of the Apostles St. Philip and St. James had been discovered in the Church of the Holy Apostles."

Surely this should have come first. It seems an excellent reason for the action of the Senate. Dear good old Prus seems to have forgotten what his countryman wrote about *maxima reverentia*. He has wit, and humour, and could easily have amused the children without telling them such an amazing—one—as this. St. Philip, (a married man, with a family, by the way) was buried at Hieropolis, and according to the Roman Breviary itself, St. James was finally buried at Compostella. Now the original Church of SS. Apostoli (and precious hot that Piazza behind the Corso is sometimes) was not built until the time of PELAGIUS THE FIRST, in the sixth century, more than 500 years after "Philip and Jacob" had gone *ad maiores*. His Holiness must have taken it for granted that Roman children are very ill taught—and we dare say that they are.

A SPLIT IN THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

SOME of the French Constitution-mongers, as we learn from the Special Correspondent of the *Times*, are proposing to make a second chamber by cutting the first in half. This reminds one of what CAPTAIN MARRYAT tells us of the Madeira Lizards in his *Olla Podrida*—that if you caught one, pulled off its tail, and nicked the last vertebra of the stump, the lizard not only lived happy ever after, but developed two tails instead of one, and went about apparently proud of his double appendage. Whether he was any the wiser for it, or moved any the slower or straighter, the CAPTAIN does not say. One does not very well see how an analogous way of giving France two legislative bodies would be likely to improve her Governmental course, if they are to be, like the Madeira Lizard's two tails, only bifurcations of one and the same body, after all.

A Splendid Opportunity.

A GOOD many people seem to be uneasy in their minds about LORD BYRON's grammar and meaning in some of his famous lines to the Ocean. Cannot the Spiritualists help them? Cannot they communicate with the Poet, and ascertain from him what he really did write? By so doing, they would dissipate the anxieties of many sensitive and excellent persons, and probably, after giving such a practical proof of the use of Spiritualism, convert sceptics and unbelievers into inquirers and disciples.

In the Street.

(Sunday Morning. 10.55.)

Pert Dissenter. Are you hastening to countenance the institutional arrangement for obstruction of the propagation of denominational ideas?

Elegant Churchman. Mean, am I going to Church? Yes, I am. Morning, I'm late.

THE FOURTH "R" AND ITS FRIENDS.



THE agitators of the National Education League are not Shakespearian actors indeed, but they appear to be busying themselves in the performance of much ado about nothing. To what end is the fuss they are making with a view to substitute secular for denominational Schools? If this change were accomplished it would certainly have the effect of reducing religion to the footing of an educational extra, similar to drawing and dancing. But are the Leaguers quite sure that the consequence of this would be to prevent the rising generation or the lower orders from being taught religion? As the case stands it may be questioned whether all the real religion that any children are imbued with is not imparted to them out of school. There appears very

great reason to doubt that any religion whatsoever is acquired by the regulation-reading, and learning of Scripture by rote, and by perfunctory and parochial psalmody. The enemies of religion may rest pretty well assured that they cannot do better, or worse, than to leave existing arrangements for inculcating it on the minds of school-children alone.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, as usual, after visiting the Queen's and the Globe.

As Your Representative I have not much to say about theatres this week, except that I think there are too many of them. But I shall have a good deal to say on certain matters deeply affecting theatrical interests when I've got no other subject to hand. For the present suffice it to observe, that You went to see *Cromwell* at the Queen's the other evening, and considering what you'd previously heard and read about the play, You were—I mean I was for You—agreeably surprised. Seeing that COLONEL RICHARDS' *Cromwell*—COLONEL RICHARDS wrote it—is no more a play than the *Cromwell* of VICTOR HUGO, great credit is due to the Stage Manager for the dramatic form in which it appears before the public. Had it been thus represented on its first night, no unfavourable verdict would have been pronounced. But if, as I have just said, great credit is now due to the Stage Manager for its present success, on whose shoulders are we to lay the blame of its comparative failure originally?

This brings all interested in the Dramatic Art back to the question of rehearsals. Now the preparation of an effect, like the cooking of a chop, may be faulty either from under-doing or over-doing. This being too serious a subject for this paper, I will dismiss it by observing, that the most perfect effect in *Cromwell* appears to have been the preparation of one of the greatest chops on record, for the dream-tableau representing the decapitation of CHARLES THE FIRST (I have had to mention him in everything lately—bother!) is admirable, and brings down the curtain on the First Act to enthusiastic applause. *Ireton* is as good in MR. RYDER's hands as the character can be. I am disposed to say the same of MR. RENOLD as the Great Protector, had not all my interest in him been, quite against my will, gradually merged into a nervous anxiety about his wigs. As the curtain rose on each Act, I found myself wondering what wig he'd appear in this time. I noticed *Cromwell* aging rapidly while *Ireton* and the rest stood still at middle life: except, perhaps, MRS. CROMWELL, who seemed to sympathise with her husband's hair. Is this to be hypercritical? I don't think so. No, at every fresh entrance *Cromwell's* manner seemed to me to say, defiantly, "Here I am again! what do you think of this wig? Eh?" As his favourite daughter, Elizabeth, Miss WALLIS had to contend against odds sufficient to have beaten even a more experienced actress. To play a part to which but little interest is from the first attached, to have to die hard for no evident reason except to satisfy historical requirements, and to have to relate three dreams, one after the other, while writhing

almost *in articulo mortis* on a sofa, just at a point when every one is wishing the dramatic action to go on quickly if it is going on at all,—these are severe tests of any artiste's power. Out of the ordeal she came triumphantly. The audience welcomed her safe landing as heartily as a crowd at a steeple-chase greet the gasping winner clearing the last and most dangerous leap. When it was over, I, Sir, as Your Kindhearted Representative, rejoiced that she had not to ride that stiff course again. The Republican sentiments delivered in the course of the play frequently elicited noisy responses from some dashing spirits in the audience, but there are some damaging hits at the mob put even into *Ireton's* mouth.

Sir, if You want to be harrowed—and, as Your Representative, I am of opinion that you object to such an operation as much as would the proverbial toad, were any choice given it—go to the Globe Theatre, and see *Tears, Idle Tears*. Emphatically, I will not go again. Professionally, or unprofessionally, I do not like being cut up. And then—I was so thirsty when I came away! This resulted in representing You, Sir, at EVANS's, up to eighteenpence and one o'clock in the morning. Never again with you, dear mother.

Tears, Idle Tears! is carefully written, and well played all round. The great merit of MR. MONTAGUE's acting in it is that its artistic repose never once distracts you from the pathos of the story. To have been demonstrative would have been ruin. MR. FLOCKTON's Doctor is one of the best bits of character I've seen for some time. Had not all, as I have said, been so good in it, the sudden appearance of the child with such a name as "*Pip*" might have set the audience laughing. As it is, there is a rustling for pocket-handkerchiefs among the ladies, and twitching of the nose among such gentlemen as are not disposed to yield to emotion without a struggle. I saw many a stout heart succumb, and I said to myself there are little favourites at home—and—and this is not a Christmas piece any more than it is a comic song: nor, for the matter of that, was it intended to be. . . . But enough. I will not be harrowed. Where shall we go, we thirsty ones? "*Pip, old fellow, what larks!*" as Mister Joe Gargery used to say.

The idea of *Marcel (Anglaisé, Tears, Idle Tears)* was probably suggested by *La Joie fait peur*. There is a kinship between the two pieces. As Your Representative I considered the doleful performance of the orchestra behind the scenes a decided mistake. At first it occurred to me that they were the "Waits," and that MR. MONTAGUE, in spite of all the efforts of doctor, nurse, and devoted wife, would be goaded on to madness by these melancholy musicians. Twopence from the open window would have sent them into the next street, and it is evident that they couldn't have come to play there by the doctor's orders. This music has a bad effect, because it forces the audience to wonder what it is ("How I wonder what you are?"—DR. WATTS), and for what purpose it is there.

The thing is neither rich nor rare,
But why the deuce is it put there?
Adapted Quotation.

And these questions would not occur to them were the musicians in their usual place. Whatever draws away the attention of the audience from the action before their eyes, is, though useful and necessary to a conjuring trick on the stage, worse than useless, and quite unnecessary, in such a touchingly simple piece as this: and, apropos of "waits," MR. MONTAGUE need hardly be reminded of the effect, in technical language, of all "waits" on an audience however favourably disposed.

There is nothing theatrical calling for any particular remark from me, as your Representative. By the way, in a foolish book, with which You, Sir, who know all foolish books, are possibly acquainted, and need not to be supplied with its name by Your Representative, I found a burlesque speech on that of *Hamlet's*, where he quarrels with Laertes, delivered by FOOTE, who, the writer says, was "extravagantly outre" in his performance of *Hamlet* at Bath. It runs thus: "But tis no matter—let Hercules himself do what he may—the dog will mew—no, no, that's wrong—the cat will bark—O no, that's the dog—the dog will mew—no, that's the cat—no—the cat will—the dog—&c., &c."—isn't this my *Lord Dundreary* down to the ground? The book wherein I found this was published eighty-nine years ago, and though, as I've said before, You, Sir, of course will remember it and all that therein is, yet it is not until nearly ninety years have passed away that it has come under the notice of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. *On dit*.—The talented composer of "*Spring! Spring! gentle Spring,*" has most happily dedicated it to MILE. LULU. "*Gentle,*" though, is hardly the word for *her* spring. But no matter. "*Flow on, thou shining Rivière!*" For the sake of simple pianofortists I hope he will, in future compositions, avoid accidentals, which lead to mishaps; but the advice is perhaps superfluous, as *Rivière* would naturally run into C. Ahem! Good night, and bless you.

OUR DOMESTIC PROSPECTS.



HERE we to judge by the advertisements, the time is clearly coming when servants will require to be shown a written character, when they choose to condescend to apply for a new place. Ladies wishing to engage an under-kitchen maid, for instance, will be expected to produce a letter stating their good qualities, and recommending them as kind and hospitable mistresses to servants who may think worth their while to enter their employment. Every lady will, in short, find it needful to provide herself with duly signed credentials, certifying that her servants have had nothing to complain of while they have remained with her, and that they can find not a word to say against her when they have gone to marry the butcher, or the baker, or the candle-stick-maker, or any still more eligible lover of their choice.

Without pretending to much power in the science of clairvoyance, we think we can foresee the days when ladies wanting servants will find themselves obliged to advertise their own good character and qualities, and to state if they have given satisfaction in their kitchen, and whether they are competent to fulfil the many duties now expected of a mistress by those who occupy the top and bottom of her house. MRS. A. B. will announce that she is liberal, good-natured, and indulgent to her servants, and allows them every liberty they may feel inclined to take. MRS. P. Q. will affirm that she can show a ten years' character, and that Christmas-boxes are abundant at her house. Or LADY X. Y. Z. will state that she is highly recommended, and that in offering herself for a mistress's situation she is willing to be taken upon trial for a month.

In fact, if things go on as they have recently been going, there is no telling what inducements may be offered in the newspapers to servants who are willing to occupy a place. "Followers, of course, allowed, and furnished with Good Suppers," will be a common postscript to be added to advertisements: and even scullery-maids will be promised that a silk dress will be found them to adorn their Sundays out. Plain cooks will be informed that perquisites and policemen will be permitted at discretion, and that a cold dinner on Sunday is sufficient for the family, although a hot one for the kitchen will be sanctioned, if required. Ladies'-maids will hear that their mistresses' new bonnets are always at their service when they want to go a-visiting, and that once a fortnight they will have a carriage found them for paying morning calls. Moreover, housemaids will be told that a BROADWOOD's grand piano is provided in their parlour, and that weekly singing-lessons will be given them "free gratis" if they so desire: while nearly every advertisement will contain a final paragraph to the effect that once a month at least, or oftener, if requisite, an upper servants' ball will be given in the drawing-room, which footmen with fine whiskers and from the very highest families are invited to attend.

Don't We?

WE'RE informed that in Happy Japan,
Folks are free to believe what they can;
But if they come teaching,
And preaching, and screeching,
They go off to gaol in a van.
Don't you wish this was Happy Japan?

A CAD-CATCHER.

AN advertisement describes a certain artist performing at the Agricultural Hall as "the biggest Athlete in the world, hailed every night by the Public as the TICHBORNE of the Arena." Why so? The TICHBORNE is a little boy; and the name of the big Athlete is DU BOIS, and not CASTRO.

LOOK AT HOME.

"INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—BRISTOL, THURSDAY EVENING.—A Conference was held here to-day for the purpose of promoting international arbitration. MR. H. RICHARD, M.P. for Merthyr Tydfil, pointed out that when difficulties arose between communities there was no recognised means or settled tribunal to which those differences could be referred for pacific and rational settlement. He urged that the Powers of Europe should be invited to select a Congress of Jurists to settle international law, and that a tribunal should be created to administer it, before which nations could plead, and by whose decisions they should be bound. MR. RICHARD considered that England should take the initiative; and backed up, as she would be, by America, he had no doubt it would have an effect throughout the civilised world which would do more than anything else that had been done for the establishment of permanent and universal peace. MR. S. MORLEY, M.P., expressed his hearty sympathy with the object of the Conference, and his intention to support Mr. RICHARD in the resolution which he intended to submit to the House of Commons."—*Daily News*, Friday, Jan. 17.

Look at home, you who've the itch of cosmopolitan reforming,
Ere you tackle motes in others' eyes, see beams cleared from your own:

While godless, ragged outcasts in your slums and gaols are swarming,
Why to whitewash little blacks o'er sea have mission-trumpets blown?

Here's Merthyr's Quaker Member—is't in blindness or in mockery?—
Light of a Bristol Conference, for chaining dogs of war,
And preventing future smashes of international crockery,
By congresses of Jurists, jaw to substitute for jar.

If there's a pitying Power above who laughs at human folly,
What peals should shake the heavens as this broad-brimmed iron lord
Comes hot from internecine strife o' the strike to fire his volley
At War's waste and the sinfulness of settling strengths by sword!

With Capital and Labour at his door in bull-dog grapple,
Though one in tongue and one in creed, in country and in race,
Spite of talkers and of writers, and the voice of Church and Chapel,
To show up such warfare's madness, and the rights of either case,

While in Merthyr's misty mountains for the forges' busy brattle,
Is the dead silence, not of peace, but rest between the rounds,
Comes RICHARD, brow and hands still stained with grime and gore
of battle,
To tell the world how battle may be banished from its bounds!

A simple secret! Here it is, for a new Poor Richard's preaching,
To iron-lords and colliers, and others, not a few . . .
"Be just, true, and unselfish: shun ill-gains and over-reaching;
Do unto others as you would that they should do to you.

"Live, in a word, the life Christ taught—and lived as well as taught it;
And then, I'll answer for it, that War will be no more:
For, in Strikes as well as States they'll have dropped the tools
that wrought it,
No Bench of Jurists to be feed, no RICHARDSES to bore."

"BLESS THEE, THOU ART TRANSLATED."

The *Oswestry Advertiser*, after describing Mr. Punch's last Cartoon, quotes the speech of the miner's wife, and adds:—

"Or to render it into the language that was spoken in Eden and will be spoken in Heaven, 'He, Misdyr! Gwedwch chi fynoch chi boitir' balot 'na gyda'ch politics, tase balot gyda'r strikes ma, i wyddoch chi basé'n hen wr i lawr yn y gwaith, yn ceiso ennill tamed o gino i mi a'r erots' ma.—Hene i chi.'"

We have some notion that the last three words mean "There's for you," which is a phrase of South Wales. But if this is the talk "on the side of the angels," we are not quite so sure of being in concord with MR. DISRAELI. And is there no Welshanglic word for "Strike"? We must look into MILTON, who has recorded such an event.

Meantime it is delightful to see the work that Mr. Punch's Cartoon has already done. It was published on the Wednesday, and on the Friday

"The workmen employed at the Blaina Ironworks, in Monmouthshire, held a meeting, at which a Ballot was taken of the feelings of the men. Upwards of 700 men, both colliers and ironworkers, voted, and the result was that a majority of 368 declared in favour of the immediate resumption of work."

"When Mr. Punch considers what he does for the nation, he is tempted to echo, with a variation, the celebrated speech of the great LORD CLIVE, and to declare that he is astonished at Himself.



A HAPPY MAN.

Inquisitive Lady. "WHO, MAY I ASK, ARE THOSE THREE TALL LADIES SINGING?"
Communicative Stranger. "THE MISS BILDERBOGIES."

Inquisitive Lady. "THEY SEEM RATHER REMARKABLE PERSONS!"

Communicative Stranger. "QUITE SO. BY ALL WHO ARE SO FAVOURED AS TO POSSESS THE PRIVILEGE OF THEIR ACQUAINTANCE, THEY ARE WITH JUSTICE ADMITTED TO BE MORALLY, PHYSICALLY, AND INTELLECTUALLY PERFECT!"

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! AND THE LADY AT THE PIANO?"

Communicative Stranger. "SHE WAS ALSO A MISS BILDERBOGY. INDEED, SHE WAS BY FAR THE MOST TRANSCENDENTLY GIFTED OF THEM ALL."

Inquisitive Lady. "DEAR ME! THEN IS SHE SO NO LONGER?"

Communicative Stranger. "ON THE CONTRARY. MARRIAGE HAS IMPROVED HER!"

Inquisitive Lady. "GOOD GRACIOUS! AND WHOM DID SHE MARRY, PRAY?" *Communicative Stranger.* "ME."

QUI VA LA?

"You, Sentry, at the outposts, beside the line of snows,
 On the ridge where Oxus westward, and Indus southward flows,
 What see you, as 'twixt Iran and Turan you look forth,
 Over Kundooz and Toorkistan to Khiva, East and North?"
 The Sentry, to this question, said nothing in reply;
 But first he cocked his rifle, and then he cocked his eye.

I knew the man I questioned, PRIVATE GRANVILLE was his name,
 A smart and steady soldier—of soldier's blood he came:
 A pleasant chap in barrack-room, or round the canteen-fire,
 On duty first to stand to arms, and last on march to tire.
 So I thought there was something in it, when, instead of a reply,
 He coolly cocked his rifle, and as coolly cocked his eye.

Then, when his rifle he had cocked, and his eye had brought to bear
 Where beyond Balch and Bokhara loom the Khyber pastures fair,
 Like a green ribbon lying 'twixt border-breadths of sand,
 Wide as Syr-Daria's stream feeds fat a space of hungry land;
 Thither the Sentry pointed, and with look serene and sly,
 First brought his rifle to half-cock, and then un-cocked his eye.

"I see," he said, "a something I'd rather not have seen,
 A something like a Russian—at least, his jacket's green;
 But I'm up to all colours—and to all moves I'm fly,
 And if there's green in his uniform, there's no green in my eye."

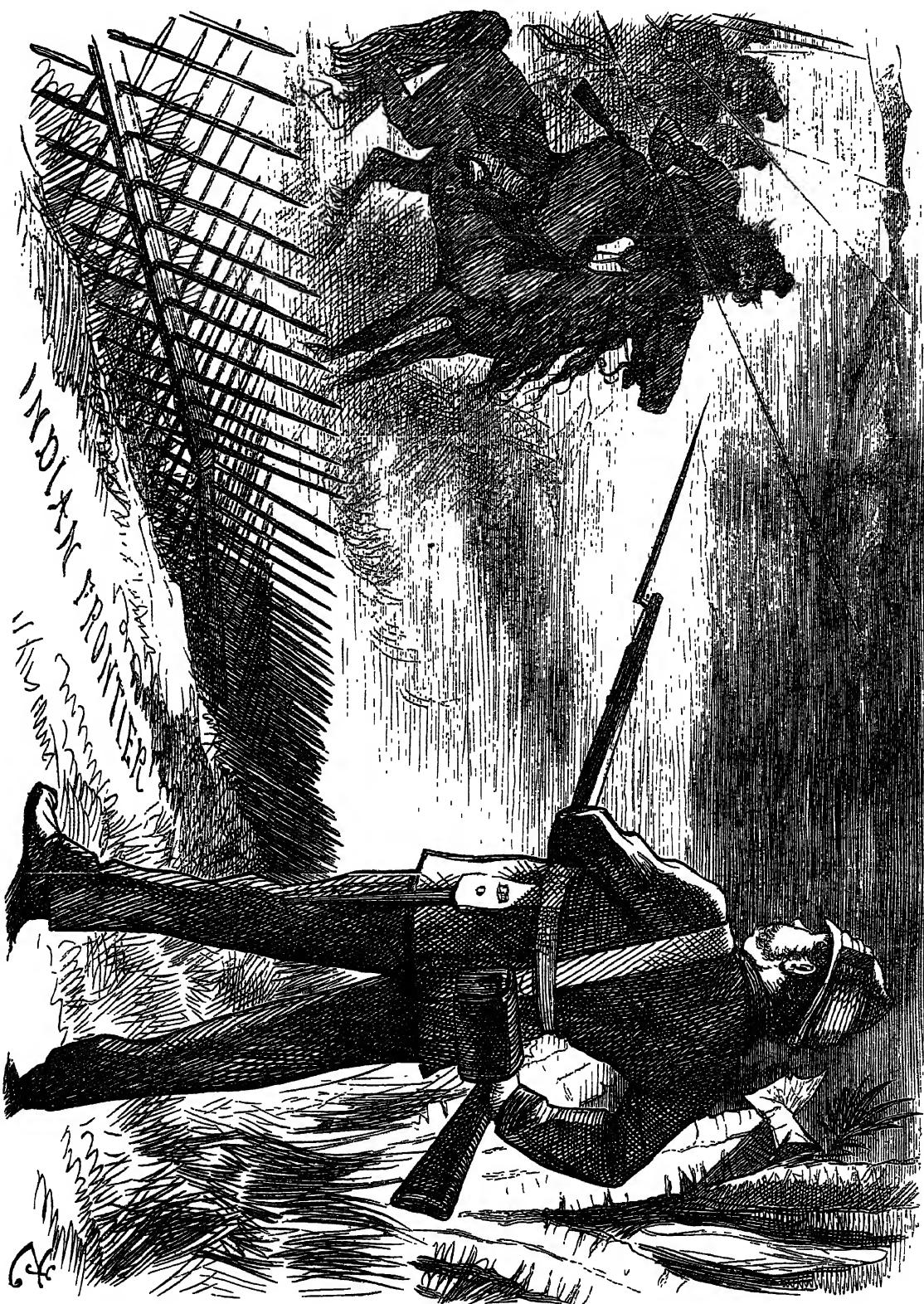
He's still a long way off 'tis true: but my lungs I won't spare,
 If he's an ear, to make him hear my challenge, "Who goes
 there?"

"But who can tell if he's coming our way, or if he's not?
 I should think he's out of hearing, as much as out of shot.
 And surely 'tis too soon to call, with all this gray and green,
 And all this range of desert, and this mountain-maze between."
 But Sentry GRANVILLE only smiled, and winked, and made reply,
 "No harm in a timely challenge, cocked rifle, and cocked eye."

"This Indian ground is English ground—In guard that land we
 hold:
 'Twas bought with JOHN BULL's blood, and but for BULL's blood
 will be sold:

If I see suspicious parties at its frontiers appear,
 I like to know what they're about, before they get too near;
 So if to my 'Who goes there?' A friend, green uniform reply,
 I'll bid him 'advance, and give the word,'—you know the reason
 why.

"Or if you don't I'll tell it you—these Russians' game I know,
 They've a way of boring right a-head, that's sure, if it is slow;
 And as they're boring South and East, as sure as eggs is eggs,
 JOHN BULL some day will find 'em coming up between his legs,
 And the stand he has in India he feels would have more strength,
 If this boring kind of gentry are kept well at arm's length.



"KHI-VA LA?"

SENTRY GRANVILLE (*to advancing Russian*). "WHO GOES THERE?"

"Tis just a hundred years since our friend in green first made
Upon the tribes of Khiva a well-intentioned raid;
No doubt he had provocation, as he had, I don't deny,
When, beaten back, he tried it on, some thirty years gone by;
And so when half a year ago he tried it on again,
And Mackosoff, with loss of camp and beasts, to bolt was fain.

"After Khiva comes Bokhara, then Kundooz, and then Caubùl.
And then you have JOHN RUSSIAN at close quarters with JOHN BULL.
Now, I've no doubt his intentions are as good as they can be,
But the farther BULL and he are off, the better they'll agree;
So I hope you'll think it safer, while there is space to spare,
From behind a loaded rifle, to challenge 'Who goes there?'"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Last of The Nook—De Lunatico Inquirendo—Further Information—To Let—Finish.



I beg him to be calm, and pretend not to notice anything extraordinary in the Gardener's manner.

Happy Thought.—Pretend.

We go to work to pretend. My Aunt retreating. I say to the man, "How are you getting on?"

"Well," he replies, briskly. "The MIKADO himself couldn't wish for more, except glass with care. Here's a treat for His Royal Highness!"

He lifts up a flower-pot, and shows us, planted underneath, an upright stick with a red herring fastened to it by a bit of red riband.

"That's my idea," he says, with pride. "That's ornamental and fancy gardening. I'm burning Guy Fawkes at the end there." Then he adds, mysteriously, "Not a word to the Duke."

Pointing to the garden implements all planted in a row, he asks, "What do you think of that?"

ENGLEMORE replies, nervously, "Capital! couldn't be better."

"You don't think so," returns the Gardener, suspiciously.

Happy Thought.—To go on pretending. I feign an interest in this plantation. What is its object? Is it Japanese? I ask.

"Do you know who the MIKADO is?" he asks.

ENGLEMORE, regaining courage, suggests, "Japanese TOMMY?"

"TOMMY!" shouts the mad Gardener (for there is no doubt about it any longer). "You ain't a Fortyfold Jersey Blue, are you?"

ENGLEMORE nervously twitches my sleeve, and wants me to come away. No, I must keep my eye on him.

Happy Thought.—Detain him in conversation while some one goes for a Policeman. Who? ENGLEMORE might stay with him, while I go and fetch a Constable. How to communicate this to ENGLEMORE? Await opportunity.

"These will grow and be fruitful. Hush! Don't you hear the seeds coming up. Why, if you want to know all about gardening, you must stand on your head and listen. Can you stand on your head?"

"No; but then you see I'm not a Gardener."

"I can. So can celery sauce."

Happy Thought.—Here's an opportunity. While he's on his head, secure his legs.

He does not, however, alter his position. He continues, cunningly, "I don't, and I won't, because of my hair. Turnips, carrots, and The White Incomparable can do what they like—I say nothing; it's not my business, having been His Majesty's faithful servant for years—But"—here he creeps up to me cautiously and whispers—"who's the Emerald Ringleader, with orchids in his eyes, who's hiding in the ivy?"

ENGLEMORE says, briskly, "We'll have him out. I'll go and collar him."

The man stops him, taking ENGLEMORE by the arm. ENGLEMORE looks at me helplessly. The Gardener holds him fast.

"Don't!" he whispers hurriedly. "Don't do it! He's an Odontoglossos Pelargonium! If he's disturbed, he'll shoot me."

"No he won't," says ENGLEMORE, soothingly.

"He will!" cries the unfortunate lunatic, emphatically. "The MIKADO has sent him for the turnip-juice. He's got a pistol!"

"Has he!" says ENGLEMORE, more nervously than ever, and not liking to contradict him again.

"Has he?" the Gardener exclaims, ironically. "Why you know he has! You're a Gladiolus Gandavensis. But they've only put grapes in it. I've got a bullet in mine!"

Good Heavens!

Happy Thought.—I ask him, as calmly as I can, to show me the weapon.

He releases ENGLEMORE (who takes this opportunity of getting near the kitchen-door), and fumbles in a breast pocket of his waist-coat.

"With a flowering stock," he murmurs to himself. "I always keep 'em by me. I've written a letter about 'em, and I thought you'd kindly give it to the Duke for me."

He is wandering again, and I begin to think the pistol a myth. I assure him that I will take every care of his letter if he will intrust it to me. Or—

Happy Thought.—He can, I suggest, himself take it to the post-office in the village.

Once out, he shan't come in again. Only couldn't I be indicted for turning a madman out loose on the road? To lock him up would be best. But where? His room is in a small cottage on the premises next the stable. If he could only be enticed in there!

Happy Thought.—Where's your coat? I ask him.

He shakes his head and smiles. "I burnt it, so as to put 'em off the scent. Chickweed and cinders is what we must come to at last." He suddenly bestirs himself. "Earth up celery! Right shoulders forward! Dig up vines, top, dibble, and dust-pans!" Then he adds, with a wink of inexpressible slyness, "train up your Gloxinias in silk stockings, and you'll soon see who's the chumpy Radish." Then suddenly, "You'll excuse me for a moment, but there's a friend of mine at the bottom of the pond, and I must just go and see him. It's after hours, you know." He bows with the utmost politeness, and walks away hurriedly.

Now what am I to do?

Happy Thought.—Go in-doors, and keep him out.

So much is certain to begin with. And so much I do. The Rag Doll housekeeper says, "I didn't like to tell you afore—"

This is so odd. Servants never do like to acquaint you with anything unpleasant—especially in the way of breakages, when after being dumb for months they are quite surprised to find that only one out of your two dozen choice pet glasses remains uninjured—the fractures having, of course, happened "afore they come to the place"—until you know all about it yourself, when you find that they've known it for ever so long, generally, "since they first comed."

She says, "I didn't like to tell you afore,"—sniff, and corner of apron used—"but the young man as seemed strange, as I said, Sir"—sniff, apron, curtsey—"but he keeps on a saying as there's some pusson with a long name 'id in the hivv, which he has a loaded firearms to go to look after him with."

"Have you seen it?"

"No, not azackly;"—sniff—"leastways, I've heard it as he was shootin' them spurrows."

"A gun?" asks ENGLEMORE.

"No, Sir," answers the Rag Doll; "which it ain't not azackly a gun, nor yet a pistol, nor blumblebuss, but them new things as goes round a' round and off ever so many times at once; an' I think as the young man said as it were a garden name, convolvulus, or such like."

"Revolver!" exclaims my Aunt, who has a good ear for verbal mistakes.

"Werry likely, Mum." Sniff. "I knowd it were sumfin o' that. Look, Mum, if he ain't at it now."

From the window we see him. He is half hidden behind an apple-tree, but we catch a glimpse of one arm with a pistol in its hand, changing its aim every second.

We lock all the doors.

"You see," says ENGLEMORE, "it isn't safe for Mister Madman to be about. Colonel Constable ought to be on in this scene."



A CHEERFUL WINTER.

MR. RAWLINSON'S DELIGHTFUL SUGGESTION THAT WE SHOULD LET IN AS MUCH COLD AIR AS POSSIBLE, AND SIT IN WARM WRAPS, IS LIKELY TO BE ENFORCED BY THE PRICE OF COALS. BEHOLD A SCENE FROM THE "MERRY ENGLAND OF THE FUTURE."

"Heavens!" exclaims my Aunt, "you see if one of us go out, he might shoot, thinking it was his enemy coming out of the ivy. I wish we'd never come down here."

Decided. Aunt, little Uncles, and Nurse to go to town *at once*. ENGLEMORE to see them from the front gate down to the railway, and to call in on his way for police.

The whole kitchen garden is in utter disorder. The "Luniac" is now engaged in breaking a few glass frames with a rake, occasionally stopping to draw his pistol, and present it at some imaginary foe.

If the police won't come, if it's illegal to take up a mad servant, then, what shall we do when the night comes on, and we can't see where he is?

I watch him from the first-floor window.

He has got a ladder. He is coming towards the house.

Happy Thought.—Get behind a curtain. Mustn't let him see me.

He stops. He fixes the ladder so that the top comes within a foot of my window. I see it shaking, and he is coming up. I know that his pistol is in his pocket. In his left hand he holds a string with a large Spanish onion tied to it.

"Creeper up here," I hear him saying, "because of the cats." He balanced himself on the ladder, swinging the onion to and fro. Presently it comes, like a stone from a sling, against the window, smashing a pane to atoms. "Oh my coniferous Granum!" I hear him saying, and am conscious of the revolver being pointed towards the broken glass.

Suddenly he turns on the ladder, roars with laughter, throws the pistol at something or somebody below, and slides down like a schoolboy on bannisters. I venture to look out. Two respectable-looking men have got him by the arms; they are talking amicably, and ENGLEMORE, from below, is making signs to me not to interrupt. Presently the unhappy man and his two keepers disappear. ENGLEMORE comes up and explains.

"He is quite off his nut. Been little Master Out-of-the-Way for three weeks. Met Colonel Keeper in the village. From information received, he came up here and nobbled him."

I announce my intention of shutting up The Nook till the spring time. Perhaps altogether.

"You see," I say to ENGLEMORE, "to keep up a place like this—"

"Mister Farm of Four Acres," he observes, parenthetically.

"Yes, Colonel; go ahead."

"Well—I mean it's very expensive, unless it's ready made to hand."

"Yes. Turnips on Tap, Pig in the Pound, Greasy Grass and Swan Swum over the Swamp. Daniel Drainage, Dicky Dirt, and the great Dismal Damp. I know. Rheumatics murder sleep. No door-mat to-night."

"You agree with me that I'd better give it up for the present?" I ask.

"Yes," replies ENGLEMORE, with a certain amount of hesitation. And then he says, "The fact is, I think your name had better be Walker. Let it while you can. You may have some difficulty."

"In letting The Nook? What?—rent too high?"

"No. But I've only just heard, here, that it has the reputation of being—"

He hesitates.

"What?"

"Haunted. Your own Ghost on the premises. DIRCKS and PEPPER. How's your poor Goblin?"

"That decides me. We go. My Aunt couldn't live in a—"

"In a 'Aunted house,'" says ENGLEMORE, adding "MISTER SHAKESPEARE," by way of giving his authority for the pun.

"I don't believe in ghosts," I say, stoutly.

ENGLEMORE winks. "Give a ghost a bad name, and there you are. There wouldn't be the ghost of a chance of letting The Nook if it smelt of spirits."

He is probably right. And so we decide. The Nook is To Let.

In the spring-time I may be on the look-out for some new Rural Retreat, where the absence of Mister Drainage is not a drawback. Any more difficulties with Gardeners would turn my hair grey. For the present my name is London. Perhaps, one of these fine days—I mean on any day when a ray may induce us to believe once more in the Solar System—I may find the Paradise which shall be all my fancy painted.

Till then, Farewell.



LEGITIMATE CRITICISM.

Aged Village Matron (to Sympathising Visitor). "It's a 'COOKERY BOOK,' AS MRS. PENEWISE, OUR 'DISTRICT LADY,' GIVE ME THIS CHRISTMAS, MISS. I'D A DEAL SOONER 'AD HAD THE INGRIDDIMENTS, MISS!!'

"TWAS EDWIN'S SELF THAT PRESSED."

MR. EDWIN JAMES has returned to England, and fearlessly demands that the Benchers shall re-consider his case, and re-admit him to the honours of the English Bar. *Mr. Punch* exclaims, in the humane language of the law, "Heaven send him a good deliverance." But what do the Americans say to his leaving them? Tearfully, perhaps, with BEATTIE:—

"Would EDWIN this majestic scene resign
For aught 'BRITANNIA's' puny craft supplies?"

One thing is quite certain. The learned gentleman appeals to Judges who are men of the world, and also impartial men; and if he can make a *tabula rasa*, he will not be hindered by any prejudice, and—(BEATTIE again):—

"EDWIN will gain, at last, the fruit so rare,
As in some future verse *Punch* meaneth to declare."

Amiable Idea.

EVERY right-minded person must share the hope expressed by the *Morning Post* in these words:—

"The unmistakable regard shown to the memory of the late EMPEROR, and the manifest and very marked tokens of respect and deference paid at the funeral to the person of the young EMPEROR, ought not to be without their effect on France."

Yes. And may that effect be a promotion of good feeling towards us; an increased sentiment of regard, esteem, and distinguished consideration. Let us hope that no French journalist will suggest to his countrymen that the love of Englishmen for NAPOLEON THE THIRD was owing to the fact that the third Empire had brought France to grief.

HAWKER'S EVENING POTION.—Gin-and-Water. *His Morning ditto*: Early Purl.

PRISTINE PROVERBS PREPARED FOR PRECOCIOUS PUPILS.

(Dedicated to the Educational Board.)

OBSERVE yon plumèd biped fine!
To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose.

Whilst self-inspection it neglects,
Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
Its sordid superficies.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the aged fowl, in vain.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of an egg by suction;
That good old lady can thefeat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates, the annelides.

With soap, and brush, and flannel, you tickle
In vain, the Ethiopic cuticle.

Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

The mendicant once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

It is permitted to the feline race
To contemplate even a regal face.

MODEL AUTONOMY.—France, it is said, desires a more stable form of Government. Does she? Then let her adopt that of her Jockey Club.

ONLY A SUGGESTION.

It is stated that the Basingstoke Bungs availed themselves of a recent Ball to revenge themselves on gentlemen who were supposed to approve the Licensing Act. Having got the carriages and horses, the publicans are said to have refused to get licence to let them be brought out after eleven at night, but intimated that the vehicles could be had at six in the morning. If this is true, the Basingstoke Bungs are a lot of ill-conditioned fellows. But *Punch*, who likes to see everything in the sweetest light, inclines to believe that there was an understanding between the hotel-keepers and the ladies, and that the six o'clock in the morning arrangement was highly pleasing to the latter. "A man's foes are (sometimes) those of his own household."

Mormonism Made Easy.

ONE very notable expedient for putting down Polygamy in Utah was devised by CHIEF JUSTICE M'KEAN. According to a contemporary:—

"On the ground that polygamists are adulterers, and therefore guilty of a deliberate violation of the law, he laid it down that they were disqualified from sitting on juries."

Could this rule have been maintained it would have been enough to make every man liable to serve on juries a polygamist. If it were to be established in this country, the effect of its operation would, especially in Middlesex, no doubt be an immediate and extensive creation of British Mormons.

"THERE LET THEM—LAY."

OUR excellent young friend, the *Echo*, quotes a Keltic paper which, after duly libelling England, says, "The Irish have good memories." A rude proverb tells us that some of them should have, at all events.

THE WEATHER AND THE CHACE.



ment appeared the other day in the morning papers:—

"HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.—Owing to the extremely wet weather, Her Majesty's Hounds will not hunt on Friday, as advertised; nor again until further notice."

The Stags may thank the weather which has preserved them from being chased by Her Majesty's Hounds, but, as those royal animals are not permitted to kill them, it is possible that they would rather have been regularly hunted than baited in the way they have been now for three months, whilst it has rained cats and dogs. Not only dogs, observe, but cats; so that the weather must not only have been unpleasant for bucks and does, but equally so for "rats and mice and such small deer," which are the quarry of the feline species.

RETAIL TRADERS, BEWARE!

MR. PUNCH begs to apprise the Retail Trade that its time has come. Up with all the Shutters! Announce Sale by Auction at any Sacrifice. Listen to the *Lancet*:—

"The fact is, that retail trade is gone mad. There are far more shopkeepers than the wants of the public require, and they think themselves entitled to all the luxuries and enjoyments of life. Their wives, glorious in sealskin jackets and redundant jewellery, are to be seen everywhere; and the pretensions of the class are becoming a nuisance that it is high time to put down."

Put it down, then—pretensions, class, sealskin-jackets, and all! *Surge, carnifex!* The *Lancet* and the Profession have the matter in their own hands. If every Medical Man will undertake to exterminate—of course in a regular way—a single streetful of retailers and their families, the business may be done in the twinkling of a pestle and mortar.

"Charge for the golden guineas. Upon them with the—*Lancet*."

Passing Oddities.

THE wayfarer does read some strange announcements. At Knightsbridge, a few days ago, he may have observed a shop-window stuck full of bills, some offering, in large letters, "Gas Stoves," and others, intermingled with them, "Skates." Seasonable advertisements during the late weather. In the New Turnstile, Holborn, an inscription on the wall proclaims "Gentlemen's Repairs Done." Within one would imagine a surgery. The reality is a boot-shop.

"Bis dat qui cito dat."

THIS means that he who gives quickly is usually asked to give again. *Moral.*—Take your time, and a good deal of somebody else's, before you grant a favour. *Better moral.*—Never grant one.

AN UNDESIRABLE FALL IN COLE.

"MR. H. COLE, C.B.—On Wednesday evening, in distributing the prizes to the successful students of the Nottingham School of Art, Mr. H. Cole, C.B., announced his intention of retiring from public service, of which he would next April have completed fifty years."

"'AN undesirable fall in coal?' Nay, *Mr. Punch*, not so—'There's no such thing,' as SHAKSPEARE says, by my coal-bills well I know."

"O yes—tis true—my dear JOHN BULL; you'll agree with what I say,
When I tell you that I refer to COLE, with the 'e,' and without the 'a,'

"When I tell you that I refer to KING COLE, to HENRY COLE, C.B., The true steam-COLE that got up the steam for 'the boilers' that used to be:
And blew, and blew till he blew them at last all the way to Bethnal Green,
And blew up in their place at South Kensington the palace that's now to be seen."

"Yes, a cheese-paring administration all sorts of 'mixed fuel' may try,
But for getting up steam—or smoke at need—there's none with old COLE to vie:
What, but power of his engendering, would have gathered South Kensington's glories?
Who can reckon how many horse-power he's brought to bear upon Whigs and Tories?"

"*Punch* may have laughed, and set others to laugh, at the deeds of old KING COLE,
But at bottom, he knew, as the old song says, that he was 'a jolly old soul!'
That ne'er before did England so well his Fine-Art hobby instal,
Even when his fiddlers a thousand not three he bade to the Albert Hall!"

"What courage short of his courage would have dared to face and floor
The sense that an Exhibition each year is a yearly bore?
What stubbornness, but his stubbornness, would the purse-strings' command have won,
From six Chancellors of the Exchequer—one down and another come on?"

"If Art in England is e'er to take root—some may think that a largeish 'if'—
She may thank KING COLE, her friend at heart, in spite of many a tiff:

If Science is e'er to bear English fruit, unless in practice's soil,
Of its grafting and planting in our schools KING COLE has borne the toil.

"And when, after fifty years' hard work, KING COLE takes his rest at last,
Punch will call for a 'three times three for him,' for faithful service past:
May whatever King reigns after him not make us regret KING COLE—
Who has done his King's work right royally, and is a jolly old soul!"

Q. E. D.

THE new and learned Judge of the Probate Court has decided that a certain testator was of perfectly sound mind, although he was in the habit of asserting that watering-place landladies are, mostly, extortionate sharks. "Although" is, probably, not the word which Paterfamilias would have used.

Help the Helpless.

WRETCHED street-boys are not to be rescued and sent to school, says MR. FORSTER, because that would be interfering with the rights of the subject. But what about the rights of the abject?

"Hands Off!"

FAIR play is a jewel, a diamond, a black diamond. As for the "striking" ex-digger of black diamonds who forgets fair play, and proposes to murder his fellow for daring to earn food for his family, *Punch* would say, with SHAKSPEARE, "Hang him, foul Collier!"



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE BETTER THAN BOOK-LEARNING.

Governess. "WELL, AND SO THEY EXPORT WHEAT AND COTTON. Now, YOU'VE SEEN WHEAT IN THE EAR, BUT NOT COTTON!"
Pupil. "O, YES, I HAVE! GRAND'PA, YOU KNOW!"

PHYSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

A LEADING article in the *Times* on "Hospital Relief," written by somebody who understands his subject, contains the following noteworthy passage relative to an important truth in connection with it, pointed out by DR. CHANDLER:—

"The worthy Doctor says that what the people really want is, not drugs, but good advice; that is, rules of health, warning against foolish neglects, and common precaution. It is most true. But it is unhappily also true that there is nothing the poor like so little as good advice. They consider medicine a mystery of a very preternatural character; the drug a charm, which is to work a miracle. The plainer a thing is to the unassisted reason, the less they will believe it. They want to be told how they may be cured in a day. They would rather take the most nauseous medicine than obey the simplest and easiest advice."

The irrational notions of medicine above indicated are, indeed, very generally characteristic of the poor, that is to say, the indigent classes. But they characterise also a great many other poor of a certain sort, of whom many are rolling in rents and dividends, and all are in easy circumstances, but who, respecting medical knowledge and medical reasoning, labour under poverty of ideas and poverty of intellect. With regard to this kind of poor a Doctor of Medicine may say, in the words of a Doctor of Divinity and a Poet:—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!"

The affluent, for the most part, equally with the destitute, believe in drugs, and do not believe in the natural laws, and the necessity of the observance of physiological conditions, notably those of diet and exercise, to the cure of any serious disease. Is not this mental

poverty lamentable? Quite the reverse to a very considerable number of persons; all the Chemists and Druggists, whom it profits, and all the Medical Practitioners who live by relieving mere symptoms, and keeping their patients, radically uncured, as long as possible on their hands.

In the article above-quoted occurs also this pertinent and seasonable question:—

"Why cannot the Working Classes of the Metropolis, and all who will claim the privileges of that title, form themselves into Sick Friendly Clubs, under any medical staff they may have their own reason to prefer?"

The Working-Men, not only in London, but throughout the kingdom, find no difficulty whatsoever in forming themselves into Trades' Unions. It would be not at all more difficult for them to form themselves likewise into Sick or Invalids' Unions. Possibly circumstances will ere long force them into this desirable kind of co-operation. It was all very well, in accordance with the tradition of other days, for the Clergy to preach up munificence to medical charities, upon "Hospital Sunday." But the classes whom sermons on behalf of those institutions are calculated to benefit will soon perhaps find themselves left to maintain them by their own efforts; by combination, such as the Trades' Unionists practise in their continual Strikes, whereby they keep on raising the prices of meat and almost everything else. Consumers, daily more and more impoverished by the general dearth they owe to the combinations of workmen, cannot but feel inclined to leave them to combine, and do what they can for themselves altogether. People whom strikes oblige to economise their expenditure will naturally begin retrenchment by withdrawing all the subscriptions which they have been accustomed to contribute to the assistance of the Striking Classes.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

(A Ditty for DR. MANNING.)

SAYS Ultramontanism,
" Of Progress I'm no enemy,
But the friend; that's clear as a prism!
And so say all true men o' me."

" GALILEO declared Earth moved.
His system of solar economy
I cordially approved;
Endorsed his views of Astronomy."

" In Chemistry nought I see
That makes against my theology.
Quite orthodox to me
Are the teachings of Geology."

" I allow belief to be free
In the facts of Palaeontology;
Should like you to trace the tree
To the root of Anthropology."

" I forbid no soul to teach
My faithful flocks Phrenology;
Don't care if my clergy preach,
To a certain extent Neology."

" I encourage and urge research,
Into all the truth of history.
There's nought so good for the Church,
As the explanation of mystery."

" Biblical Criticism
I land with all sincerity:
To Ultramontanism
'Tis the very test of verity."

" Of Progress, why, my pace
Is that of extreme rapidity.
I have always led the race—
With a rum ti um ti iddy!"

Words and Meaning.

THE National Education League are respectfully invited to consider whether they have any objection to allow the Bible to be read in district Schools in its original languages. With equal respect, the friends of religious education are requested to bethink them whether it might not as well be read in Hebrew and Greek, as in English without explanation.

CLASSICAL INTELLIGENCE.



Look here, *Mr. Punch*, don't I just wish I lived in France!—at least, I don't know that quite, 'cause they don't play cricket, do they? But at any rate I wish they'd teach us Latin here like the chaps are taught in Paris. Just see what that jolly old JULES SIMON has been doing for them:—

"He never meant to check the study of the noble dead languages, which taught history and fostered civilisation: but he was persuaded they might be learned quicker and better

than under the old system. He had only suppressed the useless drudgery of making Latin verses."

Useless drudgery! My eye! Ain't old JULES a jolly brick! Fancy what the Doctor would say to any fellow who called making Latin verses only downright useless drudgery! And I'm cocksure half our fellows don't believe it's any better. *Poeta nascitur*, you know, and you can't make fellows poets by making them make verses. Even nonsense verses are a regular beastly nuisance. Why, I got nearly swished, last half, for putting this for a pentameter,—

"*O mihi gemium! O Senegaglia dum!*"

So I say, *Vive JULES SIMON!* Let's kick out the Gradus, and so get more time for football.

Your constant reader and admirer,

SMITH, *Minimus*.

Dr. Swisher's, Tuesday.

Comprehensive.

We see announced for publication a *Series of English Readers*, which, it is stated, "will be found to embrace some entirely new features." What other features, besides those well-known and old-established ones, the eyes and mouth, can any set of reading books call into action? Perhaps the publishers are not contented with these, and have some great physiological discovery in store as a surprise for us all.

FALLACY OF THE FACULTY.

PHYSICIANS often prescribe Change of Air when the change really required for the poor patient's cure is Change of Circumstances.

ABOVE OUR SPHERE.

"A CURIOUS book is on the point of publication. The author seriously professes to give, from actual experience, a matter-of-fact account of the laws, manners, and customs of a kingdom situated in one of the planets of the solar system. The title of the book is 'Another World.'—*Athenaeum*.

WILL the Author of this book—which we observe is now published—be good enough to gratify a pardonable curiosity, and answer a few questions respecting our fellow planetants?

Have they a National Debt?

Have they any "Old Masters"?

Are they forbidden to marry their Deceased Wives' Sisters; or is it legal to do so in the North-east, and illegal in the South-west?

Do they talk about the weather, or have they any weather to talk about?

Do they take a reciprocal interest in us and our proceedings; and have they telescopes of sufficient power to make out the course of the Serpentine, the summit of Primrose Hill, the top of the DUKE OF YORK'S Column, &c.?

Do they make mariages de convenience?

Do they wear beards?

Have they lawyers?

Is such a thing as a job known in the upper circles?

Are any of the following articles in request amongst them—rouge, false hair, orders for theatres, fiery sherry, morning calls, quack medicines, high black hats, after-dinner speeches, burlesques, Great Exhibitions, horse-hair wigs, and turtle soup?

Do they make Latin verses?

Do they learn the dead languages of extinct planets before they are taught their own?

Are their railways, or airways, or whatever their means of locomotion may be called, as well managed as our own?

Have they street music?

Have they trouble with their servants?

Is the manufacture of umbrellas a flourishing branch of their trade and commerce?

Have they a Lord Mayor?

Have they a *Punch*?

Decisive.

Mrs. MALAPROP, who considers herself a good judge from attending so many Penny Readings, does not think much of the POPE's Elocution.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

A DEMONSTRATION of Working Men against the Malt-tax came off the other day upon the Thames Embankment. This demonstration was distinguished by the unusual merit of being to some extent logical:—

"A Resolution advocating the total repeal of the Malt-tax as a further instalment of the promise made by English Statesmen of a free breakfast, dinner, and supper table, was carried with acclamation."

It may be said with truth that breakfast was the only one of those three meals of which any Statesman, so called, ever promised the freedom. More, it may be suggested that whoever promised a free breakfast table, not also promising a free dinner and supper table, was no Statesman. By how much are A.'s tea and sugar more entitled to emancipation than B.'s wine, beer, and spirits? In no degree whatever. Therefore there was logic in the Thames Embankment demonstration against the Malt-tax. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, certainly, would be unfit for his office if he allowed the Malt-tax to survive the next Session whereas he could honestly do without it. But our friends in fustian and flannel jackets, who have raised the price of meat by consuming it at every meal, including, in many cases, a fourth every day, ask too much in asking for free meals at the expense of other people, mostly very much worse off than themselves. The Minister who would not scruple to comply with their demand would rob the latter to bribe the former for their votes. The classes at present subject to direct taxation and indirect too, with a view to curry additional favour with those touched only by the latter, would be still more grossly plundered than they are now by that expedient for effecting the freedom of tables. The Great Untaxed would owe the free breakfast table, no less than any other free table realised for them by such means, to the finance of a rogue.

Taking Care of the Pence.

THE Austrians seem to be as close calculators as the Scotch, and to have a lofty disdain of round numbers. An official estimate has been prepared at Vienna of the cost of the Great Exhibition which is to be held there this summer, and a statement put forth that the entire expenses, up to the time of closing the accounts at the end of the year, will be "13,238,396 florins 30 kreuzers." Let us cherish a hope that this estimate will not be exceeded; and, above all, that those odd kreuzers may not expand into an additional florin by the end of the year.

Stephen Tushington, M.D.

BORN JANUARY 14, 1782. DIED JANUARY 20, 1873.

Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton.

BORN MAY, 1803. DIED JANUARY 18, 1873.

FULLER and fuller grows the funeral roll :
No day but famous lives pass into fames :
We hear Time's footstep in the death-bell's toll
Through the grey Abbey, walled with deathless names,

For whom, in other sense than for the crowd,
Death is the portal of a larger life,
Where radiance of renown dispels earth's cloud,
And Time's clear doom rings o'er the moment's strife.

Lo, this week's convoy to the land of rest !
The venerable Judge, in whose stretched years
Present and past joined hands : who had the best
Of two great generations for his peers.

Whose boyhood drank the ferment of hot thought
That shaped our age : whose young heart leapt to France,
With her new wine of dreams and hopes distraught,
Brandishing at Old Wrong a hasty lance.

Who watched that lance's light, flash, flare, and fade
In blood and brands : who Earth's Colossus saw
Wax in his stride, till Europe crouched dismayed
In the dark shadow, where his lip was law.

Who watched the broadening of our base of power :
Hailed wider trust, and freer scope for all ;
Knew War's long burden : Peace's blessed hour :
Rise of new states, and ancient orders' fall ;

Who bore a man's part in the shaping toil
Of State and Senate ; in the seat of law
Holding his robe of ermine pure of soil,
Wearing his crown of honour free from flaw ;

Yet cheerful still, under his load of years,
Experience, labours of the judgment-seat,
With kindness that robbed humble folk of fears,
And love that gathered children round his feet.
* * * * *

But wider still the gap this other leaves :
What field of letters but in him may wail
A leading reaper, fall'n amongst his sheaves,
A good knight, sleeping knightly in his mail.

What wreath of all set for the victor's prize
In the arena where brain strives with brain,
But he or won it, in fair knightly guise,
Or, if he lost, so lost, to lose seemed gain.

If his each triumph could its trophy claim,
Upon the coffin in his abbey grave,
Laurels would leave no room to write a name,
Known, wide as breezes blow and billows lave.

Novelist, poet, satirist, and sage,
Nor only sovereign of the study crowned
By willing thralls of his delightful page,
Lord of the theatre's tumultuous round !

Then from the Study to the State addrest,
An orator of mark to claim the ear,
Which England's Senate yields but to the best,
Whose wisdom wise men may be fain to hear.

Gracious withal, for all his clustered crowns,
To those among his lettered brotherhood,
Stunned by fate's buffets, saddened by her frown,
And quick to help them howsoe'er he could.

He fell in harness, as a soldier ought,
The ink scarce dry in the unwearied pen,
Thinking of other battles to be fought,
New laurels to be culled, new praise of men.

The last proof read, the last correction made,
Sudden the never-resting brain was still :
No laurels now, but those that shall be laid
Upon the marble brow—so deadly chill !

SABBATARIAN SUGGESTIONS.



JUDICIOUS Members of the Working-Men's Lord's Day Rest Association entertain the opinion that "great evil" is "caused by the use of public vehicles by professing Christians on the Lord's Day." Believing this, they are rather to be commended for sending a deputation to the BISHOP OF LONDON for the purpose of calling his Lordship's attention to it, and considering "how best to bring the subject under the notice of Christian people." For they might have gone and waited on the PREMIER or the HOME SECRETARY, and invited the Government, on behalf of the Sabbatarians, to persecute the

Excursionists. Then would ignorant and stupid bigots have wasted Ministerial time.

MR. GIRDLESTONE, as Chairman of the Association above named, introduced its delegates to the Right Reverend Prelate with an address, in the course of which he observed that :—

"A very great scandal in connection with this matter was that the Church of England societies went very largely in the direction complained of. Deputations formed for the purpose of advocating the cause of Christ travelled on the Sunday without any apparent consciousness of the evil they were doing, and without any knowledge of the hatred with which they were received in travelling on Sunday while wearing the white cravat which indicated that they were the servants of Our Lord."

Did the speaker mean to say that Clergymen travelling on Sunday to preach sermons at remote places are therefore received with hatred by the Working-Men's Lord's Day Rest Association ? And does he suppose that St. Paul, for instance, wore a white tie ?

The Bishop who heard MR. GIRDLESTONE deliver himself as above preserved his gravity notwithstanding. He heard more besides, which must have tried it hard. MR. GIRDLESTONE concluded by telling him that :—

"The deputation were anxious that his Lordship should deliver a special sermon at St. Paul's on this subject, and they were desirous that, for the sake of example, he should avoid driving to the Cathedral."

In answer to this consistent but ridiculous suggestion—

"The BISHOP OF LONDON said that, if he could not do so, he should be compelled to walk from his residence of Fulham.

"MR. GIRDLESTONE replied that His Lordship might sleep at the Chapter House on Saturday night."

"And," on reflection he would perhaps have added, "stay there until Monday morning." But the Sabbatarians do not reflect.

The BISHOP OF LONDON, in his final reply to MR. GIRDLESTONE, very carefully practised the positive injunction delivered by the wisest of men and kings in a certain two-sided proverb. He answered his memorialist according to that gentleman's understanding. However, he might have asked him whether walking on foot or riding all the way from Fulham to St. Paul's would be, for a Bishop of more than mature age, doing the greater amount of work on a Sunday ?

Verse for Workmen.

THE release to obtain you would like
Of imprisoned Gas Stokers ;
In the meanwhile with Strike follow Strike.
O you practical jokers !

EXCHANGE.

Intending Investor. Where can I read all about the Spanish Loan ?
Friend. Hem ! Probably in BORROW'S Spain.
[Exeunt separately.



"WHOLESMOME HOUSES."

FOR DINNER PARTIES, IN WINTER, HAVE A ROARING FIRE ON ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM, AND AN OPEN WINDOW ON THE OTHER. DRESS ACCORDING TO SITUATION AT TABLE, AND HAVE TWO SETS OF SERVANTS, DIFFERENTLY CLAD, TO WAIT.

"PUNCH'S TRIADS."

THERE are three things which every wise man detests—new boots, an argument, and a barrel-organ.

All women like fashion, *petits soins*, and a bit of scandal.

There are three things which nobody can do without—money, buttons, and the baker.

We all like a compliment, our own way, and a bow from a Lord.

The three most desirable things to possess are a sound digestion, a balance at the banker's, and tact.

All Ministers, Whig, Radical, or Conservative, like a Majority, a Surplus, and "No House."

The three best letters in the Alphabet are L S D; the three worst I O U.

Happy the man who can count on having, every day of his life, a meal potato, some loose silver, and a good laugh.

Avoid three things—wet feet, a bore, and a law-suit.

The Three per Cents, three courses, and a good three volume novel, all contribute to human happiness.

There were three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and there are still three Lords of the Treasury, three Vice Chancellors, and three Members for Birmingham.

The Greeks had their trilogies, the Romans their triumvirs, and we have our threepenny pieces.

There are three things which will always be—jobs, snobs, and smoky chimneys.

Beware of three in the morning, three months' bills, and the three golden balls.

There are three things which everybody is ready to give—their advice, their arm, and their blessing.

Collect information, collect anything which in a few years will fetch three times as much as you gave for it, and collect yourself.

Life would be tolerable were it not for three things—getting up in the morning, carving, and going to the dentist.

Three things happen to everybody sooner or later—to lose their train, their temper, and their umbrella.

The three greatest discoveries of the age are Bézique, Croquet, and the Sewing-Machine.

If you wish for happiness, do not eat suppers, do not publish emendations of SHAKESPEARE, and do not take shares.

We are all glad of a holiday, an unexpected legacy, and a barrel of oysters.

We all dread wet Sundays, stiff people, and a "regular good cleaning."

TWO TO ONE ON TAXATION.

THE following ingenuous passage occurs in a letter to the *Times*, signed "RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH":—

"Allow me to say that in advocating the continuation of the Income-tax as a permanent source of revenue you are at variance with Pitt, Peel, and even Mr. Lowe himself. No Chancellor of the Exchequer has yet dared to make this proposition; and I have no hesitation in saying that the fate of any Ministry which ventured to adopt such a policy would be at once sealed."

MR. ATTENBOROUGH seems to suppose, in his simplicity, that, in declaring their policy, Premiers and Chancellors of the Exchequer are accustomed to tell the truth. If the Income-tax had not been imposed, and renewed from time to time, on the false pretence that it was to be temporary, its victims would never have stood it. MR. ATTENBOROUGH has apparently been accustomed to deal with honest people who redeem their pledges.

Diplomatic Revelation.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin, announcing the reception there of COUNT SCHOUVALOFF by EMPEROR WILLIAM, says:—

"According to trustworthy information, the Count has repeatedly expressed himself highly satisfied with the result of his mission to England on the subject of Central Asia."

So far, then, we have reason to conclude that he considers his mission to have resulted in a dead failure.



LITTLE GULLIVER.

"MAKE YOUR GAME, MY LITTLE MEN! IT AMUSES YOU, AND IT WON'T HINDER ME."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, after visiting Burlington House, and reaching Gallery No. I. of the Old Masters' Exhibition.



HEN I told my friend WAGG that I was going to represent You, Sir, among the "Old Masters," you will probably guess what was WAGG's jocose rejoinder.

It was a jest of some antiquity, and bore testimony to your Representative's reputation as a sort of King-Gallant-man. *Entendez-vous?* Because, if you don't "ontondy," I am not going to explain.

The day arrived when I saw before me a divided duty. Either to represent You, Sir, at the Hairdresser's—

Voici le Barber! The Barber for your hair!

—which you can sing to the air of

"*Voici le Sabre*"—or to appear for you among the aforementioned Old Masters. I decided for the latter, and without breathing a word on the subject to any one, except WAGG, I wrapped myself in impenetrable mystery, that is a waterproof over-cloak, turned up my trousers in order to turn up a dirty bye-street or two, tributaries of the Great Piccadilly River (which really sounds uncommonly like something grand of the sort in America), and finally appeared as myself ("afterwards" *You*), at the entrance of the Royal Academy.

I was a trifle musical that morning, and being thereto inspired it occurred to me to hum the tune which *Myles na Coppaleen* used to sing in the *Colleen Bawn*, adapting my words to the occasion:—

O Burlington House is a pleasant place
In the glorious month of July:
With its tabbey-aux
In paint and chalks,
And its light all from the sky.
Och! divil a doubt
We'd be nothing without

The Ryal A-cad-e-my!

Thus humming, like the busy bee that I am when in my favourite Representative character, I walked into the long passage of the Academy as boldly as PORSON would have walked into the longest passage of the *Academia*. Let us at least be classical as we enter within these portals.

Read the Dantesque inscription—

All Sticks abandon, ye who enter here.

"Sticks" include umbrellas; for you can't, as WAGG says, leave your umbrella without the stick. At this Passage of the Styx I saw the first signs of the Old Masters. I said this to WAGG, who immediately replied that "the Old Masters didn't paint signs." I had, however, alluded to the two Old Masters before us, who, standing in two docks on each side of the hall, might have been taken for either two respectable prisoners awaiting a verdict, or for two Old Masters in Chancery, without any prospect of escape, except by vaulting over the barrier and running away. One of these Old Masters was the Guardian of the Umbrellas, and the other sold Catalogues, and both had the air of having undertaken their respective offices from a real love of work itself, without hope of wage from employers, or of gratuities from visitors. I think that the elderly gentleman who relieved me of my umbrella had in him the Brigand instincts of younger days, when perhaps he had delighted in the wild stories of DICK TURPIN and the gallants of the road. There was a twinkle in his old eye when he made me "stand and deliver" my umbrella, that caused me almost to wink at him in

return, as much as to say, "Hallo! old Slyboots, I'm up to you!" But I remembered whom I was representing and forbore. On my quitting the Exhibition I fancy a tear trickled down his furrowed cheek when, on presenting his ticket, he was forced to return my umbrella. It seemed to me that, even up to the last moment, he had entertained a desperate hope either of my having lost the ticket, or, perhaps, of my being so occupied with the impressions of the sight within as to pass out without remembering my umbrella. Sir, in Your cause personally, I not only remembered my umbrella, but I remembered my honest old friend, who thanked me with a bow that would have done honour to as old a Master as CLAUDE; I mean, in this instance, CLAUDE DU VAL.

But, Sir, I have come out before I have gone in. Let me not keep you longer in the draught, for you are placed in much the same position in this Academician passage as is a pea in a tin pea-shooter, but watch me ascend the staircase with all the determination of a resolute spirit, who, seeing his progress barred by gates and warders, prepares himself to encounter opposition and to overcome it. So formidable did this array at the head of the staircase appear to me, that I began to admire the crafty forethought which had deprived me of my trusty *Excalibur*—meaning my umbrella. It was like taking the sword and spear from *Sir Launcelot* before he entered the Valley of Danger, it was sending DAVID out against GOLIATH, and depriving him of his sling and stone (giving him a ticket for it) at the camp gate. What man dare I dare; and, as Your Representative, I dare do all that may become a man, and, permit me to add, he who dares more is not Your Representative.

Four janitors were at the wicket. I tendered a sovereign to the wicket-keeper in the middle. He would none of it; but motioned me towards a young man, absorbed in a volume of light literature, and seated, on my right, behind a semicircular sort of split rostrum, which seemed to have been made, economically, out of an old washing-tub cut in half. On a red baize shelf before him were placed several little wooden bowls such as are used indiscriminately for milk, kitchen soap, or dressmakers' pins, but which were filled on this occasion with various coins of the realm in gold, silver, and copper. To him I offered my sovereign. He regarded me in an abstracted manner, as if annoyed at my interrupting him in the middle of his novel, and then, awaking to a sense of my requirements, which were simple, modest, and intelligible, he took my sovereign carelessly, as though I'd asked him to do a conjuring trick with it of which he was a trifle tired, and, having dropped it into the bowl (I really hoped he wouldn't take up his interesting book at this point, and forget all about me), and deliberately selected a half-sovereign from another, still as with an eye to a bit of sleight-of-hand, he took the requisite number of shillings from a third bowl, and handing the sum to me, said not a word, but dived into his book again, wiping Your Representative, as it were, clean off his slate. What I thought to myself, I shall not record here. But, O young man, if ever in after-life . . . no matter. Let me in.

To be let in at Burlington House is a difficulty. Not but that the best judges of painting are taken in here occasionally, when they mistake SMITH's picture of *The Pavilion, Brighton, by Moonlight*, for an undoubted Canaletti. But the difficulty Your Representative alludes to is to be found at the turnstile itself, which is as stiff as a Vandyck portrait, and when with some muscular exertion pushed, gives forth a sound resembling the harsh cry of some strange bird—probably called "*The Roopy*"—in the Zoological Gardens. In fact, Sir, as representing you, I said to WAGG, "You won't go into the Academy without a good deal of pressing." Now this pressure can be exerted with comparative facility by some, not (for anatomical reasons into which this is not the place to enter) by others. Slender steps in where *Falstaff* fears to tread.

I represented You up to Sixpence more in the purchase of a catalogue, but refused the proffered pencil at another twopence. Two-pence more, and I should have been broke. So, Sir, with a light heart, catalogue in hand, and twopence, for an emergency, in my pocket, I represented you gaily in Gallery Number One, which was tolerably full.

I will do this thoroughly, I said to myself, as Your Representative, because I have yet to finish the South Kensington and the National Portrait Gallery, where I believe they have for weeks been expecting me, with practical jokes behind doors and in dark passages. When they are least prepared I shall be there. Now, I am with the Old Masters.

I notice, as something most remarkable, what a number of short-sighted people there are in the world. At all events, what a number of intelligent *myopes* come to see these pictures. Not only to see, but to examine closely, to sift the method down to the very canvass, and I further observed they all went at the Old Masters' pictures with their noses, as though they could detect genuineness by the smell. They got on the trail, and exclaimed, "This is a Vandyck," "this is a Turner," "this is a Reynolds," as one hound might whisper exultingly to his companion, "This is a Fox. Come along, we've got him!" And then I also observed that when these amateur



DETECTED.

First Violin (after the Quartette in C Major—unsatisfactory somehow). “HULLO!—HARK!—THERE—I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! THIS CONFOUNDED TEA-KETTLE’S BEEN SINGING B FLAT ALL THE TIME!”

short-sighted critics had hunted their Old Master down, they kept up their sporting character by pulling the painter to pieces, so that there’d have been scarcely so much as his brush left as a keepsake for his followers. These spectacled, *pince-nez’d*, and one-glassed amateurs talked to be overheard, and so, while like PAT JENNINGS, in *Rejected Addresses*, I “in the Gallery sat,” my ears were tickled by the rustling wings of Folly as she fluttered round the room.

Sir, what marvellously wise things are uttered in a picture gallery. Everybody is a judge of pictures, of course, as Everybody is a born theologian.

I seated myself, calmly surveying the languidly busy scene; for, going suddenly into a crowded room has upon Your Representative the effect of, as it were, coming up from a first plunge in the sea, when the eyes are unsteady, and there are cavernous murmurs in the ears, and when, if anybody speaks to you, you feel annoyed at his inopportune remark, whatever it was, and say, “Eh—what?” rather sharply. Much the same as this sensation, only without any of its freshness and invigoration, is what is usually felt on entering any thronged room by yours truly, who sits for the present on the first chair in the first Gallery—for “the force of lounging can no further go”—and signs himself now as ever, Your

REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

P.S. Pictures next week. Let the Old Masters look out. By the way I asked WAGE to write me a few notes on the collection, and this is what he has sent to me. “Dear friend and pitcher-in, I smiled when I saw a Smirke, but was sorry to find a Morland between two Constables. It annoys me that what I had been informed was a Bigg picture should prove a little one. As to OPIE I have my own Opie-nion of his merits. There are such a lot of Sir Joshuas here that the Gallery ought to be called a new Edition of *Reynolds’ Miscellany*. When I was tired of him, I looked at SHEE. I like the landscapes by BOTH. There are two BOITHS, and they are both BOTH. I found Chambers in a good situation. I couldn’t discover where the Egg had been laid. I was sure it hadn’t been poached. In looking about for the Egg I hit upon Cox, which ended the visit of yours, W.” I shan’t ask him to do this for me again.

APPLE-SAUCE FOR ALL.

Do not weep, O men of ODGER.
Howl ye not, you Fenian lads.
You, too, who support “SIR ROGER,”
Shed not idle tears, sweet Cads.
BAILEY’s late affirmed conviction
In your thousands lets you, free,
Meet no more, and flout restriction,
Under the Reformers’ Tree.

Never mind. The Law’s decision,
Which has AYRTON made supreme;
Levels all, without division,
‘Twixt the social curds and cream.
Not you only, but your betters,
Shorn of Liberty remain.
Think of that, and hug your fetters.
For Equality you gain.

The Church in Danger.

RITUALISM and Rationalism, and Mormonism and Ultramontanism, have each in their turn caused old-fashioned folks great uneasiness and alarm; but all combined have not created anything like the panic occasioned by “Buddhism in St. Paul’s.” Should this be followed by “Brahminism in Westminster Abbey,” we will not answer for the consequences.

VERY WELCOME.

We are glad to see advertised a new book by MR. PLANCHÉ. It is called *William with the Ring*. We hope the ring fitted well, and that the lovely wearer lived happy ever afterwards with her WILLIAM.



AN ANTIQUARY'S HINT.

AS SOME EXCUSE FOR A LITTLE MORE HAIR, WOULD NOT AN OLD MARLBOROUGH WIG BE EFFECTIVE?

FASHIONABLE PLAGIARY.

If any proof were wanted that Luna is a lady, it might be furnished by the fact that she so constantly is changing. The changes of the moon are pretty nigh as frequent as the changes of the fashions, and, after all, there is no novelty in either variations. The "old order" (to the milliner) differs little from the new; and as history repeats itself, so likewise do the fashion-books. For instance, see this statement by a recent traveller:—

"The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan; and to see one of those dark-skinned ladies, with her extensive head-dress, a hump upon her back, an extremely narrow skirt, high wooden pattens, her body thrown forward as she minces her steps, you would imagine that she was ridiculing the brainless votaries of fashion in other lands; but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked, for centuries."

In Central Africa, we are told, the ladies paint their faces and wear chignons on their heads, exactly as their foremothers for ages there have done, and just as other ladies have but lately learnt to do, in countries which by some people are deemed more highly civilised. So, too, the Grecian bend of Bond Street is borrowed from Japan, and has there been seen for centuries, although here esteemed a novelty, and therefore made the most of by our fashionable folk. A savage with an eyeglass would afford a novel spectacle, yet we haply may discover some wild tribe thus ocularly decorated, and, moreover, wearing a camellia in the button-hole, and a chimney-pot black hat. If in this way it be provable that novelties of fashion are no better than mere plagiaries, common sense would hint a hope that the ladies might be found less eager for such novelties than they seem to be at present. But the question may be asked, when, in fashionable matters, will ladies ever listen to the hints of common sense?

A Knight of the Keys.

M. DE BOURGOING, on leaving Rome, received a remarkable honour from the Pope. The Holy Father named him "Grand Officer of the Ordine Piano." This appointment would have passed without remark if it had been conferred on the ABBÉ LISZT. But is M. DE BOURGOING also among the pianists? He is not known to be a performer on any instrument, although, no doubt, the Pope considers him to have proved himself instrumental to His Holiness's purposes.

THE ECONOMIST'S CAROL.

My boots may not again be mended;
Reported worth it now no more.
On a new pair must be expended
A portion of my measured store.
My shirts are likewise all in tatters,
My socks and under-clothing too;
Though their state not so greatly matters,
Because they are concealed from view.
But they'll no longer hold together;
They're worn too thin for wintry weather.

Mine outer garments no repairing
Will make to last another span,
And not attract to me the staring
Attention of my fellow-man.
There's nought so hard in being needy,
Small clerks and travaillers at the desk,
Than that it dooms men to go seedy,
And makes them otherwise grotesque;
Unless, indeed, all care you smother
For the derision of your Brother.

My stock of coals so low has dwindled,
That I require a fresh supply:
A costly fire I must have kindled,
To cook high-priced provisions by.
All these expenses, down together
On poor PILGRIMICK, bid him spare
Internal fence from wintry weather;
Interior lined with winter's fare.
Good cheer, the chief alleviation,
Besides a pipe, of tribulation.

Now sing old Rose, and burn the bellows,
Secure of affluence, O ye blest!
The rich man only, like you fellows,
Can e'er a conscience keep at rest.
You can pursue investigations,
And minds serene to work devote,
Nor need to make your calculations
Before you get another coat.
I to afford one must endeavour.
Well!—it will be my last, however.

SPECULATION SPOILED.

THE eye of some meteorologist, wearied with continuous rainfall, may have been agreeably attracted by the heading of a paragraph in the *Post*:—

"FALL OF CHALK AT DOVER.—Another fall of chalk has taken place on the South-Eastern Railway, between Shakespeare's and Abbott's Cliffs, at Dover tunnel, but no injury to life or property was occasioned."

Reading thus far at least, a philosopher concerned in the study of meteoric phenomena might naturally enough imagine the fall of chalk reported to have taken place on the South-Eastern Railway, to have been a shower of aérolites consisting of that substance. As chalk is a marine formation, composed chiefly of organic remains, its descent in the form of fragments of asteroids or planetary bodies would suggest the most absorbing trains of thought, and afford materials for researches of the profoundest interest. But these promising ideas are disappointingly dissipated by the statement which, in the next sentence, informs the reader that—

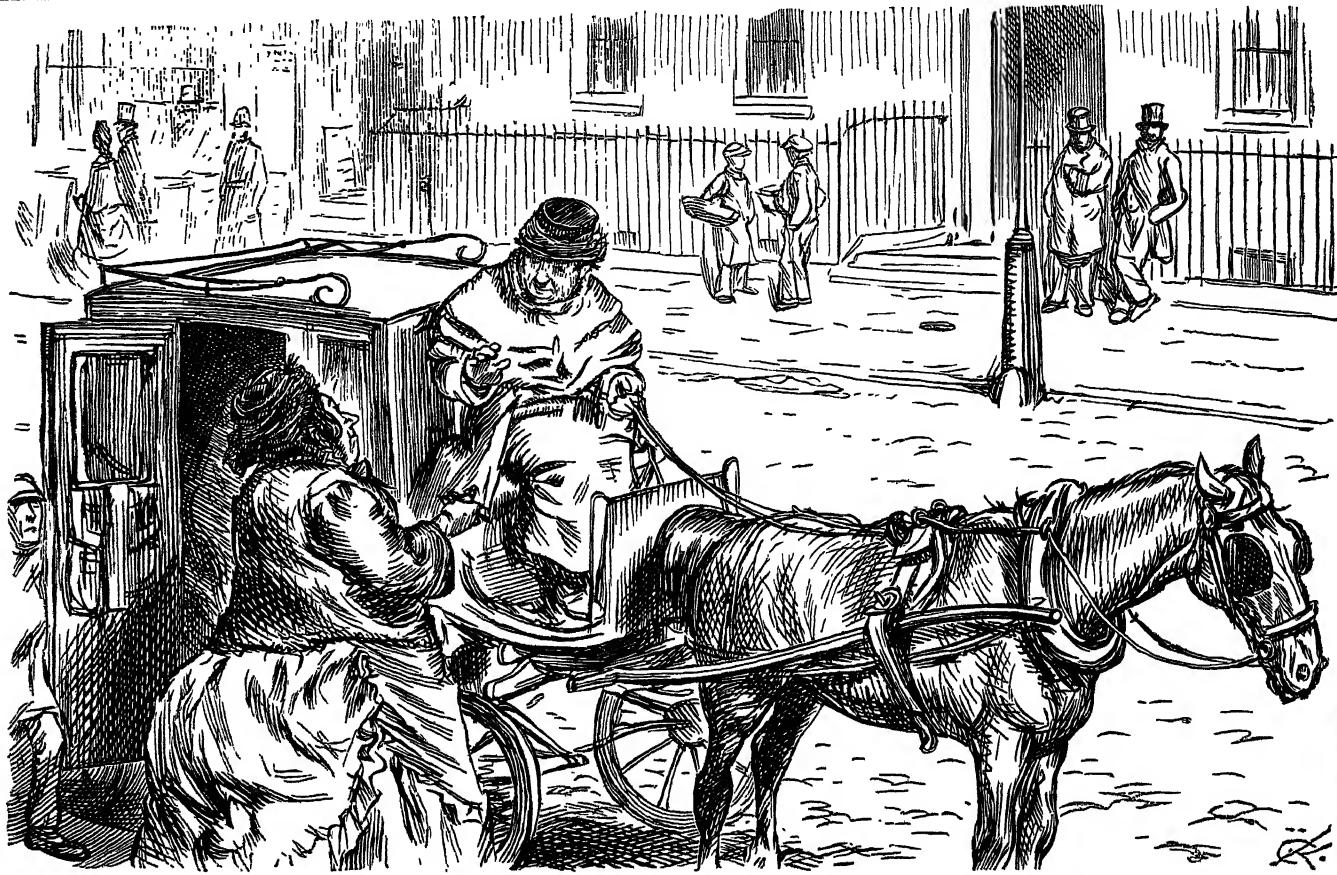
"The guns of the Drop Redoubt have been unlimbered for fear of accidents."

Sold! Such is the exclamation which bursts from the philosopher's lips on discovering, inferentially, from this additional information, that the fall of chalk at Dover, on the South-Eastern Railway, was merely another landslip from Dover Cliffs. This, perhaps he mournfully observes, had no relation to meteorology, except in having been caused by the late wet weather.

A Privileged Pair.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE perhaps had one more reason than he mentioned for not committing MESSRS. WHALLEY and GUILDFORD ONSLOW for contempt of Court. His Lordship very likely considered that, in stumping the country, and aspersing persons of honour, on behalf of CASTRO, they had sufficiently committed themselves.

NOTE FOR NATURALISTS.—The largest Moth ever known — The Behemoth.



GUILE.

Old Lady. "YOU KNOW THE 'ROYAL OAK'? WELL, YOU TURN TO THE RIGHT, PAST THE 'JOLLY GARDENERS,' TILL YOU COME TO THE 'RED LION'—"

Artful Cabby. "O, DON'T TELL ME THE 'OUSES, MUM! NAME SOME o' THE CHURCHES, AND THEN I SHALL KNOW WHERE I AM!!" [Asks and gets an exorbitant fare without a murmur.]

BURNING IN EFFIGY AND PERSON.

ADDRESSING a meeting of Roman Catholics at the Town-hall, Birmingham, the other day, Dr. ULLATHORNE, titular Bishop of that ilk, defined Liberalism. He said that:—

"To take other's property, as had been done in Italy, was Liberalism; to say that there should be no authority to denounce property as theft, and to burn national monuments, as the Communists of France did, that was Liberalism."

It is not, however, cruel of Liberalism to burn monuments; it is only barbarous. Monuments cannot feel, even if they are statues of Saints. Dogmatism, the opposite to what Dr. ULLATHORNE calls Liberalism, has burnt other combustibles more sensitive to fire than monuments. It may be said that Liberalism would abolish all stakes in the country. Would not Dogmatism erect stakes if it could?

"On Horror's Head Horrors Accumulate."

We hope we are not getting nervous, but really we can hardly read without a shudder such a statement as the following:—

"Three Skeleton Drills in Uniform will be held at Beaufort House, under the Adjutant, on the 15th and 22nd February, and on the 1st March."

Christmas happily is over, and we can therefore eat our dinner without the risk of swallowing a lump of indigestible plum-pudding, or other nightmare-breeding dainty of the season. Otherwise we certainly should go to bed in fear and trembling lest we should be haunted by a vision of three spectral Skeletons in uniform going through a ghastly series of terrible skeleton drills.

Por-LUCK.—Collecting old China.

POOR PAPA!

THERE was a man, and he went mad,
Whom Cupid so far carried,
That, though he no sure income had,
He fell in love and married.

An heir, before twelve months had fled,
Was born to destitution.
He patted baby on the head,
And called it "Retribution."

Change of Hair.

A VIOLENT shock of fear or grief will, it is said, turn the hair suddenly grey. Query. Does the converse ever occur? Suppose a man's hair has grown grey in consequence of anxiety occasioned by slender and precarious circumstances. If he were unexpectedly to come into the possession of money enough to make him comfortable for life, is it possible that excess of joy might immediately turn his hair dark? Perhaps it would only turn his head without affecting his hair. But, if in a position to be tested on this point, one would not object. What PEABODY will try the experiment?

Advice to Young Couples.

By all means, if you can, keep pigs. Properly managed, they will make you almost independent of your Butcher. "Now them," truly wrote COBBETT, "this hog is altogether a good thing." So he is. You can eat him all up; you can go the whole hog, from the tip of the snout to that of the tail. Thus, by substituting pork for beef and mutton in their present dearness, you make both ends meat.



DEAR OLD DONKEY!

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO OBSTINATE! THERE'S THIS OLD PARTY WHO DINES AT THE TABLE-D'HÔTE AT THE "BELGRAVIA"—HE WILL INSIST ON OPENING HIS OWN SELTZER WATER, AND GIVES US A SHOWER-BATH ALL ROUND!

COMRADES IN QUOD.

At a meeting of the Gas Stokers' Defence Aid Committee, held on Saturday last week at a place in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, altogether irrespectively of the memory of DR. JOHNSON, a speech was made from the chair by MR. GEORGE POTTER, wherein that gentleman—

"Called the attention of the meeting to the fact that the Memorial praying for the mitigation of the sentence upon the five Gas Stokers had been sent to MR. BRUCE as Home Secretary, on the 7th instant, and that not only had no reply been received, but the receipt of the Memorial had not been acknowledged. He considered it very uncourteous."

If uncourteous is a word considered applicable to the abstinence of the HOME SECRETARY from taking any notice of the Memorial in favour of the convicted Gas Stokers, what epithet may be deemed appropriate to the crime of which those convicts were guilty in attempting to plunge all London in darkness? Considering the atrocities which, by success in so doing, they would have given the dangerous classes occasion to inflict on the community, would it be too much to call that attempt, dictated by a small and selfish motive, diabolical?

MR. POTTER, in concluding his observations, expressed the opinion that:—

"The Government seemed bent upon doing all in its power to alienate the Working Classes from giving it any support in the future."

By letting justice take its course with conspirators against public safety, the Government will alienate from their supporters not the Working, but only the Striking Classes, except also the Thieving or Predatory Classes. At the same time they may count on attracting to their side all the Thinking and Law-Abiding Classes of the country; thus, on the whole, very considerably adding to their present majority.

* Our friend MR. POTTER was followed by a Gas Stoker named DAVIS, who had just been let out of Coldbath-Fields Prison, in

which House of Correction he had been forced to spend six weeks for leaving his employment at Bow Common without notice. MR. DAVIS had by no means easily "brooked imprisonment." He had found it very cold and uncomfortable,—it had not agreed with him at all; hard labour had proved to be highly objectionable, and so had companionship:—

"He and his fellow-workmen complained bitterly of being put to the same sort of hard labour, under the same discipline, and being kept on the same diet, as the convicted felons and thieves with whom he was obliged to associate."

Than convicted thieves and felons certainly no companions can be more unsuitable, and than the discipline and diet proper for them, no keep and no treatment can be imagined more unmeet, for honest Gas Stokers. But what of Gas Stokers who would, if they could, have put out the light and let the thieves and felons loose on the Public? Are the Scoundrels such very unfit associates in punishment for the Stokers?

But come, England is very good-natured, and her Ministers are like unto her. The imprisoned Stokers have said that they are very sorry for their offence (and we have no doubt that they are very sorry for its results), and so MR. BRUCE proposes to remit two-thirds of their punishment. Let them drink his health—moderately—in BRETT's Brandy, and let them take both the liquor and the lesson to heart, as the "poor woman" does in the *Beggar's Opera*.

Popular Improvement.

A LOT of rough diamonds from South Africa was sold on Wednesday last week at the Mart of MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND STORE, in Covent Garden. This sale took place at a special auction of those gems which is held monthly at that establishment. Hence it appears that the number of rough diamonds imported must be very great. This is somewhat satisfactory to think upon, when we consider what multitudes of Roughs there are amongst our population in whose natures the Rough is all in all without any Diamond.

SOUR FRUIT.

A FAIRY'S form, an angel's face,
Made RINGDOVE blest a year ago.
I should have been in that man's place,
Had EMILY not answered "No."

Behold her seated at the ball!
A creature without question fine;
But now I smile when I recall
The wish to make that creature mine.

The Substance rests unchanged; but Light,
And Grace, to what have they now come?
Twelve months have hardly taken flight;
And all the blue is off that plum.

CHILDREN IN ARMS.

PEOPLE who love peace will doubtless read with interest this brief extract from a lecture upon Gunnery:—

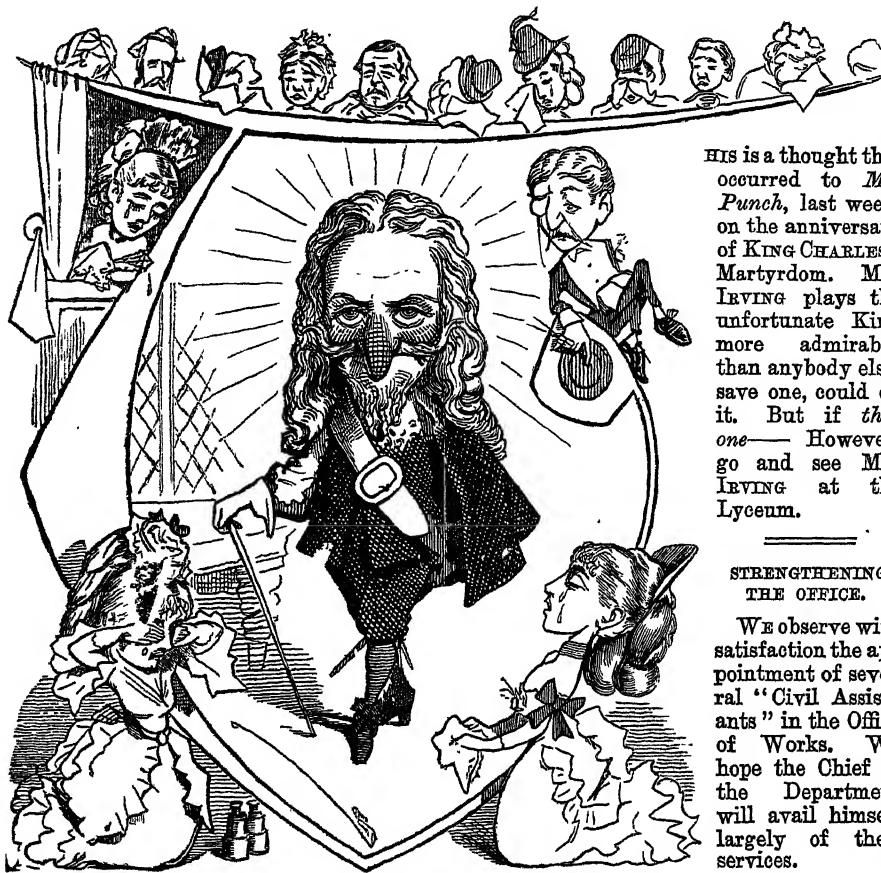
"Already SIR W. ARMSTRONG and SIR J. WHITWORTH engaged to make guns able to pierce 24 inches of plating; but MR. BESSEMER promised a gun which would fire a ball of five tons at the rate of one a minute. (*Cheers and a laugh.*) Beside this gun the Woolwich Infant would become a baby indeed. (*A laugh.*) If that would not be sufficient, he could make one to fire a ball of ten tons."

War will clearly be no child's play when infants and babies such as these will be employed in it. Balls of ten tons each will be a rather costly kind of infant entertainments. A nation surely will think twice before it goes to war, when every shot it fires will cost a hundred pounds or so. A prudent people clearly will ask "Can we pay our shot?" before they set to fighting with five or ten ton cannon-balls.

TIPPLE AND TENSION.

DRUNKENNESS may be caused otherwise than by drinking "intoxicating liquors." Witness the usually excited behaviour and violent language of the orators and audience at meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance. Moreover, an imprecation in common use among the People is "Blow me tight!"

EVERY INCH A KING.



HIS is a thought that occurred to *Mr. Punch*, last week, on the anniversary of KING CHARLES's Martyrdom. Mr. IRVING plays the unfortunate King more admirably than anybody else, save one, could do it. But if that one—However, go and see Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum.

STRENGTHENING
THE OFFICE.

WE observe with satisfaction the appointment of several "Civil Assistants" in the Office of Works. We hope the Chief of the Department will avail himself largely of their services.

FLOUNCES' FIRE INSURANCE.

By accounts from Vienna we learn that a lady of high rank and her daughter, at Presburg, preparing to go to a ball, very narrowly escaped being burnt to death in consequence of the dress of the latter catching fire from a light on the floor, and igniting that of the former when she rushed to her assistance. In the midst of life the position of being liable at any moment to leave it cannot be helped, but it is ladies' own fault to go about in the midst of combustible millinery, surrounded as though on purpose to be in constant readiness for burning them alive. It is, moreover, a funeral-pile of which the materials are enormously expensive, so much so as to make it worth any man's while to insure his wife's dress, were that possible, on every occasion when she goes attired in anything like fashion, to an evening party or a ball. For the sake of those we love, however, it is rather to be wished that their finery were all made fireproof.

An American Rich Living.

"ON Plymouth Church (Brooklyn) sale day for 1873 several pews fetched a premium of 360 dollars each, in addition to the rent of 90 dollars. The rental of the pews amounts to 12,800 dollars a year, but the premiums realised at the sale reached 46,580 dollars; and the sale of chairs in the aisles will bring the total above 60,000 dollars. Mr. BEECHER was present at the sale, and made a few pleasant remarks before it began,"—and, we should imagine, a few still more pleasant ones after it was over.

PARLIAMENTARIA.

PHEASANT shooting being over, Parliament assembles again this week, for the three hundred and thirty-first time since it rose like a Phoenix from the expiring embers of the Saxon Wittenagemot. Full details of the meeting of the first Parliament, and the speech from the throne by KING ALFRED THE GREAT, in which he made a touching reference to his recent sojourn in the Danish camp, will be found in Doomsday-Book and other contemporary publications. These are given partly in Anglo-Saxon, and partly in that Norman French, of which traces still linger in modern parliamentary usage; but dictionaries are kept on the premises, and the officials will be found most obliging in explaining the contractions, and fitting a key to the cipher in which the rest of the text is written.

It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate all the more celebrated Parliaments, but Archaeologists would never forgive us if we omitted to mention that the first Reformed Parliament was held after the Reformation.

The qualifications for a Member of Parliament have been considerably modified. All that is now required is—that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the history and geography of Great Britain and its dependencies, the acts and policy of the different administrations which have been in power since the fall of WOLSEY, the lives of the Speakers, the contents of the Journals of the House, *Hansard's Debates*, and the architectural details, pictorial decorations (including the processes of fresco and water-glass painting, mosaics, &c.), and lighting and ventilation of the Chamber in which he is to sit, speak, hear, and cheer. The Civil Service Commissioners will cheerfully undertake to test the knowledge of Candidates in these various branches of study, but at present there is no compulsory examination.

The privileges of Members consist in exemption from parochial offices, immunity from all tolls levied at turnpikes and bridges, provided they make and subscribe, at the time of claiming relief, a declaration in writing before a Master in Chancery that they are legislators, hereditary or elective; an adequate supply of stationery at the public expense (but not including stamps); and the right to call a wherry at any point on the Thames, whenever either House is sitting between the hours of 4 A.M. and 4 P.M.

The SPEAKER speaks for himself. His office is of considerable

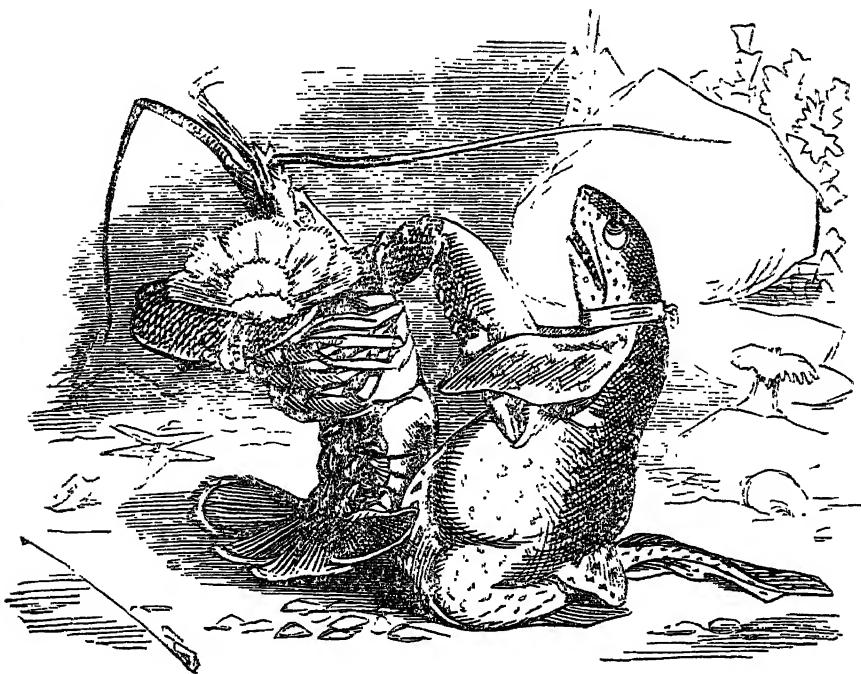
antiquity and dignity, but it is not hereditary; and his wig is required to be in strict accordance with a sealed pattern deposited in the Patent Office. Every Member presents the SPEAKER with his photograph and address card when he first enters the House, with a portion of bride-cake when he marries, and with a copy of valedictory verses when he vacates his seat. The SPEAKER is entitled to a pair of white kid gloves whenever there is No House, and it is the duty of the principal door-keeper to ascertain exactly the size which each new Speaker takes. He spends his vacations in a delightful retreat in a most romantic spot, in the heart of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Every other schoolboy knows the intimate connection that exists between the Mace and the British Constitution, and the serious consequences which might arise if that emblem of authority were lost or mislaid. A majority of the Judges are of opinion that the Habeas Corpus Act could not be legally suspended, or the provisions of the Mutiny Act put into force. Nobody, therefore, will be surprised to hear that the Sergeant-at-Arms always sleeps with the Mace by his bedside, and awakes at least once in the course of the night to satisfy himself that it is safe. When the Mace has to be cleaned, a jury, composed of Members of the Goldsmiths' Company, is impaneled.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod can claim a new Rod with every fresh Parliament. It must be cut from a tree standing in one of the Royal Forests, and brought by a special mounted messenger to the principal entrance to the House of Lords, where the Royal Purveyor of Canes and Walking-sticks is bound to be in waiting to receive and prepare it for official use within the precincts. The old Rod must be burnt in a wood fire without being broken up, and the ashes thrown into the Exchequer.

The earliest Blue Book of which we have any certain account, contained the reports of the detective officers who were employed by the Government on the occasion of the Gunpowder Plot. An interesting calculation has been made that if all the Blue Books which have been issued were heaped up one upon another, they would form a pile as high as Mont Blanc; and it is estimated that to read them through would occupy a man ten hours a day (Sundays excluded) for one hundred and sixteen years, seven months, and thirteen days.

The Two Chambers are thoroughly cleaned and dusted before the opening of every Session, and if it is the commencement of a new



BEHOLD THE CONCLUDING SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY OF THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM! THE DOG-FISH (IN WHOSE PORTRAIT ART HAS GREATLY IMPROVED UPON NATURE) ATE UP THE OCTOPUS. WHY? BECAUSE DOG-FISH AND OCTOPUS WERE IN LOVE WITH THE SAME FASCINATING YOUNG LOBSTER. THE VICTOR, LAIDEN WITH HIS SPOILS, TENDERS HIS HOMAGE TO THE FAIR OBJECT OF HIS PISCINE AFFECTION. SHE SMILES. SHE IS WON.

Parliament, the benches are re-stuffed and re-covered. In the Upper House the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Upper Housemaid superintends the charwomen selected for this duty; in the Lower, a superior domestic from the SPEAKER'S establishment discharges the same office. They are both paid by fees, and have the privilege of introducing a friend into the Strangers' Gallery. Formerly the charwomen were selected by the Housekeeper, preference being given to the female relatives of non-commissioned officers in the Army and Navy. But now, before they can be appointed, they must obtain a certificate from the Civil Service Commissioners; and are therefore called upon, in the first instance, to furnish the most minute information as to their age, family connections, places of education, previous employments, health, character, private pursuits, and freedom from pecuniary embarrassment, and then to undergo a competitive examination in BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, HALLAM'S *Constitutional History of England*, Physical Geography, and one modern language.

The cellars underneath the Houses of Parliament being very roomy and commodious, it is understood that a plan is under the consideration of the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings for lessening the annual expenses of the establishment by letting these vaults to Wine Merchants of established reputation and liberal principles, at a remunerative rent.

Cheap Defence of Nations.

We are afraid to resist Russian progress in India, are we? Nothing will be done by the British Government to that end which may necessitate war? That is what you think, German friends? Little do you know the spirit of this great nation. Going to war is, for us, a mere affair of money. Ministers have no reason to fear that this consideration will make war, if necessary, unpopular. The People will not have to bear the expense of war. That will all of it be defrayed by means of the Income-tax. It will therefore fall only on privileged persons, and in nowise concern the community at large. Who's afraid?

A Paradise of Contentment.

CENTRAL ASIA, and Khiva, and Turkestan, and "Transoxania," and the Jaxartes, we respectfully leave to diplomats, and politicians, and special correspondents; but one can well imagine the large number of people there are who would be glad to make a rush to such a comfortable well-to-do country as "Independent" Tartary must be.

NEW FUEL.

COAL is ruinously dear, and a burning shame it is that its price should be so exorbitant, and flaming articles ought to be written on the subject, so long as there is such just cause for grumbling at the lump sum which must be paid down when the cellar has to be refilled. Any substitute, therefore, that could be found for coal would be sure to meet with a grateful reception; but who of us, except millionaires, can look to the "Diamond Fuel Company" (brilliant as the idea may seem) to supply the want, and make our hearths and homes bright and cheerful at a moderate cost? "Put some diamonds on the fire" is an order which might have been given and obeyed in the days of the Arabian Nights, and in the Halls and lobbies of Caliphs and Moguls; but people with large families and small coal-scuttles, who live in eight-roomed houses and furnished apartments, seem much more likely soon to be obliged to say, "Put a little coke on."

Past and Present.

"POULTRY," says MR. ELDERBOY, "in my youth, was four shillings a couple, and beef sevenpence a pound. There is now cheap chocolate for women and children, and we have light wines; but the only other advantage I see at the present day, to compensate for all sorts of increased troubles and expenses, is a great variety of comforts and conveniences in gutta percha and India-rubber."

WARNING AGAINST VANDALISM.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS!

GENTLEMEN, distinctly such. Not you others. Not you who subordinate all other objects to making money. Not you, mere representatives of commercial interests; prepared to sacrifice to them scenery and every other mortal thing. Not you, Members for Mammon. Gentlemen, properly so called. You will shortly be applied to for leave to destroy about a mile of beauty on the bank of the Thames opposite to Hampton Court. In place thereof you will be invited to sanction the erection of a high, blank, ugly wall. It is said that the Chelsea Water Company are going to ask you for permission to construct waterworks which will necessitate this outrage. It is certain that they could construct other waterworks which would render it unnecessary. At one of the numerous and influential meetings lately held by the indignant inhabitants of Thames Ditton, Long Ditton, and Kingston, to protest against, and try and prevent it, the fact was (you may read it in the *Morning Post*) "pointed out that the land proposed to be taken for the reservoirs is of great value, both as meadow and for building purposes, while close to the proposed intake there is abundance of suitable space that might be appropriated without loss to any one, though it is admitted it would cost more for excavation." And, Gentlemen, merely that this additional cost may be shirked, you will be requested to permit "one of the prettiest bits of river-scenery in England" to be ruined.

Dear Gentlemen, sweet Gentlemen, good Gentlemen, honourable, really and truly, and not merely nominally honourable Gentlemen; surely you will not suffer the barbarity of replacing the prospect from the window of the Mitre with a hideous eyesore. Of course not if you know it. But mind lest this Vandalism be managed without your knowledge. Watch, be on the look-out, keep your eyes open, and see that a Private Bill, under the name of a Chelsea Waterworks Bill, but being also a Thames Ditton and Hampton Court Abomination Bill, is not smuggled through your honourable House. Representatives of decent constituencies, show an active sympathy with people at Hampton Court, the Dittons, and Kingston, of the same description. Also with the many thousands of similar Londoners represented by the undersigned. Let not a lovely landscape fall into the hands of the Philistines.

I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, an habitual

EXCURSIONIST.

"SKIPWORTH'S CASE."—Holloway Gaol.



A PHILOLOGICAL POSER.

Herr Professor. "ISS IT NOT A SHDRAINCH TING, LATIES, DAT DE LATIN RACE GANNOT AGUIRE DE ENKLISH BRONOUNCY-ATION? I HAF CHOOOST DIS MÖMEND BARDET FROM AN IDALIAN CHENDLEMAN (A CRADE VRENT OF MINE ANT A FERRY GLEFFER MAN) WHO HAS LIFFED IN LONTON ALMÖSTE AS LONG AS I HAF—DVENDY-VIFE EEEERS—ANT FOOR YOU PELIEF IT? HE SHBEEGS ENKLISH VIT A KVITE SEDRONG VOREIGN INDONATION! HOW TO YOU AGOUND VOR A ZO EGGSHDRA-ORRINTARY ZEERGOOMSHDANZ AS TAT?"

BEFORE THE COMITIA.

(*The Two Aruspices.*)

IN Rome, ere the Comitia
To business could be set,
The Augurs and Aruspices
In solemn conclave met;
The peckings, pipings, hoppings
Of the sacred fowls to try,
And in the victim's entrails
For signs of fate to pry.

'Twas the Augur's solemn duty
To keep the cocks and hens,
Who, like an able Editor,
Dropped presage from their pens;
And as by British Parties
Leading articles are feared,
So these oracles in hen-coops
By Rome's statesmen were revered.

On pig's, sheep's, and ox' "innards,"
Now we have come to look,
More as a source of sausage-meat
Than as the future's book;
For Poultry-shows, not Parties,
Our cocks and hens we feed,
And the canard's the only fowl
That Politicians breed.

So Augurs and Aruspices
No colleges have now;
At least, beneath these titles,
No more to them we bow;

But High-priests of both orders
Are here, though less in view,
Who, oracular as they are,
Know the future as they knew.

But Rome had daring sceptics
Who of myst'ries foul would fall,
Style Augurs and Aruspices
Sheer humbugs, one and all:
Swear only geese to poultry
For oracles would go;
In entrails owned "*omenta*,"
But "*omina*"—O, no!

'Twas CATO who the mouthpiece
Of these scoffers dared to be—
Some HUXLEY of the period,
Or DEAN STANLEY, p'raps, was he—
WHO SAID HE ALWAYS WONDERED
Two ARÜSPICS COULD EMBRACE
WITHOUT BURSTING OUT A-LAUGHING
EACH IN T'OTHER'S BRAZEN FACE.

O, Aruspices of our Parties,
Who, without their staff and gown,
Profess to read the future,
And forecast its smile or frown,
Perhaps CATO, were he living,
Would wonder how you came
Together without laughing,
For the "Session's" little game.

The presages recalling
Put forth in days gone by,
The portents, signs, and omens
Interpreted awry:

The trust in lights misleading,
Croaks, crowings, both misread—
And the Party's tail, still going
Hap-hazard, like its Head:

The sources sought for guidance,
Whence guidance ne'er could come;
Dumb beasts and blind birds questioned,
Where manly voice was dumb;
The sham shrines you have bowed to,
The oracles you've sought,
Knowing the altar godless,
The inspiration nought.

The plenteousness of promise,
And the performance small:
The length of the yarn-spinning,
The bandying of the bawl:
The pledging of the pledges,
The shirking of the same:
The shuffling of the old, old cards,
For the same old, old game.

Yes; wondrous is your face-power,
Aruspices, who can meet,
VIII Post Nonas Februario,
A breast of Downing Street—
Can meet for our Comitia,
And yet forbear to chaff,
Nor wake the official echoes
Of Whitehall with your laugh.

There's DIZZIUS Aruspex
Wears a Sardonic grin,
Though sterner MERRYPEBBLIUS
Such laughter holds a sin:



THE TWO AUGURS.

DISRAELIUS. "I ALWAYS WONDER, BROTHER, HOW WE CHIEF AUGURS CAN MEET ON THE OPENING DAY WITHOUT LAUGHING!"

GLADSTONIUS. "I HAVE NEVER FELT ANY TEMPTATION TO THE HILARITY YOU SUGGEST, BROTHER; AND THE REMARK SAVOURS OF FLIPPANCY."

But, for all he looks so solemn,
No less he twigs the fun,
E'en while his brow on DIZZITS
Appears to frown "Ha! here!"

"Leaders should not be laughers,"
(He holds) "whate'er their case;
If in, 'tis too triumphant;
If out, 'tis not in place.
Or, if a laugh be needful"—
Which he does not believe—
"The Aruspis's laugh should never
Extend beyond his sleeve."

"For screen and stay are given
The crown their brows that hide,
The staffs they bear to lean on,
Their gowns that sweep so wide.
Aruspis must be solemn,

Or how will Rome give heed
To the oracles they utter,
The omens that they read?

"For Aruspis to be solemn
Is a duty most of all,
On the day when to its session
The Comitia they call."

If Augurs and Aruspis
Thus indulge in a guffaw,
Woe's me, for the Comitia,
That meet to make new Law!

"DIZZITS and MERRYPEBBLUS,—
As shining lights we stand,
To teach no laughing matter
Is that we have in hand.
His girds at our Comitia,
Can *Punch* be asked to rue,
If he knew that High Aruspis
Dared to laugh at them too?"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Still among "The Old Masters." He gets as far as Number Sixty-Eight, and then addresses the Editor as usual.)



You left me, Sir, seated in Gallery No. I. I do not, as Your Representative at a theatre, sit in the Gallery, but at Burlington House, you will understand, this is unavoidable. You will not be thought the worse of because I was in this Gallery. There are, of course, some Galleries where I would not be seen, and some where, whether as Your Representative or not, I would. As instances of the latter, let me name the Gallery of both Houses of Parliament, the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, and the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street. At theatres, to be among the Olympian deities, with Jupiter in his shirt-sleeves, Juno sucking oranges, Venus (long before her bath), her gaudy

bonnet tied on to the rail in front, indulging in light and elegant badinage with a shining, well-larded, and carefully-waxed Mars, while Ganymede hands round the pewter filled from the can supplied by a neighbouring Bacchus Hop-timus, whose house, by order of Lycurgus, must be closed at midnight—to sit in such a Gallery of Gods is neither to my taste nor to yours; and anyone catching sight of me so placed, has, I admit, a right to adapt the French question to my English understanding by asking me, "What the d—n are you doing in that Gallery?"

"From such dreams of thee I arose," as the poet would, perhaps, have said, had he not written it differently, putting the verb in the present tense first, and omitting the adjective; but there's ne saying what a poet might or might not do. At all events, in brief, I arose from my seat, and having, out of compliment to the artistic *Genius Loci*, drawn myself up to my full length—I mean height—I paused for one moment to see if I was "the observed of all observers." Sir, I was not. This was enough for me, and I at once proceeded with my task. I had determined to make my visit rather of the butterfly touch-and-go kind than to drain the buttercup to the dregs. If you don't like my poetic similes, you can pass them on. Your neighbour's taste may not be yours. I own that, as Your Representative, I do go about dropping pearls and diamonds from my lips like the enchanted maiden; and the enchanted maidens are down on them at once, as though I were STORE AND MORTIMER gone lunatic, and giving jewels away; but, with these exceptions, I know not before whose snout they fall. I address myself to You, Sir, as a model of all that is— But no matter; models are not pictures, and so, as I said before, to my task.

I was first stopped by Mrs. DRUMMOND SMITH, No. 14, painted by GEORGE ROMNEY, and lent by the MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON. It represents a lady with a hat like a paper fire-balloon collapsed in its descent upon her head. The sudden shock has made her hair turn grey.

"And when UDOLPHO saw her locks thus grey,
He wond'ring gazed, nor had one word to say"—

—which would have been my case to a camel's hair had not my eye

caught DOBSON'S Portrait Group just above—evidently placed there by some one with a keen appreciation of the humorous in the fitness of things. The Three Gentlemen here portrayed are discussing the balloon accident below, and explaining how it happened. The argument appears to have been a warm one, as they are in their shirt-sleeves, made, however, of silk.

No. 17. *Portrait of the Hon. Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland.*—He seems to be weary of his own arguments in favour of Scotland, and the Court (myself) is not with him, as I am an advocate for England as a residence.

No. 21. *Portrait of Mrs. Frederick Hemming.*—"Hemming! She's not even sewing!" said my friend WAGG, who had drawn my attention to this picture on purpose to let off this joke. I said, "Tush!" and br— ed the dust off my coat-sleeve at him. Fortunately he observed an acquaintance in a far corner, and was off immediately to bring him to see No. 21, and hear his new conceit. Conceit! Ha! I should think so.

No. 35.—O, MISS LINLEY, afterwards MRS. SHERIDAN, how lovely you are! O, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, O! And if BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P., ever wishes to offer a testimonial to one who knows nothing whatever about him, and for no particular object, let him send the picture, carriage-paid, to the residence of Your Representative, who, as his petitioner, will never cease to pray, at convenient times, &c., &c. Not much less could I say of

No. 49. *Mrs. C. Smith, of Athernie.*—She is Carmichael-Smyth in the Catalogue. But Smyth will ever be Smith to me, and a Rose as Rosse will smell as sweet; just as a Thistle, if called a Geranium, would still be a Thistle to any donkey, Scotch-wise or otherwise.

No. 56. *Portrait of Madame Baccelli, Dancer.* who, with a whole box of rouge on her cheeks, and painted eyes and forehead, might be, in age, the number of her picture; and this number would possibly suggest to the apocryphal—no, I mean the Apocalyptic—DR. CUMMING, one with which he has proved himself very familiar.

57. *A Hunting Scene, by Geo. Morland.*—Like a sustained piano note on a wind instrument, it is long and low.

Entering Gallery the Second, I found the picture of a Japanese lady in Kensington Gardens during a London fog. She is disfiguring the trees, in the absence of the officials. This is labelled No. 59. *Tolle, lege. Ite Capelle*—which was translated by an aspiring classic, "Go to Chapel," which he intended as a correction on the original mistaken reading, "Go it, ye Cripples!"

Hush! not a word. See me, Sir, representing You, stealing on tip-toe up to No. 63, by SMIRKE, R.A. (delicious Thackeray name for a painter!), and watch me as I stand amazed before that eminent artist's picture of "Ghosts Disturbed at Play," but which is cunningly catalogued (so as not to frighten the timid) as *The Nut-Gatherers*.

While in this almost reverential mood, I came upon No. 68, by BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO, which I hold to be a good mouthful, and altogether better than BOB SMIRKE, R.A. No doubt BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO knew what a good dinner was as well as any one, and the specimens in this Gallery (arranged evidently by the same person or persons whose humorous sense of fitness I noticed in No. I.) would go far to prove it.

I should say also that he often took his dinner at a Restaurant, whether he was compelled in consequence of the trouble caused him by his own domestics. Now, while dining at this Restaurant one day, it occurred to B. E. MURILLO, whose servants had, as usual, grumbled at having to feed occasionally on cold meat, "like," they impudently said, "cats," to give them a lesson with his brush. These were, be it remembered, not only old Times, but *good* old Times; and so the Old Master, who had left the Old Missus at home to have it out with the Cook, at once hit upon a subject from Sacred History as parabolically fitted for conveying the moral he had in view. The idea developed into *Abraham Entertaining the Angels* (No. 68). He worked the notion out thoroughly with a cold leg of mutton and a large mince-pie, both probably from models in his own larder. Over the patriarch's arm he placed the likeness of the waiter's napkin, and thus intimated that the Master of the feast was himself obliged to dine at the Restaurants. Such I take to be



'WARE WIRE!

SCENE—*Child and Pony come to Grief.*

MR. PUNCH. "WILL THIS MAKE YOU MOVE YOUR WIRE, MR. GRUBBINS?"

the moral of No. 68. It evidently reformed the household, as in No. 65 BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO paid his servants a compliment which they must have highly appreciated after the rebuke conveyed in the former picture. No. 68 is, as I have said, *Abraham Entertaining the Angels*, and No. 65 is *La Cuisine des Anges*. So farewell for the present, DON BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO. "Farewell, brave Spaniard, and when next"—or, rather, what next? No need to hurry. *Festina lente* is my motto. Halt! The next is No. 80, before which picture I shall be found, then as now,

Most truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I've just seen an advertisement wherein the Alhambra management announces that there is now "Increased comfort and warmth. Draughts entirely stopped." Glad to hear the subject has been so soon ventilated. Your Representative wrote to you, Sir, in Christmas week on that current-of-air topic in those Alhambra Stalls. "Nobody knows," perhaps, as Miss KATHERINE SANTLEY knows, but everyone feels as I feel—about draughts. Let our ears be stopped by CLAY (nothing more pleasant) but not by wool, in dread of, or in consequence of, rheumatic neuralgic aches and pains. I'll catch a tune with anyone any day of the week, but not a cold. *On dit*, that the travelling company of Comedians under the direction of MR. YOUNG, is to appear at the Charing Cross Theatre in a modern piece after the withdrawal of *The Rivals*. This is as it should be: the Old Comedy Company making way for the Young Comedy Company. Adieu, LEONORA!

A Plain Question.

"Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the bosom of the plain."

CAN any naturalist or psychologist explain why the song of the skylark (according to these lines of WORDSWORTH) should produce such peculiar emotions in the breast of persons of unprepossessing appearance?

"IF I WERE A DONKEY."

IF I were a Donkey, I wouldn't go
In deputation to tackle BOB LOWE;
For he'd hit me hard, and he'd cry, "No go!
Go home, Neddy!"

He'd floor my fallacies with a flout;
He'd knock my facts and figures about;
First show me up, and then show me out,
With a "Go home, Neddy!"

You can't persuade him that black is blue,
Nor that one and one make three, not two;
Nor that sauce for goose won't for gander do—
Nor that I'm not Neddy!

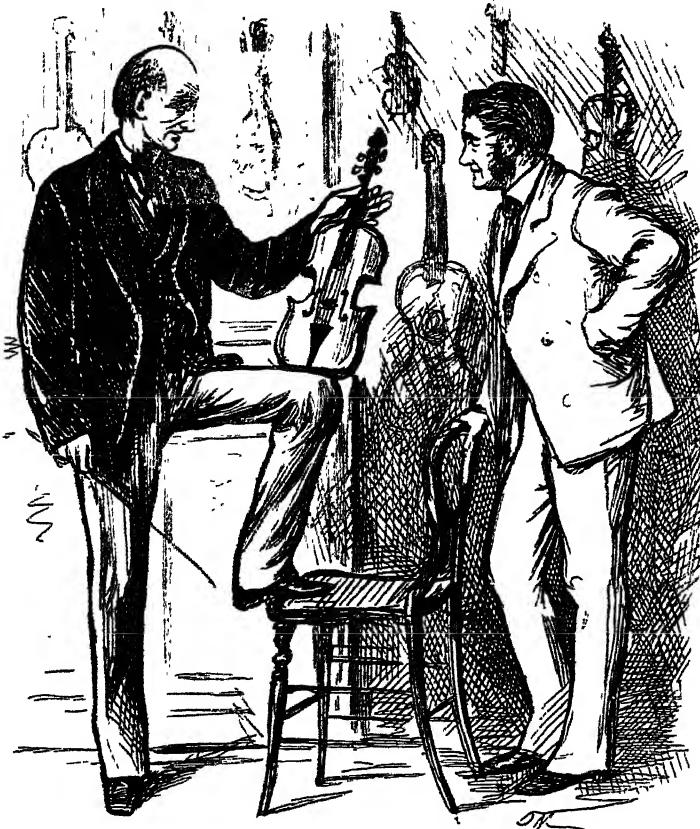
When BRIGGS he talked about "higher laws,"
BOB was down upon him with teeth and claws,
And pinned poor BRIGGS to his "why" and "because,"
Like a poor old Neddy!

When "Shops" came to utter their griefs 'gainst "Stores,"
BOB LOGIC soon brought them down, all-fours,
And poured oil of vitriol in their sores,
The poor old Neddies!

And so it is to whoever may come,
Big-wigs from the Bank, or Roughs from the slum,
He makes himself crusty, to all and some,
And proves they're Neddies.

For his office water-decanter, I think,
His bottle for Deputations to drink,
Is filled from Truth's well, and it makes you wink,
You poor old Neddies!

Well, in these soft times, more smooth than sooth,
There's a virtue in disagreeable truth,
And to tell it, *sans phrase*, my BOB's the youth,
For British Neddies!



GENUINE ENTHUSIASM:

Practical Person (who fondly imagines that Fiddles were made to be played upon).
“WELL, BUT WHAT SORT OF TONE HAS IT GOT?”

Real Connoisseur (who knows better). "TONE BE HANGED! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT? LOOK AT THE VARNISH, MAN! LOOK AT THE DOUBLE PURFLING! LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE CURVES OF THE BACK AND BELLY! WHY, I COULD GAZE AT THAT VIOLIN FOR HOURS, AND I WOULDN'T PART WITH IT FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS!"

PETTICOATS IN PARLIAMENT.

PLEASE, dear *Mr. Punch*, will you use your *powerful influence* to procure for us poor ladies some better seats in Parliament? Of course we don't aspire *at present* to have regular Members' seats, but I do think it's a great shame that we should all be huddled up so in that nasty horrid bird-cage of a Gallery, where nobody can see us or admire our pretty dresses. I'm sure our presence would serve vastly to enliven the debates, if we only were made visible: and it would be so jolly just to catch the SPEAKER's eye, and make him blush, poor man, as he called us all to order! Only see how famously the ladies are treated at Versailles—but then, of course, you know, the French are *perfect models* of politeness:—

"As a rule, it is a severe trial for one's gallantry to see, especially on a field-day, the Chamber swarming with ladies in the best seats, many of whom come, not through the slightest degree of intelligent interest in the debates, but for the fun of the railway journey backwards and forwards, and as they might go to a church or an ordinary theatre to exhibit and compare toilettes. I noticed to-day that one lady had brought her *bonne*, whose plain cap stood out with highly picturesque effect from among the bonnets of the front row. The ladies, in fact—owing, let us hope, to French gallantry, not to French frivolity—are pretty nearly omnipotent in the Chamber, getting as many of the best seats as they like."

There now, fancy *that*! Imagine what a fuss there would be in our Parliament, if we poor ladies all petitioned to be served like our French sisters! You men pretend to love us and admire us and all that, but when will you ever *dream* of letting us become "omnipotent" in Parliament? As for giving your best seats to us, of course, that's *too much* to expect, though I'm sure that we should make the House look vastly prettier. Only think how nice the front benches would look, if filled with gay costumes instead of dowdy broadcloth! And those odious black chimney-pots which men *will*

PRETTY PUSS.

You've read, if not, you are aware
That others have, at least,
A fiction which the name doth bear
Of "Beauty and the Beast."

The Beast and Beauty there are two ;
But, where there's Reason none,
We then those twain too often view
Together joined in one.

"Comparisons with a Long Tail."

A Scots Magnate has just been stating that "the three books most popular in Scotland are the *Bible*, *Bunyan*, and *Burns*, and that he does not know three better ones." The teaching of the two first is found, we suppose, an antidote to the teaching of the third, or the Scotch police would have hard work. But (passing over the irreverence of bracketing the first volume with any other) we will back the English Tinker against the Scotch Exciseman, and we rejoice that the pious countrymen of the latter find the *Interpreter's Sermon* as edifying as *Holy Willie's Prayer*.

Wisdom of Wallflowers.

"To what goal daily we advance
All people know; yet many dance."
"If dancing make you cease to think
Of ills, then better dance than drink."
"Ay, but, though guiltless e'en of Robur,
Perpend that 'no man dances sober.'"

Novel Application.

A CORRESPONDENT, who we fancy has since been advertised for by his friends in the papers, writes to say that it struck him, during the recent Byronic controversy, that the words "there let him lay," might be not inappropriately applied to TATTERSALL'S. This idea of his seems to us to be about on a par with many others which have already appeared in print.

NURSERY RHYME FOR H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED.

Hr didde didde, The Duke and the Fiddle.

persist in wearing even in the House, how much nicer it would be were they all banished to the back, and if the front rows were reserved for elegant new bonnets!

Of course, poor ladies can't expect just yet to use their tongues in a debate, but there could surely be no harm if we might use our eyes a bit. * Now you know the use of ladies' eyes is not merely to see with, but also to be looked at; and I'm sure this latter use would help us very sensibly to influence a debate, although we took no oral part in it. A man would never venture to make a stupid speech if he beheld a formidable row of laughing eyes all ready to make fun of him; and not even MR. AYTON would dare to speak uncivilly, when there were ladies present, with flashing eyes all levelled to shoot out angry glances at him.

Hoping, therefore, soon to have a proper seat in Parliament, and not be cooped up in the bird-cage, as though I were a parrot, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, your weekly reader and *adorer*,

AMY ARABELLA ANNE.

P.S.—I'm sure that *English* ladies are quite capable of taking an "intelligent interest" in debates, and would never dream of going there "for fun," for Parliament has grown so sternly serious of late that now-a-days there's never any fun in *English* politics.

Caucasian Courtliness.

SCENE—About Westminster. Two Distinguished Personages meeting. First Person BARON R-TESCH-LD. Second Person, ET. HON. B. D-SRA-LI.

Baron R-thsch-ld. My dear BEN, you can answer me this. Who would you say would be the best representative of the élite of Society, eh?

Rt. Honourable B. D-sra-li. My dear Baron, no flattery, but the best representative of the élite of any Society must be—ahem—an Israélite. [Exeunt both, arm-in-arm.]



A RANK DECEPTION.

Private Smithers. "BLESS'D IF I HAVEN'T LOST 'ALF A STONE IN WEIGHT, A TOILIN' UP THE CASTLE HILL TO THESE 'ERE FIELD-DAYS!"

Private Leary. "HÓULD YER WHISHT THERE, TIM! IF THE OFFICERS HEAR YE, THEY'LL BE THRYIN' YE BY COORT-MARTIAL FOR MAKIN' AWAY WID GOVER'MENT PROPERTY!!"

S. ALIAS AND S. ALIBI.

Our respected Catholic contemporary, the *Tablet*, is somewhat exercised because *Mr. Punch* ventured, in the most good-natured manner to suggest that his Holiness the POPE (of whom *Mr. Punch* never speaks or thinks disrespectfully) might have told certain Roman children a better story than that of the alleged discovery of the bones of SS. Philip and Jacob. Now, it was precisely because the POPE is notoriously gifted with humour, as well as other fine qualities, that *Mr. Punch* made the observation, and a candid Catholic should have perceived a compliment to the Head of his Church. But the *Tablet* objects to *Mr. Punch's* mode of spelling a certain name. *Mr. P.* is not greatly troubled on this, as he has referred to DR. WILLIAM SMITH (a better authority than the whole Sacred College put together), and finds that in the memoir of S. Philip the name is spelt by the learned SMITH as *Mr. Punch* spelt it. The great point made by the *Tablet* is, unluckily, its weakest. It asserts that it was the Lesser S. James whose remains were brought to Rome. If the Saint is the lesser, the miracle is the bigger. For whereas it is known where Great S. James was buried, Catholic writers are divided in opinion as to whether the Lesser James was interred in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or in the Mount of Olives. But it equally happened five hundred years before the foundation of the Church where the relics are supposed to be. The *Tablet* says "it is believed" that they were translated. Well, it is *not* believed by rational persons. But let difference of belief never alter friendship; and *Mr. Punch* blots the *Tablet's* unkindness from the tablets of his memory.

A Preference Pedigree.

I HAD rather be the descendant of SIR THOMAS LUCY than SHAKESPEARE'S. As the former I should boast of a good old English pedigree; and there would be no invidious comparison drawn between me and my ancestor.

THE BEST-ABUSED NATION.

WHY do the German Scribes take up the tale
Of England's cowardice, decline, décadé,
Dropt by the French, who likewise used to rail,
And compliments, by scoffs and slanders, pay?

But these just now have other work on hand
Than any which they know we should oppose.
On Belgium no designs by France are planned;
So we are not abused as looked-for foes.

Mere cause for love to Germans we have given.
What can the meaning of their rancour be?
Do they, too, by prophetic fury driven,
Detest us for a reason they foresee?

Of "woe to those of whom all men speak well,"
The converse also could we take for true,
In what serenity might Britons dwell,
Maligned, derided, feared, the wide world through!

The Nations are assured we ne'er shall fight
Until we need, and then we shall, they know.
Hence their effusions of envenomed spite,
Which, eke, in part, from savage envy flow.

But, gentle JOHN, let Brothers ne'er provoke
Thee, whilst they do but curse, and wish thy fall.
Speak the sweet words which NELSON, partly, spoke,
Say, "Bless those Foreigners, I love them all!"

ADVICE TO CRITICS.—Fling not dirt at new discoveries, lest hereafter you may have to eat it.



THURSDAY, February 6, 1873.—The Legislative Engine, which has been out of gear for some months, was again set going. The new Lord Chancellor, LORD SELBORNE, *olim* Sir Roundell PALMER, delivered the Queen's Speech in an admirable manner. The Natural History of Selborne should state that he has a highly-educated voice.

The Speech began with a pleasant phrase :

"I greet you cordially on your re-assembling for the discharge of your momentous duties."

HER MAJESTY was pleased to note the following points :—

Friendship with all Foreign Powers.

Dispatch of Envoy to suppress the Slave Trade in East Africa.

German Emperor's decision in favour of America, as regards the Haro Channel.

We submit, and evacuate St. Juan.

Geneva Arbitration decision in favour of America, as regards the Direct Claims.

We submit, and you will be asked for the money.

We are very much obliged to the German Emperor, and to the Tribunal at Geneva.

[*Sovereigns should be polite, your Majesty, but really—* Extradition Treaty with KING OF THE BELGIANS.

New Commercial Treaty with France is in hand.

England and Russia agree that the northern frontier of Afghanistan should be defined. There has been correspondence on the topic.

[*By the way, your Majesty, it seems to occur to nobody that on the whole the Afghans themselves might just be asked where they think their country ends.*

The Estimates will be as moderate as possible, considering how high certain prices are.

Harvest somewhat deficient, but trade, revenue, and decrease of pauperism and crime generally satisfactory.

A measure will be submitted for settling the question of University Education in Ireland.

[*Heard ye the din of battle-bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?*]

Many measures which you have already considered, you will be good enough to consider again. Specially, you must create a Supreme Court of Judicature. Also, you will hear of proposals

For making Land Transfer easier.

For amending Local Taxation.

[*The only remark on this, your Majesty, is "Ah!"*]

For amending the Education Act of 1870.

[*Another exclamation would be pardonable here, your Majesty, but Mr. Punch is as polite as any Sovereign.*]

For amending Railway and Canal Law.

The Speech ended with a Prayer for the Highest Guidance and Favour; and MR. DISRAELI, at the end of his speech on the Address, expressed his opinion that never were these more needed than now.

LORD CLARENCE (once the "little LORD HYDE, with his Chewtor," of one of THACKERAY's Irish Ballads) moved the Address in the Lords. He introduced a graceful reference to the death of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, and, after a brief sketch of the topics of the Speech, modestly expressed a fear that with almost unparalleled effrontery he had ventured "to rush in where angels fear to tread." We like a young gentleman to quote, but LORD CLARENCE is no fool, and we are not aware that any angels in particular have been deterred from making remarks on Geneva and Trinity College, Dublin.

LORD MONTEAGLE seconded with ability and conciseness, and said "he should rejoice as an Irishman" if the Education question were duly settled. We have seen Irishmen rejoice in a very demonstrative way, and have shared their rejoicings; but he ought not to have threatened this in the presence of the Bishops. Still, he has precedent in the case of the Blameless King, in *Tom Thumb*—

"To-night

It is our royal pleasure to be drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we."

The EARL OF DERBY, having complimented his young friends on the talent and moderation of their orations, thought the description of the state of the country rather rose-coloured, considering that the battle between Capital and Labour was never fiercer. Our income had increased, but it was because we imbibed more, in fact "we had drunk ourselves out of the American difficulty." The Irish Press was gagged, and a tremendous Coercion Act was ready to the Viceroy's hand, so we can hardly talk of improved good feeling in Ireland. He hoped the Irish Education question would be settled, but anything that would satisfy the Dominant Hierarchy would offend the rest of us, and would certainly not find its way up to the Lords. (*Will He Clear It?*) He heartily welcomed LORD SELBORNE, and hoped, rather than expected, that he would accomplish law reform. That sea was strewn with wrecks. He trusted the Zanzibar business was not to get us into all sorts of messes, and that the Afghanistan business did not mean the extension of our frontier. He suggested that by a Government blunder the St. Juan decision, which might have been in our favour, was necessarily adverse. Emphatically, there was nothing to be congratulatory about, as regarded the Washington Treaty. The Americans would never have gone to war for that money, and we certainly have not made them better friends by allowing them to outwit us. Moreover, we have enacted a most mischievous set of new Rules. However, he was glad to hear that the Speech menaced nothing of a violent or revolutionary character.

[*On the whole, the criticism can hardly be called gushing, or even affectionate, my Lord.*]

The Foreign Secretary, LORD GRANVILLE, after warning his young friends that the display of such talents entitled the House to look for their future exercise, intimated that he considered LORD DERBY's speech as a Wet Blanket. *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon of "Humble Pie" seems to have occurred to LORD GRANVILLE, and he objected to the charge that the dish in question had been consumed. He answered LORD DERBY with considerable adroitness, on most points, but people want to know what the Foreign Minister had to say about Russia and India. Well, it is this, and when you have read it, *Mr. Punch* will only softly say, with the *Silent Woman* (before she breaks out as a termagant), "Judge you, forsooth," which word is the Saxon *forsythe*, and is much used by weak vessels, who think that it sounds nobly indignant.

"If a party says 'forsooth,'
Please knock out that party's tooth."

We are not frivolous—we are keeping away from an unpleasant fact. However, out it must come. LORD GRANVILLE stated that the late LORD CLARENCE declared that the Afghanistan line ought to be drawn, and told Russia so. Russia talked and talked, and nothing was done. LORD GRANVILLE took the same view, told Russia so, and Russia allowed that it was right, but objected to the line being drawn as England desired. But the St. Petersburg Government assures us that nothing like that ought to be a cause of quarrel, and LORD GRANVILLE is so sure of the CZAR'S good intentions that he begs we will believe all is right. But, the fact stands that two British Foreign Ministers have demanded the line since 1859, and it is not drawn in 1873.

LORDS SALISBURY and CAIRNS had hard things to say on the American question. The latter highly eulogised SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN'S statement of the case, on which MR. LOWE had been petulant, but it would be remembered when his "financial eccentricities" should be forgotten.

The LORD CHANCELLOR'S maiden speech was then delivered, but it was nearly restricted to an argument that the Arbitrators' Rules introduced no new principles of law, and that we were not bound by any mere propositions advanced in discussion at Geneva.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND then castigated the Government and a good many other persons, and when he was tired, we suppose, His Grace left off. Anyhow, he left off, and that was the main thing, though we did not get to dinner till past nine, which is too late. Of course, the Address was agreed to.

In the House of Commons, MR. GLADSTONE was loudly applauded, and when MR. DISRAELI came in he was markedly cheered from both sides, and there is no need to remind any one what that greeting signified. The House of Commons is, for the present at all events, an assembly of Gentlemen, and not "a habitation for Zim and Jim and every unclean thing."

Very many notices were given, and several of our old friends are to the front with their accustomed absurdities, whereof, and with the movers thereof, let us hope to make good sport, literary and pictorial, when the blunders blossom.

"When the child is man, we burn the rod,"

says MR. BROWNING; but some children will not grow up, and so *Mr. Punch's* rod remains unconsumed, and pickled in pure malt vinegar. Perhaps he may try a little Tunding on the more heinous offenders, and make them "galled geese of Winchester."

MR. LYTTLETON (East Worcestershire) moved, and MR. STONE (Portsmouth) seconded the Address. Both did credit to themselves, the latter gentleman especially distinguishing himself as anything but a stone of stumbling.

MR. DISRAELI remarked on the preponderance of Foreign Affairs in the Speech, and approved this. The House should remember that it was not only a Vestry, but a Senate. But he went at once to the Irish Education item, and remarking sarcastically on the difficulty of reconciling the advancement of learning with the rights of "conscience," hoped that the promise did not only mean the sacrifice of a famous and learned University to substitute for it the mechanical mediocrity of an Examining Board. He thought the last (secular) paragraph had been drawn up by somebody who had studied all the vagrant rhetoric of the recess. That was a safety-valve; but treason talk should be regarded as the autumn foliage. We ought to get to business in serious fashion. But he saw small chance of this, after the programme. We should have hurry-scurry debates, helter-skelter legislation, and a terrible July. Then, at considerable length he censured things generally, but added that Russia had a right to try to get at the sea, as this way only could she feed her people, and supply raw material for industry. But if she tried more than this, she must be resisted. Her idea of seizing Constantinople was a freak of ambition; her attempt to conquer India a distempered dream.

MR. HORSMAN was cleverly bitter about America, but was as cleverly told by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE that his speech should have been made last year. MR. WHITE said something offensive about the builders of the *Alabama*, for which MR. LAIRD promptly called



ARCADES AMBO.

Oliver (who has come in the same Cab with Roland). "YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, FOR I HEARD YOU REHEARSING THE IDIOTIC STORY YOU'RE GOING TO TELL AT SUPPER!"

Roland. "AND YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! FOR I HEARD YOU REHEARSING THE IDIOTIC SONG YOU'RE GOING TO SING AFTER!"

him to account, and elicited the declaration that MR. WHITE had not meant to assail that gentleman.

MR. GLADSTONE, after compliments to the new speakers, and a becoming and respectful reference to MR. DISRAEELI's bereavement, instinctively applied himself to the Irish Education question ("Heard ye the din?" etc.) as that on which battle must come. He declared that the advancement of learning in Ireland was not irreconcileable with the sanctity of rights of conscience. The task would be difficult, but he relied on the support of Parliament, and favourable construction. He thought we ought to regard Russia's expedition to Khiva as we should have insisted on our own into Abyssinia being regarded. Due care would be taken of our commercial interests in dealing with France. He then replied to MR. DISRAEELI on the American question, and contended that though we had, of course, gained no certainty of perpetual peace, we had brought a very large number of irritating matters to a peaceful issue, and he believed that, on the whole, this nation took the right view of the business, unpleasant as it might be to hand over money.

MR. HARDY and MR. VERNON HARCOURT spoke; and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER denied that he had meant to be rude to SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN. But he (MR. LOWE) had a sincere horror and detestation of war, which arbitration prevented, but judgment should be given without reasons.

LORD BURY thought Canada had been hardly treated, and had at least deserved kindly mention in the Speech. SIR S. NORTHCOTE said that Canada had not been ill-treated at all. He knows.

The Address was agreed to, and we went away about half-past eleven.

There, Madam, for whom *Mr. Punch*, with pride and humility (mixed) usually distils this Ess. Parl. Bouquet! He has felt it his duty, in recording the opening night, to be slightly instructive, because he wishes you to understand the position of Men and Questions. But he promises you that in the future, you shall have less of the Parliament talk and more of his own delightful epigrams,

COMPROMISE WITHOUT CONCESSION.

THE orthodox defenders of the Athanasian Creed, how zealous soever, may yet be said, in holding their late meeting at St. James's Hall and the Hanover Square Rooms in two parts simultaneously, to have been doing things by halves. That, however, is a remark to which, as it may seem to savour of buffoonery, they will perhaps not be disposed to pay any very serious attention. They were, in reality, most enthusiastic, their numbers were very great, their respectability was the highest, and, as the *Post*, in commenting on their assembly, truly says:—

"The intelligence of the vast audience is to be taken into account."

Yes; and it must have been considerably above the average if they were capable of understanding the Creed of St. Athanasius. Of course they are capable of understanding it who really believe it. Equally, of course, those who really disbelieve it can understand it too. May there not, though, be very many people who believe that they believe it, and also, perhaps, as many who believe that they disbelieve it, and are all of them on both sides alike mistaken? Do not they, together, constitute the vast majority? Do the English words of the Athanasian Creed, translated, convey to their minds any ideas that would not in truth be as effectually conveyed, even to those the least learned, by the original *Quicunque vult?* Now this question seems to suggest a way out of a controversy which may be thought to afford a great deal too much amusement to Papists and Dissenters. Could not Convocation ask Parliament to allow the creed of St. Athanasius, exceptionally, to be recited in Latin? By this expedient very much would be done to prevent the possibility of any contention as to its meaning. Those who hold by the Athanasian Creed would be assured that they heard its genuine version, and, as for the rest, it would offend the ears of very few, whilst then also it would really and truly be read no more at all than it is now in "a tongue not understood of the people."

Good Old Stuff.

ON Candlesmas day it was dark, and snowed.
A spell of mild weather has thence been due.
By your doggerel rhymes antique we're told.
But the weather has since been bitterly cold.

which are your pride and joy and chief delight—apples of gold in pictures of silver—fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. There will be some fun this Session, Madam, and perhaps wigs on the green.

Friday.—"They have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps," says one of SHAKESPEARE's characters. To-night members seem to have come in, like good little children, to eat up the dessert. Numbers of small speeches, on the topics of last night, were made. Nothing worth note was said, except that MR. GLADSTONE, being questioned as to the course of legislature, wisely said that he had learned by experience "to do one thing at a time." So, to adapt SHAKESPEARE again, "Go to, now for your one thing which you will do."

REGISTRAR-GENERALISATION.

A "GREEN YULE" has ceased to make "a fat churchyard." Weather which is "muggy" and "unseasonable" no longer favours the diffusion of zymotic diseases. These conclusions are drawn by the Deputy-Registrar from figures afforded by the experience of this one past year. Is that exactly the way to reason, medical gentlemen and philosophers? Suppose that in a given district, undrained, the death-rate during a certain space of time, had, comparatively to that of adjoining drained districts, declined. Would you jump to the conclusion that cesspools are salubrious? Are we quite sure that we have not just passed through a season exceptional from unascertained causes, which, in its extraordinary effects on the Public Health, have constituted it the exception which proves the rule?

HARD TIMES.

MR. PUNCH once gave a memorable word of advice "To Persons about to Marry." He feels it to be his duty now to repeat it with a reasonable addition—"Don't"—until coals are cheaper.



ST. VALENTINE STYLITES.

MR. PUNCH BEGS TO SUGGEST TO THE POWERS THAT BE, THAT THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, IN THE CAPACITY OF CENSOR, SHOULD HAVE HIS POWER EXTENDED TO THE EXAMINATION, EXPURGATION, AND, IF NECESSARY, REJECTION OF VALENTINES. WORTHY AND COMPETENT OFFICERS COULD BE STATIONED AT ALL POST-OFFICES, PILLAR-BOXES, &c., FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING INVESTIGATIONS.

WILL HE CLEAR IT?

O, Hunting in Ireland's the height o' good sport :
Her horses the last to leap shy or short :
Her ditches the softest and sweetest for falls :
Her fences the break-neckest style of stone walls :
Her riders the scornfullest of a spill :
Her foxes the cutest and hardest to kill :
Her hounds the choicest for nose and wind :
Her covers the surest a fox to find :
But unless you'd as soon come to grief as not,
And out of the saddle don't mind being shot,
And little reck risking brain or bone,
You'd better leave hunting in Ireland alone.

Ne'er was M.F.H. from the Saxon side,
Who safe through an Irish run could ride ;
But let nerve and judgment be what they might,
And mount and seat be never so right,
Before the pack had come to a kill
He found it with him a case of spill.
Either he rode too hard at first,
And was pumped out just as it came to the burst :
Or his hand was too light, or too hard his hold :
Or he craned at his fences, or went too bold :
Or he fancied the ditches too easy to clear ;
Or he thought the walls higher than they were ;
But let him be slow, or let him be fast,
He found himself come to grief at last.

Than GLADSTONE, who hunts the St. Stephen's pack,
A pluckier rider ne'er crossed a back ;
And as if at home he hadn't enough
Of yawning raspers and fences tough,

SABBATARIANS ON STRIKE.

At a meeting held the other day at Merthyr by Welsh Colliers on strike (bless them !), in the course of a speech made, according to the *Times*, by one HALLIDAY :—

"A copy of the *Illustrated News* of Saturday last was produced, and an illustration representing a dog-fight as the Sunday occupation of Welsh Colliers was denounced with great emphasis, which was endorsed by the meeting."

Religious and sensitive Welsh Colliers could not but resent the imputation of being used to divert themselves with dog-fighting on Sundays. Yet there is something to be said for the contemplation of dog-fighting on any day whatsoever, if not on Sunday especially :—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."

The best of reasons is assigned by DR. WATTS for letting them ; and therefore also it might be argued that what dogs are constituted to delight in doing men may properly delight to see. But sophistry apart, undoubtedly the Welsh Colliers on strike could spend Sunday better than in attending dog-fights. Works of necessity are acknowledged even by Sabbatarians to be lawful on Sunday ; and, considering the coal-famine which those colliers are wickedly inflicting on the community, thus depriving people of a necessary of life, they might perceive that they would act like Christians, and not otherwise, in choosing that day whereon to return to their work. The better the day the better the deed. There cannot be a better day than Sunday for doing the work of repentance. At present these pious fellows are keeping every day as a Sabbath, or in other words keeping a Sabbath *sine die*. Not only on the First Day of the Week are they doing no manner of work, but they remain equally idle on every other.

Confessio Amantis.

I've often loved a dear Gazelle
(By which I mean a maiden fair,)
For her I've purchased from RIMMEL
A Valentine most gay and rare.
And on its beauty she has smiled,
It was so sweet she could not choose,
Then said (it made me, O, so wild),
"RIMMEL's a duck, but you're a goose!"

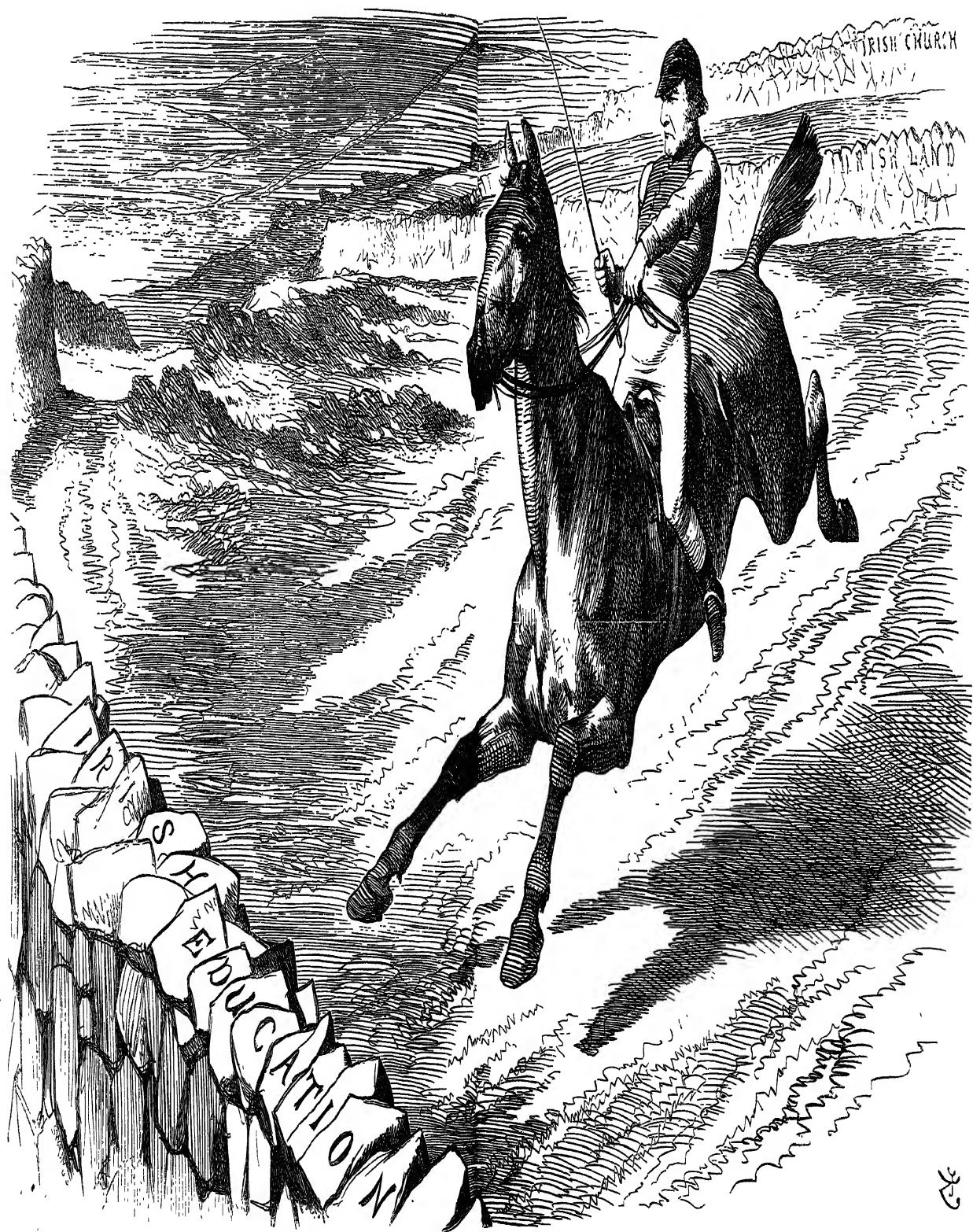
THE BRIGAND'S BANKER.—Ransom.

As the three last seasons have come round,
He has tried his luck over Irish ground ;
And let the chaffers chaff their worst,
Thus far he has gone in flight the first ;
Has had his run, and has seen his kill,
With scarce a shake, and never a spill,
And, riding pluckily up to the pack,
Has brought two Irish brushes back,
To flank his side-board on either hand,
One labelled "Church," and the other "Land."

And now, elated by what he's done,
He's out again for an Irish run ;
But this time over harder ground,
For horse and rider, as well as hound.
He managed to clear without a pitch
That ugly yawner, Tenant-right Ditch ;
And left the Slows of the field in the lurch,
At the rotten old fence round the Protestant Church ;
But now comes a harder leap to clear,
And much more serious cropper to fear,
For right in his way, thick, threatening, and tall,
Is the double-ditched Education-wall.
If that leap don't give GLADSTONE a shake,
He is a rider, and no mistake !

One for Himself.

THE other day the Claimant applied to the authorities of the parish which is at present honoured by his residence, requesting them to repair their roads. Had Mr. Punch been among the parochial magnates, his answer would have been "That they would repair their roads when the applicant should mend his ways."



"WILL HE CLEAR IT?"

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.



which might expose him to risk on a Friday, has looked into the Authorities (SMITH's *Classical Dictionary*, *The Statesman's Year Book*, his own *Pocket-Book*, &c.), and is now prepared to give the following opinion on the important question which has been submitted to him.

1. It is not unlucky to send a Valentine on Friday if it has been previously inspected and approved by the parents or guardians of the young person sending it, or if he or she happens to be a Ward in Chancery, by the LORD CHANCELLOR. But—and these are the points to be particularly attended to—the communication must be dated in full, subscribed with the name, address, and occupation of the sender, and, if forwarded through the post-office, left open at both ends.

2. It is not unlucky to receive a Valentine on Friday, provided it is first opened and examined by the father or mother, or other responsible relation, of the Minor to whom it is addressed, before it is placed in his or her hands. If it is in manuscript, it must not contain any original composition, but consist solely of one or more extracts or quotations from any of the following works—*Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful*, *Chambers's Book of Days*, *Maurer's Treasures* (including the adages which border the pages), and *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*.

3. Subject to these restrictions, and the usual Postal Regulations, Mr. Punch sees no reason why the circumstance of St. Valentine's Day falling on a Friday should interfere with the attentions so long accustomed to be (pre) paid to that Saint and Bishop on the fourteenth of February.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Finishes the Old Masters, lunches with his friend WAGG, and addresses the Editor as usual.

No. 69. *The Lock and the Mill.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—Any visitor expecting to see the portraits of two philosophers will be disappointed. Those who expect only a Lock and a Mill will look at the picture with such misty feelings as befit a Turner-esque taste, and will choose for themselves which is the Lock and which is the Mill,—whichever you like, my little dears, and so pass on to

No. 71. *Portrait of a Gentleman, Unknown, in a Black Dress, Wearing a Ruff.* SIR ANT. VANDYCK.—The ruff looks as though it were wearing him, and the Gentleman Unknown seems to be bearing it patiently. The portrait of this *Homo Incognitus* might be termed “Aristocrat worried by a Ruff.” The labelling Committee have settled him as a Gentleman, Unknown. It looks like a reward offered for his discovery. Let this be a warning to all who have

their portraits taken to write their names legibly on the back and in the corner. If the likeness is not flattering, that is, in your opinion not truthful, write somebody else's name (an enemy's) on it, or indorse your opinion of the Artist's incapability on the back of the canvas, thus, “This was intended by SNYDERS, R.A. for me, TOMKINS. I paid him five hundred pounds for it, and it isn't in the least like. I wish Posterity to understand that I was a precious sight better looking than this. I remain Posterity's devoted admirer, TOMKINS, St. Luke's, Chelsea, Vestryman.”

I stop here to make a remark concerning the Policemen on duty. They are, I suppose, specially selected for this sort of work. I know immediately what my friend WAGG would say; he'd point them out as “specimens of CONSTABLE,” and chuckle over this for five minutes. I did not notice one of this intelligent force wasting his time in admiring a picture. To them the only study of Mankind is Man. They lounge about (they can't do otherwise), with a defiantly permissive air, which seems to say, “Yes, you can walk in and see it; O, yes, certainly; it amuses you, and it doesn't hurt me. Walk in. Only don't ask us anything about it, that's all.”

They are, for all their *insouciance*, on the alert, and I felt sure that any attempt on my part to walk off with, for example, *The Boar Hunt*, by SNYDERS (39 inches by 53 inches), would be detected before I should be able to reach the front door. I think I could manage to escape the notice of the Turnstile Men; or, if questioned, I should say that I was the noble lender, the EARL OF DENBIGH, and had come to take it home. However, on my honour, and as Your Representative, I shall not make the trial.

No. 80. *Snyder's Boar Hunt.*—What nice dogs to have about the house. Snarleyows every one of them. Observe especially the hound that has brought the boar to book at last. The poor animal, of what WAGG calls the Tuscan race, is nailed by a wretched dirty white dog with spots on it, which is neither of pure Dalmatian nor of Danish breed, but is only to be described as a Currant Dumpling Dog. Now, my Reader, who are taking This Representative as your guide, just walk on rapidly to No. 124 in the Third Gallery. It is a *Portrait of a Young Man in dark Robes trimmed with Fur*, painted by JACOPO ROBUSTI, alias TINTORETTO (J. ROBUSTI knew what a name was worth well enough), and probably presented to the Young Man as discount by his tailor. “Be that as it may,” as WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR used to say, what I wish you to observe is the fur. This Young Man (whose name, perhaps, is NORVAL on the Grampian Hills) has evidently killed that Currant Dumpling Dog, and trimmed his robes with it. Between these two pictures, No. 80 and No. 124, there is this mysterious link.

No. 80.

This is the Dog

That worries the Hog

As shown in the picture by SNYDERS.

And

No. 124.

This is the Youth in robes fur-trimmed
Whom JACOPO TINTORETTO limned.

Who killed the Dog

That worried the Hog,

As shown in the picture by SNYDERS.

And now, if you please, placed in the corner for being such a bad picture, remark

No. 125. *Portrait of Mariana of Austria, Second Wife of Philip the Fourth*, by Diego Velasquez.

I should imagine that PHILIP THE FOURTH had had a considerable row with MARIANA, and had determined to have her portrait painted by a great Master as a present insult and an immortal revenge. The great Master had perhaps received private instructions on the subject. Quite a little tale of King, Queen, and Knave. As representing You, Sir, and as pretending to no more knowledge of painting than of side-dishes—whereof I can confidently say when they please me, and when they do not, adding, diffidently, a hint as to what might, probably, be done to render them exactly to my taste—premising this, I ask what and where is the beauty of this picture?

“My dear Sir,” somebody will reply, “it is a Velasquez.” Quite so, Somebody. Now, Somebody, come with me to

No. 149. *Portrait of Don Andrian Pulido Pareja, Knight of Santiago, Admiral of the Fleet of New Spain*, by the same DIEGO VELASQUEZ.

Do you recognise the same touch? Do you at all recognise the same Master? If you do, tell me, Gentle Shepherd, and I will listen. But do not tell me, for to this I will not listen, that No. 125 is a good specimen of VELASQUEZ, or to be presented to the public as anything but a specimen of what the artist could do when he didn't like the subject, or when acting under the orders of an Imperial patron who happened also to be a spiteful and cynical husband. Juan de Pareja (No. 141), and Andrian Pulido Pareja (No. 149), are two Velasquez, for which the owners may thank Heaven, and make no boast.

No. 130. *Vandyck's Madame Kirk.*—Very attractive to Presbyterian Ministers. Scotch Episcopalian claim it as a portrait of Mother Church. Doctors disagree.



“RELAPSE.”

Squire. “WHY, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, STANDING BY THE WALL OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A TEE-TOTALLER!”

Pat. “YES, YER HONNOR I'M JUST LISTENIN' TO THEM IMPENITENT BOYS DRINKIN' INSIDE!”

No. 137, the picture of a dear old lady, by REMBRANDT, the advertiser of the Lacemakers of his time, evidently saying “Boys will be Boys;” pass on to

No. 38, VANDYCK's charming Countess of Devonshire, quite the Devonshire *crème de la crème*; and on to

No. 139, where return the roguish glance of the *espiaque* LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL, daughter of WILLIAM, Earl of Albemarle, by SIR JOSHUA.

Ah! SIR JOSHUA, it must have been very nearly a miracle to have succeeded in making that daughter stand still even for five minutes in your studio! Why the sun at Ajalon was nothing to it.

Now, Sir, as Your Representative, I have no time to lose, so must hurry on to

No. 199, *Captain the Honourable Augustus Keppel, R.N.* Another Sir Joshua. There's the HONOURABLE AUGUSTUS, in full uniform, standing on the sea-shore of some favourite watering-place, and evidently saying to himself, on seeing the lowering clouds, “There, I thought it was going to rain, and I've come out with my sword, instead of my umbrella! Just like me!” And I have no doubt that the portrait was “just like him.”

No. 204. *Portrait in Armour of the Earl of Warwick*, by VANDYCK. The Earl looks as silly as might be expected in the circumstances. The Artist has exactly caught his expression at the moment of his mentally soliloquising, “What an ass I'm making of myself!” This is painful. Let us on.

Nos. 224 and 226. *Head of a Rabbi* (SHEE) and *Boy with a Rabbit* (RAEBURN).

No. 400. *Portrait of Lady Rumbold and her Children*, by SIR JOSHUA, in *tempera*.

“*Tempera mutantur*,” says WAGG, and insists upon my lunching with him at his Club. As representing You, Sir, I yielded. But this, in return for his hospitality, was what I had to listen to. *A propos* of the Exhibition of Old Masters, I was saying, “Now, who should you say, seriously, comes first?” WAGG replies, “I don't know who comes first, but, by the Catalogue, I see Van der Goes first.” I smile. Presently, says he, “What artists' pictures

ought PICKFORD & Co. to buy?” I thought; but he answered himself, “Why, the Dutch artists, because they are nearly all *Vans*.” With the fish he recommended: “Which of these *Vans* would be the heaviest to remove?” I gave it up. “Van LEYDEN,” says he. I let the joke pass, and stopped the bottle. WAGG was full of it. I have reason to think he was rehearsing on me the witticisms which he was going to try that evening at a dinner-party. “It's odd,” said WAGG, “that there should be only one single picture by DUBBELS. There are works by LIPPI under your very nose. GLOVER seems a handy fellow. I observe, from the Royal Academy's list, that the BISHOP of WINCHESTER is Chaplain. Didn't SANT, R.A., paint his portrait? Yes, I think I remember his picture by SAMUEL. In bed, too. Pretty subject. The last name,” continued WAGG, at cheese time, “in the book is what all R.A.'s, and Associates, too, all, in fact, who do the best pictures, must look forward to for immortalisation. It is GRAVES. It is R. GRAVES who en-graves.” Fortunately, at this point I was called out, not by an antagonist, but by a friend, and left WAGG meditating many more jokes in the Academy Catalogue.

So ends my visit to the Old Masters.

The Representative Men—some of them the Mis-Representative Men—have met at Westminster, and I hear of the Opera commencing early (not before eight or half-past, though), where, and elsewhere, I shall always be happy to appear as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Great Expectations.

SOMEBODY living, it would seem, at Wimbledon, not, as might have been expected, in Utopia, wants “Four Obliging Servants.” Probably the advertiser is just commencing housekeeping and servant-keeping. On no other supposition does it seem possible to account for the publication of such an extravagant demand. “Early rising” is stated to be “indispensable.” Let us hope that all four servants will oblige their master and mistress in this respect at least, and vie with one another in emulating the larks on Wimbledon Common.



TRUE TACT.

Mrs. Silvertongue (who has been chatting most agreeably to Mr. Wilkes for the last two hours). "O, DON'T TALK TO ME OF UGLY MEN, MR. WILKES! I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER EVEN SPEAKING TO ONE!"

[*Mr. Wilkes, who is rather sick of being told by Women that they on the whole object to good looks in the male sex, appreciates the remark immensely.*

HINTS TO MAKE HOUSES WHOLESOME.

(By a Pupil of the late Dr. Swift.)

ALWAYS keep the windows shut; for thus you not only prevent unwholesome draughts, but stop the smuts from flying in and dirtying the furniture.

Never sweep under the beds, or the sofas, or the sideboards, but allow the dust to remain there undisturbed, for otherwise its particles might float into the air, and injure respiration.

For the same reason, suffer the "flue" to settle on the tops of wardrobes, pictures, bookcases, and cabinets, and refrain from injuring your health by attempting to remove it.

When visitors are expected, and you are honoured with instructions to clear out a bedroom closet, or perhaps a chest of drawers for them, do so in as gentle a manner as you can, and spread clean paper on the shelves without disturbing the dust which there has peacefully accumulated.

Always put away your wine-glasses and decanters without washing them; and when a flower-vase is sent down from the drawing-room, let the water remain in it to be ready for next time. You thus may save yourself much trouble, and avoid the risk of breakage.

When you are directed to light a bedroom fire for an unexpected visitor, never look to ascertain if the register be closed. Should the room be filled with smoke, recollect that fumigation is prescribed as a means to stop infection.

Take it for granted that all the household linen has been well aired at the wash, and do not disturb your mind by any doubts upon the subject.

If damp sheets are the consequences, and illness should ensue from them, you will have the consolation of reflecting that your carelessness has been the means of bringing profit to an honourable member of the medical profession, and that your master, and not you, will have to pay the charges.

It is convenient to keep a dirty cloth or two underneath the sofa

cushions, in order to be handy to wipe up any mess which you unluckily may make, in case you should upset the milk-jug while you are handing round the tea-tray.

If you are bidden to poke the fire (particularly in the library, where you find your master intensely busy at his writing-desk), do so with all the violence and vehemence that you can muster, in order that the dust may fly into the room, instead of falling in the ash-pan, whence you would have to undergo the labour of removing it.

When you go to light the gas, always turn it fully on before you strike your match, which you will take care to keep damp and probably incombustible. A slight escape of gas not merely imparts a piquant perfume to a room, but serves to turn the observation from detecting even more offensive odours.

Never shake the rugs and doormats, or so much as even stir them, if you possibly can help it. A goodly quantity of dirt may thus be snugly stored beneath them, and need not be dislodged until the yearly cleaning.

If your mistress be attached to pug-dogs, cats, or parrots, encourage her to let them have their meals at the same table as herself, and refrain from sweeping up the scraps which they may leave, lest they afterwards may wish for them.

If canaries be her pets, do not clean their cages oftener than once in every month or so, and fill up their baths and drinking fountains without previously emptying them.

Above all things bear in mind that scrubbing is a painful and degrading operation, and abstain therefore as much as possible from practising it.

MEDIUMISTIC.

THE "Haunted Houses" of Tokenhouse Yard were sold the other day. It is said that they were bought by the Spirits as a *pied à terre*.

THE BEST VALENTINE (THIS YEAR).—A Ton of Coals.

A CHEAP INDEMNITY.

Too much credit cannot be given to MR. GLADSTONE for having "volunteered to pay the reasonable costs incurred by DR. HESSEL" in his defence, and "also to provide the necessary funds for the passage to Brazil of DR. AND MRS. HESSEL." This graceful act of restitution was much better than waiting ignobly to pay an indemnity of serious amount demanded by Prussia. Suppose an Englishman in China, by the mismanagement of the Police, and the barbarous prison regulations of the Chinese, had, whilst in custody under a groundless accusation, been subjected to the hardships and indignities inflicted on DR. HESSEL in England, what ample compensation would have been exacted by ourselves! Perhaps some alteration for the better will now be made in the accommodation of persons detained during the investigation of charges which may prove unfounded. If an innocent man has been only so much as imprisoned through the necessity of proceedings requisite for the public good, the Public owes him amends. It is fortunate that DR. HESSEL is satisfied, and does not, with all Germany at his back, claim heavy damages for false imprisonment.

New Tourists.

EVERY class of Society is making progress. It is satisfactory to note that our domestic servants are not insensible to the advantages of foreign travel, but have begun to avail themselves of the opportunity their annual holiday affords them of extending the area of their acquaintance with that great world of which we are all citizens. We have been led into these reflections by seeing advertised, as in the press, a *Tour with Cook through Spain*. We could have wished it had been France, because of the useful hints she might have gained from a personal experience of the cookery of that country; but we will hope this is a lesson Cook will learn in some future Vacation Ramble.

TEN YEARS HENCE.

MEMBERS now commonly wear their hats in the House. They will not be allowed to do this when Ladies have seats. It will be optional for Lady M.P.'s to keep their bonnets on or not, as they please.



PENNY WISE.

National Schoolmaster (going round with Government Inspector). "WILKINS, HOW DO YOU BRING SHILLINGS INTO PENCE?"

Pupil. "PLEASE, SIR, 'TAKES IT ROUND TO THE PUBLIC-OUSE, SIR!!'

THE STRIKERS STRUCK !

A TWELFTH-CAKE crust of snow we've seen, o'erspreading, far and wide,
The hills and dales, while Candlemas made up for Christmastide.
Fine weather for the country, but meanwhile a present bore
In some degree to each and all; a torment to the poor.

The heart that for another feels to agony is wrung,
If not by sense, by sympathy, with those by Winter stung.
But where are heard the voices which would once have cried "Poor souls!"
With blankets now present we them, provide them now with coals?"

Coals, that have reached a famine price, the richest need to save.
Blankets, in dearth of fuel, for home use all housewives crave.
Ah, why has Charity grown cold at this inclement hour?
Because disgust has turned the milk of human kindness sour.

The horny-handed sons of toil how painful to behold
Fair at their setting fingers' ends to blow the horn for cold.
No matter; striking on they go; strike higher still and higher,
"Excelsior!" crying with the Bard, and raising coals and fire.

Now that your horny hands, most hard in grasping all they can,
For warmth lack blowing, Brothers, thank your Brother Working-Man.

High price of Coal, which pinches all, yourselves withal must pinch.
But you, dear horny-handed friends, are not the men to flinch.

O friends, whose hands are horny, and your hearts more horny still!
To see the Strikers struck themselves with grief all hearts must thrill;
How sad that your own principle on your own heads should fall!
Sing, "Everybody for himself; the Dickens for us all!"

LEGENDARY LORE.

The Record is a paper in which jokes, of the voluntary kind, are rare. But here is a story which may have made some of its readers smile:—

"The Ultra-Ritualist party are in great commotion about the anticipated marriage of the son of a nobleman of high rank to the daughter of one of the most eminent Jewish families naturalised in England. Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. WEST strongly censured the intended alliance from the pulpit, without naming the parties, and it is rumoured that there is a combination among the Ultra-Ritualists to prevent the licence from being granted."

If this comical tale is true, the Ultra-Ritualists therein referred to must be very much ultra indeed; so much so, as to have gone quite beyond all bounds. If a daughter of Israel is about to marry an English nobleman's son, it is to be presumed that she will embrace Christianity. What objection can Ritualists have to that? Or else it must be supposed that her husband will embrace Judaism. The Pseudo Roman Catholic Ritualists mostly rejoice in churches adorned as to their walls with illuminated texts and legends. If any of them are capable of the folly and impertinence for which the Record gives them discredit, a text which used to be common in text-hand copy-books should be conspicuously posted in the sacred edifice they are in the habit of frequenting. Among the scrolls that teach them to live and die let there be inscribed in impressive old English characters of divers colours the salutary precept:—

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

In case the REV. MR. WEST was really so superfluous as to preach the sermon imputed to him, as above, by the Record, the foregoing counsel cannot too forcibly be commended to his attention, and to that of those who are pleased to sit under him.

Ultra-Protestant Canard.

The late severe weather has as usual been attended with flights of wild ducks. A bird of that description will be discerned in the following extract from a contemporary:—

"A NEW SAINT.—Advices received from Rome by the Vienna New Free Press state it to be the Pope's intention to canonise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

"No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!" Canonise MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS? Not the Pope, not His Holiness. Why, if the Holy Father did that, the next thing he would do would be to canonise GUY FAWKES.

ILLITERATE LEGISLATION.

We are bound to admit the necessity of modifying an appellation which has been applied to the Licensing Act of last Session. It is true that one of the first reforms which a supremely Reformed Parliament is required to effect as soon as possible is the reform of that unpopular Statute. Difficulties in Courts of Justice are daily created by what the Law Times calls "the eccentricities of this marvellous document." "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE," says our learned contemporary, "went so far as to say that it ought to be enshrined. Mr. JUSTICE BLACKBURN seems to be never tired of denouncing it as a piece of blundering and puzzling legislation, expressing his belief that a Member of Parliament would require to be brighter than most of his acquaintances in order to succeed in construing it." All this is undeniable. On the other hand, the Licensing Act, in so far as it is intelligible, is in a great measure tyrannical and vexatious. Its Sabbatarian Clause constitutes a monstrous nuisance to lodgers and excursionists, by debarring them of refreshment at reasonable hours. By its compulsory go-to-bed-times and early purr prohibiting clauses it also curtails the liberty of grown men, and disciplines them like schoolboys. But it is not therefore and altogether exactly what it has been called—a Pedagogues' and Pedants' Act. At least it is not such a sort of Act as the generality of Pedants and Pedagogues would frame. A Pedagogue is a teacher usually competent at least to teach boys English. Pedants are, as a class, studious of precise language. As to that, the Licensing Act is so disgraceful a composition as actually to have been condemned by the Judges. It was evidently conceived, indeed, in the Pedant's and Pedagogue's spirit, but its wording as plainly betrays the Dunce.

CANDLEMAS KEPT WHOLLY.

THE Ritualists have proved that they ought all to be Roman Catholics by rites.



THE TEMPTER.

*First Reveller (on being turned out of the "Caledonian Club"). "COME, AND TAK
A GLESS AT MY ROOMS."*

Second Reveller. "NA, NA, AH'VE HAD MAIR THAN ENEUCH!"

*First Reveller. "HOOTS! TAK' ANOTHER, MUN! D'YE NO SEE YE'RE LETTIN'
VER JUDGMENT GET THE BETTER O' YE?"!!!*

NO MORE NOISES.

LET a piece of wood, or metal, be made into the form of a letter U, about an inch in breadth within-side, half-an-inch or so in thickness, and of a length sufficient to fit over the crown, close down the sides of the head as far as to just below the ears. Through each of its ends, exactly opposite to the orifice of either ear, let there be drilled a hole adapted to hold a screw, having a handle at the outer end to work it to and fro with, at the inner a knob padded with soft leather. The ends being made thick enough to contain the screws, the connecting part might be reduced to any convenient thinness. Worn over the head, this instrument will enable the wearer, by simply turning the two screws, to stop his ears at pleasure, both of them, as effectually as he could with his thumbs or fore-fingers; in the meanwhile his hands being left free for writing, or any other use.

This contrivance will put it in a man's power at any time to rid himself of the plague of odious noises by producing temporary deafness at will. Against all manner of din and discord, and things he had rather not hear, he will therein have at command an effectual remedy. To stop off any sort of sounds which offend his ears, he will only need to screw on his ear-stopper. For instance:—

When an organ-grinder comes and plays under his window, and he does not choose to take the trouble of going out to make the wretch be off.

When a maid-servant outside of his sitting-room is scrubbing the passage floor, or wall.

Whilst he is reading or writing, when there are girls in the next room, together with young men who have called to flirt with them, and he is interrupted by irritating, inarticulate sounds of small-talk, tittering, squeaks, and suppressed laughter.

If he is the inmate of any abode containing a baby that cries and is not kept at the far end, or the top of the house, or down in the

cellar. In case he is the father of a family, whosoever he retires to his library or study, if his nursery is anywhere near it. Especially when any child is teething.

By night and day, if there is a howling dog on the adjoining premises.

Above and beyond all things, whenever anyone has a cough in the house.

Whosoever circumstances over which one has no control have compelled him to go to an evening-party, where he finds himself a wall-flower, and is bored and fidgeted by the dance-music. The ear-stopper rendering that inaudible, the spectacle of the people dancing about may even afford him some diversion.

Dining or smoking at a Club or Restaurant, when the people about him are talking horse or something worse, or mere nonsense that is too tedious.

In the House of Commons, as the rule, when any Member gets on his legs, and attention is not a matter of business.

At Church, as often as the sermon is uninstructive; which sometimes happens. To preclude scandal and offence on occasions of this kind the handles of the instrument could be formed so as to resemble the mouths of little trumpets, and thus make the ear-stopper pass for a voice-conductor.

A person of a sensibility apt to be shocked by words expressive of revolting ideas, would completely protect himself from outrage of that kind by being provided with an ear-stopper, to wear under his hat, and screw on immediately whenever he has to approach the regions of the humbler classes. The ear-stopper will prove itself a true friend in need to the refined Philanthropist traversing the slums on an errand of love and mercy.

Let Quacks take out patents for inventions and advertise them under crackjaw names. Any surgical instrument-maker is at liberty to make the Ear-stopper, and, if he likes, he may call it the Otocatacleion, or the Anacoustic.

PRETTY NEWS FOR PEACEMAKERS.

THANKS to MR. BESSEMER and his suspended saloon, we may hope ere very long to cross the sea in peace, and more than that, indeed, we may hope, in case of war, to be spared the cost of bloodshed. For see what the inventor has said of his invention:—

"MR. BESSEMER stated that with his system there would be no difficulty in securing a perfectly steady platform for the heaviest guns, and in addition he could give automatic firing and absolute certainty of aim."

A foe must be a bold one to confront the heaviest guns, banging at him with an absolute certainty of aim. One would fancy fighting would assuredly soon cease, when absolute destruction awaited any combatant. The best part, however, of MR. BESSEMER's invention is, that it seems to lead to fighting by machinery, and without the need of sacrificing human life in battle. For, if he can give us guns that are made to fire themselves, he may succeed in building ships that are devised to steer themselves, and get up their own steam, and go in gallantly to action, without the need of carrying a living crew and captain. Guns firing automatically may lead the way to nations fighting automatically; and war, after a while, may be a game, like that of chess, played in perfect safety by an army of automata.

A Valentine from Venus.

MR. PUNCH never betrays secrets, but the following Valentine passed into his hands in a very remarkable manner, and he feels justified in enriching his pages with it, the rather that it is instructive as well as tender:—

"February 14, 1873.

"VENUS sends her love to the Astronomer-Royal and MR. LOCKYER, and is delighted to hear that her distinguished admirers in every part of the Earth are making such grand preparations for her visit to the Sun next year: but she has not forgotten, never can forget and never will forget her first Love, JEREMIAH HORROCKS, the poor Curate of Hoole, her only attendant in 1639, when for the first time mortals were pleased to take notice of her transit. 'Fidelity, thy name is Woman,' as SHAKSPEARE ought to have said. V."

ANTI-TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The Lushai Expedition.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



If this pirate can be caught, and affixed to one end of a loaded cannon, a light might be applied at the other end, with the very happiest results.

The Postmaster-General, MR. MONSELL (who had enough to do this Valentine Week) will not at present reduce the price of a telegram to Sixpence. His reason is that the department is not strong enough to undertake more work. Make it strong enough, is the obvious reply; but of course, officialism would shake its head at that, and say that circumstances demanded deliberate consideration.

Then we had the Park Rules, and a single combat between MR. VERNON HARcourt and MR. AYRTON. It was amusing enough, but the affair has now gone by. Enough to say that MR. AYRTON really defended himself very well, managed to involve the whole Ministry in the business, and concluded by remarking that MR. HARcourt thought himself to be "the only wise man in the House, and that all the rest of the Assembly were fools." All the same, there was this to be said about the Rules—the Ministers have tried four sets of them. The newest lot have been stuck up, and mob meetings may be held only in the space nearest Park Lane. This gives the patriots about a third of the Park.

The rest of the evening would have been dull enough, but that on a question about the business of the House, the two MESSRS. BENTINCK fired off some volleys of discursive abuse, and MR. LOWE gave a sarcastic answer, intimating that he should take the liberty of disregarding speeches that had nothing to do with the question at issue. On division, Government got things their own way by 148 to 73. The point is, that certain Members do not like to sacrifice any chance of making speeches, while the Ministers want to get on with real work. If gentlemen who want to speechify would go and do it in the tea-room, while those who do not want to do so mind the business of the House, matters would be made easy and agreeable.

Tuesday.—We are signing maps, to show our obedience to the decision of the German Emperor touching St. Juan. It might be uncivil to recollect a story that was told, at the time we settled the Oregon question, about a map which an exceedingly ingenious American person prepared, and which an exceedingly unsuspecting English person accepted—a charming and admirable map, but with a trifling variation from vulgar and prosaic exactitude—the result being that England came off second-best in a conflict of two. However, there is no danger of anything of that kind now—for we give up everything.

Nothing worth notice in the Commons, except that Sir DOMINICK CORRIGAN introduced a Bill for preventing anybody in Ireland from buying anything to drink on Sundays. The "dwellers by the melancholy ocean" will have a pleasant time of it, if the Bill passes. However, Sir D. C. is an eminent medical man, so he knows what is good for PADDY.

Wednesday was given to the Ladies. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, who should be called my Lady's CHAMBERS, and who has been going upstairs and downstairs with the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill so long, brought it up again. It has

been before the House for twenty-four years, and out of sixty-six divisions on it, sixty-three have been in its favour. The Lords have rejected it six times. But then the Commons have done so four times. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE opposed the Bill, and there were several other speakers, but, Madam, you are much too clever to wish to hear what has been said so many times—though perhaps incessant repetition of the same thing is not inappropriate to a discussion on a feminine question. That, Madam, is only our goak, and as you justly say, if an argument is good one day, it must be good another. Well, Madam, we will only note rather a neat observation by Ms. O'REILLY DEASE, whom we half suspect of being an Irishman. He said that he belonged to a Church which forbids the marriage which it is sought to legalise, and but for that he should think the legalisation a very good thing. MR. O'DEASE, however, forgot that his Church very often grants dispensations for such marriages, when good reason for them can be shown. The Second Reading was carried by 126 to 87. But we do not think the time very near when a gentleman pointing to his late wife's photograph, will be entitled to say to his sister-in-law, in the words of the very good-natured lady in *Tom Thumb* :—

"I've married 'her,' and now I'll marry you."

Thursday.—This was the great night of the week. The LORD CHANCELLOR and the PREMIER had each an important Bill to submit.

LORD SELBORNE proposes to establish a Supreme Court of Judicature. Now, all wise people keep out of Courts of Law of all kinds, and there is no very violent interest felt in general Society about the composition of our tribunals. We have perfect confidence in the justice of our Judges, but as to who sits in what and what's done to whom, most people's ideas are vague. Ladies (except those who write sensational novels) may possibly be aware that criminals are not tried for their lives in the Court of Chancery, that MR. LOWE is not the chief of the Court of Exchequer, and that a Vice-Chancellor is not so called because he has to dispose of matters connected with divorce. It is very gratifying when one meets with people whose minds have been cultured up to these points. But on the general constitution of our Courts of Law and Equity most folks know, and are content to know about as much as they knew of the East End of London, before SIR RICHARD WALLACE (about to be M.P.) invented Bethnal Green.

Will any good cause be served by *Mr. Punch's* giving an elaborate analysis of the subject? "Can't you let it alone?" was the great and good LORD MELBOURNE's first question, when any bothering business was proposed to him. Will anybody be the happier for knowing exactly what LORD SELBORNE proposes to do? We trow not. *Argal*, we shall simply state that he gathers all the higher courts (of course, not County Courts, or Tennis Courts, or anything of that sort) together, and divides the business into Four Groups, to be presided over by Twenty-one Judges. He creates a new Court of Final Appeal, instead of the Judicial Committee. Law Terms—we don't mean its jargon—to be abolished. In the Supreme Court the Lord Chief Justice of England is to be the

"Supreme, high-throned all height above,
The great Pelasgic, Dodonean Jove,"

and the Lord Chancellor is to be the head of the Appeal Court. And when the Temple of Justice shall be up-reared in the Strand (it has so far advanced to completion that clerks are calculating quantities, with a view to considering what sort of contracts should be made before the work is begun), all the business will go on simultaneously under one noble roof. Some wigs will have worn off the hair now flourishing on some gay young advocates' heads before that day, but the world has plenty of time before it.

LORD CAIRNS generally approved the scheme, and paid a graceful compliment to the eminent man who had brought it forward.

In the Commons MR. GLADSTONE delivered a great speech, elaborate, but with touches of lightness. His work was to expound the Government Bill for Improving the Higher Education of Ireland; that is, the University System.

Now, in that marvel of wit, BRAUMARCAIS' *Marriage of Figaro*, Count Almaviva, who is jealous, hears his servant describe a terrible danger he has been in, and

calmly remarks, " You might understand that it is not your danger that concerns me in the least, but the cause of it." *Mr. Punch*, without being uncharitable, ventures to believe that a good many worthy people are not so much concerned to know the means by which rude young Irishmen are to be converted into elegant Undergraduates, as the way in which MR. GLADSTONE hopes to manage to satisfy at once the Ultramontanists and those who hate them. That landable curiosity shall be satisfied.

So far from destroying the University of Dublin, it is to be made the central sun of the educational system; but then a good many things are to be done to it, and there is to be a new Governing Body. The homage thus paid to the University will, it is hoped, please the Protestants.

But inasmuch as the object is to induce Catholics to avail themselves of College advantages, and as the Priests will not permit young Papists to learn several things which Protestants are not afraid to teach to youth, there is to be no instruction in Theology, Moral Philosophy, or—listen, 'tis no jest!—Modern History!

Dearest Madam, do not let us be extravagant, and expend in one huge laugh the amusement which ought to last us during all the debates on this Bill. But do you not already hear the voices of those who sit in the seat of the scorner? Do you not hear echoes of the voice of the late MR. HENRY DRUMMOND? Pass for theology, pass for philosophy, but Modern History. That must not be taught, lest the faith of the young Roman be endangered. O, we shall have some rare fun, Madam.

Nevertheless, MR. GLADSTONE's savagest political enemies—and he has some whose rancour is very offensive to candid people—allow that he has performed a miracle of cleverness, and that his Bill is not nearly so dreadful as they expected. The details of his dealings with the existing Colleges will best be understood when the debates come on. There is an application of some of the funds of the Disestablished Church which ought not to displease its friends.

We have said that there were light touches in the long speech. Here is one.

"There is a love of letters in Ireland. Ireland is not barbarous in mind, and she may say of herself—

"Nec sum aedē informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cūm placidum ventis staret mare."

(cheers). If you will only give Ireland a tranquil sea in which to mirror herself—(the close of the sentence was lost in loud Conservative cheers.)"

MR. DISRAELI reserved all remark, but asked for a long time to consider the Bill. The Second Reading was fixed for next Monday week.

Friday.—In the Commons MR. AYTOUN's unhappiness about our relations with the Pope found vent in a motion for papers, but not comfort in a speech from LORD ENFIELD, who said he had explained the matter twice last year. "I've related it once," says SAM WELLER. "Werry well, Sir," says his father, "Relate it again." LORD ENFIELD having given his third explanation, the motion was rejected by 116 to 63.

MR. RYLANDS has many merits, and if we castigate him now and then, it is all for his good, as we are sure he feels. He considers that the House ought to discuss all Treaties before they are ratified. LORD E. FITZMAURICE made a very able historical speech in opposition: the LANSDOWNES have always been in the habit of cultivating their minds. MR. GLADSTONE declined to go into a course of constitutional speculation. Then the House, unlike JESHURON, neither waxed fat nor kicked its heels, but waxed so thin that the debate died in the presence of seven Members.

That case of SUB-LIEUTENANT TRIBE was waked up again by LORD ELCHO, whom MR. CARDWELL charged with having eavesdroppers at the War Office, perhaps under the table. The gentle Druid was riled. He did not want to hear any more about "that unfortunate young man," who was now quite out of the Army.

MR. NEWDEGATE once more introduced a Bill for a Commission to examine Monasteries and Convents. The usual opposition was offered, but one gentleman said he had four sisters in a Convent, and should be happy to introduce them all to MR. NEWDEGATE. The latter is a man of much gallantry, and we were rather surprised that he did not instantly exclaim "Delighted, I'm sure." But we have no doubt that he has already gone down and made a favourable impression on the ladies. The Bill was allowed to come in by 74 to 31.

Just before this—we saw the *bonne bouche* for the end—it was stated, in defence of Railway Companies, that they do not really over-crowd cattle in the pens, but that, when cattle have stopped, for the purpose of feeding, they "visibly swell," and get so large that they can scarcely be got back into the conveyance;—"so there is an appearance of over-crowding." *Mr. Punch* rushed home and read *Baron Munchausen*, till he fell asleep, and then he dreamed that he was the Claimant.

AN EMPTY CEREMONY.—A string of private carriages, with nobody inside them, following a funeral.

RANGERS' RIGHTS.



ERY much attention having of late years been drawn to our Parks, a carefully - prepared statement of the privileges and perquisites of their Rangers—not to be found on any Notice Board—will be felt to be a seasonable contribution to contemporary history.

A Ranger is entitled to the young of all animals, living in a wild state, born within the boundaries of his Park between sunrise and sunset, and again from sunset to sunrise. (N.B. Birds'-nests are specially protected, both by Statute and Common Law, from disturbance.)

A Ranger can claim every tenth egg deposited by poultry in his Park, or by the ornamental fowl inhabiting any lakes, ponds, streams, rivers, or other navigable waters within the limits of his jurisdiction. But it has been decided by the Judges sitting *in banc* (see the case of *Rex v. Pillskins*) that a Ranger has no lien on the eggs laid by fowls kept by a Lodge

keeper for domestic purposes, provided they were laid during the hours when the keeper was not required to be in his official uniform.

A Ranger has the exclusive right of angling in any waters within his demesne on fourteen days in every year, but he must not take more than fourteen pounds weight of fish at a time. He may catch any kinds of fish he pleases, except pike, perch, barbel, bream, flounders, carp, tench, grayling, trout, and salmon trout.

All treasure-trove found in the Park is the absolute property of the Ranger, but there has been no instance now for more than a century of any Ranger claiming odd halfpence.

A nosegay of flowers, gathered in the Park, is presented to the Ranger annually, on his birthday. If the anniversary happens to fall in the winter months, then a bunch of evergreens may be substituted.

He has rights of turbary, and can cut as much turf for his private use as his head gardener can carry on his back, between Candlemas Day and Latter Lammas.

Every Ranger may invite his private friends to a pic-nic in any spot he may select; and he is allowed to employ as many of the Park-keepers as can be spared from their official duties without detriment to the public service, as occasional waiters.

He is presented, on his installation, with a private key, which enables him to have access to the Park at all hours of the day and night; but, in the event of his losing or mislaying it, he cannot be allowed a new key until the old one has been found.

The Ranger of a Park is the only person who enjoys the privilege of riding it on a Velocipede.

Once in every year the Ranger, in full uniform, and attended by a crowd, makes the circuit of his Park on horseback, inspects the Keepers, Constables, Boatmen, Sentries, and other officials, who fire a *feu de joie* at the close of the ceremony; and visits the lodges, boat-houses, wells, fountains, public statues and monuments, which are lit up with fireworks in the evening.

The uniform of a Ranger is a green jerkin, with primrose facings, hat and a feather, baldric, and long Spanish leather boots, and he carries a horn slung across his shoulders with cord and tassels.

Oceans of Grog.

GENTLEMEN of the United Kingdom Alliance, what do you say to the following announcement in the *Times*? Of course your Chief, SIR WILFRID LAWSON, will tell the Government what he thinks of it:—

"The Admiralty contract for 35,000 gallons of rum was on Saturday taken by ALFRED LAMB AND SPENCER."

There is exciting news for you, Gentlemen of the Liquor Law Platform. Is not the excitement it is calculated to create in your minds such that, perhaps, in the presence of My Lords' Board, if a festive board, the thought of it alone would be enough to make most of you throw bottles? Intemperate acts may be expected of those who advocate total abstinence itself in intemperate language.



DEFINITION WANTED.

Aunt Maria. "AND SO, LAUREY, YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF VERY MUCH AT THE BROWNS' PARTY. AND DID YOU FLIRT MUCH?"
Lawrence. "O DEAR, NO! ON THE CONTRARY, AUNT, I DANCED WITH THE SAME LITTLE GIRL THE WHOLE EVENING!"

A TRUE HIDALGO.

(AMADEUS I., King of Spain, called to the Crown, November 16, 1870 ; Abdicated, February 11, 1873.)

BACK to King Mob he hands the Crown
 Which with King Mob he scorns to share ;
 Higher his head, so stepping down,
 Than while it stooped that Crown to wear.

They called him, craved him for their King—
 These Spaniards, once so stern and proud,
 Now puppets for each juggler's string,
 Who buys the sword, and gulls the crowd.

He came to that distracted State,
 Fall'n from its height of ancient days,
 A phantom Spain—in nothing great
 But empty form, and sounding phrase.

He, son of Savoy—of the race
 That from white-handed HUMBERT * drew
 Its manly love of war and chace,
 Its strength for sword and sceptre too.

The fighting line—that since the day
 It took the wild Alp march in ward, †
 Hath held to sword and lance alway,
 Its foes to smite, its own to guard.

The line that ever fought to win,
 From the great Duke ‡ who sheathes his sword

* HUMBERT the "White-handed," Count of Maurienne, and great vassal of RUDOLF THE THIRD (last King of the second Kingdom of Burgundy), the first historical ancestor of the House of Savoy, died A.D. 1048.

† The Counts of Savoy were Lords of the Marches of the Italian Alps.

‡ EMANUEL PHILIBERT, the Great Duke (1553–1580), who recovered

High in the square of fair Turin,
 Named, fitly, from that warrior Lord,
 To him that late through Naples rode
 With GARIBALDI at his side,
 Reining the great horse he bestrode,
 As King of Italy should ride.

The royal race, that with our own
 Crossed in fair HENRIETTA's ♀ line,
 Nor, like our STUARTS, lost a crown,
 But made one on its brows to shine.

Kings, England may be proud to own
 To English royalty akin ;
 Now more than ever, that they've shown
 They crouch not even crowns to win.

Unhappy Spain—art thou so rich
 In courage, truth, and manly worth,
 To fling thy Crown back in the ditch
 From which his clean hands drew it forth ?

Thou hoist the banner of "self-rule"
 That ne'er yet leading-strings didst leave,
 But for the struggle who should fool
 The crowd of power to cheat and thieve !

Thou a Republic!—much-wronged name
 For self-conceit's unruly sway,

Savoy and Piedmont after nearly half a century's alienation from his House, restored the prosperity of the Duchy, and really, though not in name, founded the Monarchy of Savoy. His statue mounted, armed, and sheathing his sword, MAROCCHETTI's masterpiece, is the central ornament of the Piazza Philiberto Emanuele, Turin.

§ VICTOR AMADEUS (1675–1730), the first King of the House of Savoy, married the daughter of HENRIETTA OF ORLEANS, daughter of CHARLES THE FIRST, and so linked the royal lines of Savoy and England.



THE TRUE HIDALGO.

KING AMADEUS. "A GENTLEMAN, AND A SON OF SAVOY, WILL NOT REIGN ON SUFFERANCE!"

Law's rein relaxed, truth put to shame
That dares in aught King Mob gainsay.

Not for *thee* such a King to crave,
'Gainst priests and politicians manned,
Who would not stoop a crown'd slave;
Nor found room like a man to stand.

So ends his reign as it began,
With *thy* respect; not yet so low
But in thy heart thou know'st a man—
Manliest, that thus he wills to go!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



does not care whether they play or not—if so slight a value, ordinarily speaking, is the sound of this wheezy orchestral lung. A piccolo makes one great flourishing to-do, and finishes. He startles you once, and has done with it. A clarinet-player would be an unobtrusive neighbour, were not your attention constantly being drawn to him on account of the pity which his attitude naturally excites in any sentimental breast. No matter who he be, a clarinet-player, in full blow, cannot help looking like a placid fool with a large sugar-stick. If 'tis my fate to be near any of the gentlemen of the band, place me by the violinist, who is generally of a highly artistic turn of mind; by the clarinet-player, who looks as though he lived by some melancholy ocean; or by the flautists, whose nimble fingers stop as many holes as they can all at once, but are unable to prevent the tune escaping by one or two of the unstopped ones—evidently a defect in the instrument. But do not put me by the Big Drum. Cheerful the performer on that instrument must be, and full of animal spirits: deaf, of course. Isn't it a recognised fact that all cheerful people are deaf? No: I am wrong: I thought I was: it is, that "All deaf people are cheerful." And, now I come to think of it, it's "blind people," not deaf. But this, as Your Representative, I pronounce to be a mere detail.

If your object, on going to a theatre, be to hear the Big Drum, sit by the Big Drummer; if to hear anything else, don't.

I had heard so much in favour of the company at the Royalty, that I was prepared for something far above the average of any English acting. You shall presently see whether my expectation was disappointed. The piece played was "the famous *Palais Royal Comédie en Trois Actes*, entitled *Le Réveillon*."

Judged by a *Palais Royal* standard, the *Réveillon*, which has about as much right to be dignified by the title of "Comedy" as *Boz and Cox* to be called a tragedy, is, undoubtedly, in Dean Street, Soho, successful. That at least half the "business" of MESSRS. GEOFFROY, HYACINTHE, and LASSOUCHE, the originals, is omitted by their representatives at the Royalty, is probable, and to this may be partly owing the feeling of disappointment which, as far as Your Representative was concerned, certainly increased as the play progressed. What there can be to admire in the *Palais Royal* style of perpetually appealing to the public, and actually walking down to the footlights to deliver "asides" to the audience, has been, and always will be, a puzzle to Your Representative. In

an Anglicised and expurgated edition of *Réveillon*, I think I could easily find two low comedians on the English stage who would be far better representatives of the characters *Gaillardin* and *Tourillon* than even MM. GEOFFROY and LHÉRITIER of the *Palais Royal*, without instituting any comparison nearer home. It is enough for some English playgoers that a company should be French, for them at once to go into ecstasies over their performance, whatever it may be. Let the company be acknowledged as only second-rate, as a scratch affair, as no better than what might be seen doing *The Lady of Lyons* in an English provincial town, no matter—it is French; and with these patrons of the Drama, who, perhaps, have never done more than talk about going to Paris, and have never gone farther than Boulogne, having been stopped by the difficulties of the language, to know that it is French is sufficient. Tell them that the actors are Belgians, and they wouldn't stir from their firesides—not even were a private box placed at their disposal, the red baize laid down, and the Manager, with wax-lights, at the doorway to receive them. Go to the Royalty, hoping to see fair French farce-acting in *Le Réveillon*, and you will see it. M. SCHÉT is amusing: his wig a wonder. By M. DINIER, as *Gaillardin*, exuberant laughter was not excited. What he had to say was certainly droll enough, but that was of course due to those generally forgotten persons, the Authors, MELHAC and HALEVY. Droll most of the dialogue certainly is—witty occasionally; but—I do not fancy that among the frequenters of the *Palais Royal* are many French ladies, and hence it is that in the *Réveillon* there are some remarkably telling strokes made with a very broadly-pointed cue. However, with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to the fore, far be it from Your Representative

To play the *Censor morum*,
And preach about decorum.

There are just two things that must be said of *Le Réveillon* at the Royalty: it is fairly acted all round, and the stage management of the Supper Scene is only at this present moment outdone in its excellence (the opportunity being a larger one, and capable of further development) by that scene in *Money* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

Now, Sir, those who do me the honour of reading this "Representation," will probably observe that my view of the performance must have been seriously interfered with by the Big Drum. No: certainly not. He disturbed my rest in the *entr'acte*, which was dreadfully long each time, but he had nothing whatever to do with the piece. By the way, MILE WILHEM must be honourably mentioned as the *blasé Prince Yermantoff*. She had very little to do, and it was very well done. The best performance, to my thinking, was that of M. Duparquet, by M. HENNEAUX, who never once lost sight of the importance of his subordinate part. *Duparquet* is a superior sort of "CHARLES his friend," and his practical joke is the motive, such as it is, of the play.

In conversation with the Italian Professor, my neighbour, I made the politico-theatrical joke about "THIERS" and "tiers," as I promised You I would, but it didn't go, although I gave it with all the point which characterises me as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

GAMBLERS AND THIEVES.

HEAR the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the Court of Queen's Bench:—

"I cannot but express my regret that, with the mass of business in this court, two days of valuable time should have been taken up in the re-establishment, if possible, of the character of an habitual gambler—a gentleman who goes about the country with dice in his bag, ready to play with anyone who will engage to play with him."

It may be thought that if there can be "honneur among thieves," so likewise honour may possibly exist among gamblers. But, close as the resemblance between theft and gambling may be, gamblers, in one respect, differ widely from thieves. A thief is a thief in relation to the community; as thief to thief he is an honest man, or at least he may be, so that honesty among thieves might as well be proverbial as honour. Whereas, gamblers prey altogether upon each other. It is possible to play fair at vingt-et-un, chicken-hazard, or blind-hookey, but in the mind that gives itself up to games of hazard can the craving for gain be supposed to be regulated by any higher consideration than the fear of being detected in cheating? Those only who imagine that an habitual gambler may possibly have a taste for morality, can regard any question about the honour of such a person as otherwise than ridiculous.

A Hint for Teetotallers.

THE cause of total abstinence would seem not to be favoured by the Church of England to the extent its advocates must desire. We see advertised, by a high dignitary of the Establishment, "Christian Cordials."



YOUNG NIMROD.

Aunt. "WELL, CHARLIE, YOU'LL COME WITH YOUR SISTERS, AND SPEND THE DAY ON MONDAY, WON'T YOU?"
Charlie. "NOT ON MONDAY, AUNT KITTY. I NEVER DINE OUT ON A HUNTING DAY."

ERIN'S ANSWER TO GLADSTONE.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—there's an end to all the trouble
Of the waters that, till now, have so distorted you,
And soon through the oil that I'm throwing there, your double
Will startle even yourself by its loveliness, aroo!"

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—look at that for a notion.
Do you think did I ever feel a fear at all in me,
Before meeting with myself in the mirror of the ocean,
That the form of a barbarian'd salute me from the sea?

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—here's food for reflection—
So, WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, let's reflect a taste on you;
Though you legislate for me, have you won my frank affection,
By taking a true look at my loveliness, aroo?

"*Nec sum adeo informis!*" Had you done a gallant's duty,
When I hospitably asked you, Sir, to visit Erin's Isle,
You'd have praised me in warm English for my wisdom, wit, and
beauty,
Not Latinised away in that half-hearted sort of style.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—aye, England, change my churches,
And evict my careless landlords—that's all very fine,
My reflection only is, Your ethnological researches
Should reflect themselves from Erin's shore as much as up the
Rhine.

"*Nec sum adeo informis*"—then build a Palace Royal
For the QUEEN and the Crown on this side of the sea—
Et sis Anglia non informis—and I'd be entirely loyal,
For love, not legislation, has the most effect on me."

IGNOBLE ANIMAL.—In the game of *Vingt-et-un* one of the players is denominated "Pony." This, surely, is a Pony of the species popularly named Jerusalem.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SELVES.

A COURSE of Cantor Lectures is attracting certain notice, including our own, which in itself is a distinction. The subject of the series is announced by a contemporary to be "The Energies of the Imponderables." To our mind this is just exactly the sort of subject we should choose, if we were asked to give a lecture to a College of Young Ladies, or an Infant Ragged School, or wherever else we fancied we could look as wise and talk as scientifically as we pleased, without running any risk of our wisdom being doubted. In lecturing, as in conveyancing, it is doubtless of importance to make out a good title; and certainly in this case the author seems to have succeeded. Were we to try to lecture anybody on the Energies of the Imponderables, we should probably say something to disturb the Gravity of the Impressionables, and, if some of our own children chanced to be among the audience, we should outrageously be assailed by the Levity of the Incorrigibles.

Harmony in Spain.

KING AMADEUS has vacated the throne of Spain; and no wonder that we are also told by telegram from Madrid that—

"A Carlist band, composed of forty-two men, has made its appearance in the province of Toledo."

However, a band amounting to no more than forty-two men could scarcely do more to help the Carlist cause than playing Legitimist Spanish airs.

Law Reports Unfounded.

It is not true, that in the LORD CHANCELLOR's scheme for the constitution of the Supreme Court of Judicature there is a proposal to create, in addition to the MASTER OF THE ROLLS, a Registrar of the Muffins and Crumpets. Neither is it intended to augment the number of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer with a Baron of Beef.



ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

British Nimrod (who has shot Tigers in India, and Lions in South Africa). "THE FACT IS, HERR MULLER, THAT I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR SPORT UNLESS IT CONTAINS THE ELEMENT OF DANGER."

German Nimrod. "ACHZO! YOU ARE VONT OF TAINCHER? DEN YOU SHOULD GQM ANT SHOOG MIT ME! Vy, ONLY DE ODER TAY I SHOODET MY BRODER-IN-LAW IN DE SHDÔMAG!"

SUNDAY EVENINGS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

An uncommonly lively discourse was, according to the *Post*, delivered on the evening of Sunday last week, under the auspices of the National Temperance League, at the Alhambra Temperance Music-hall in Shoreditch, by a Mr. W. NOBLE. This gentleman has had the diligence to commit to memory the whole of the lectures heretofore delivered by MR. J. B. GOUGH, "the celebrated temperance lecturer of America." The National Temperance League were desirous of bringing Mr. GOUGH across the Atlantic to redeliver them; but that Demosthenes of teetotalism was not to be tempted over the Big Drink. They have therefore hired Mr. NOBLE to deliver all Mr. GOUGH's lectures at second-hand; and, on the above named occasion, as we are told, "he engaged the attention of a large audience for upwards of an hour by his recital of Mr. GOUGH's oration 'On the Importance of the Temperance Movement.'" This, the first of Mr. NOBLE's series of imitations, appears to have been a great success, and it no doubt constituted exactly the sort of entertainment which our provincial contemporaries are wont to style "a high intellectual treat." Given, to begin with, on a Sunday evening, it is likewise, evidently, to be regarded as the thin end of the wedge in respect of Sunday evenings' amusements. The thick end will perhaps comprise other performances, of a character still more edifying. Next to the orations of Mr. J. B. GOUGH we shall perhaps have the sermons of our most distinguished preachers delivered, in character, by some serious mimic; specimens, for instance, of DEAN STANLEY, or DR. NEWMAN HALL, or MR. SPURGEON. Then, probably, political and parliamentary orations will be subjected to the same treatment, and the British Public will be enabled to enjoy a Sunday "Night with GLADSTONE," or a counterfeit presentation of the eloquence of MR. DISRAEELI or any other of the leading masters of debate, Conservative or Liberal. The descent to comic recitations, and so down, will be easy.

Doubtless Mr. NOBLE proved himself a clever imitator of excellent original fustian in diverting a large audience by a declamation à la Gough "On the Importance of the Temperance Movement." Of

A WEED FROM CHINA.

A LARGE quantity of tobacco has been lately imported from China. The *Tobacco Trade Review* gives the following sufficient account of it:—

"It is used in some measure as a substitute for Turkey, which it resembles in appearance, though not equal in quality. The leaf is quite yellow, and is almost void of flavour."

Chinese tobacco, at this rate, must be of the mildest. A smoker might find some difficulty in choosing between it and the simply dried and unsophisticated British cabbage-leaf. Chinese tobacco may be said to resemble, with a difference, cut Cavendish. It is likely to prove a species of tobacco, cut, indeed, but not consumed. Therefore Chinese tobacco might, with all consistency, be patronised by the Anti-Tobacco Society.

HEAT AND AIR, ETC.

SHAKESPEARE ventilated this subject long ago, in *Measure for Measure*:—

Clown. —Where indeed you have a delight to sit: have you not?

Froth. I have so: because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why very well then:—I hope here be truths.

And, further on, in the same scene, in view of a case quite recently un-decided, *Escalus* says:—

"If he took you a box 'o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too."

Constable Elbow, Honest Householder Froth, and Tapster Clown, would be good useful persons on a not uncommon Jury.

Church Preferment.

A YOUNG and handsome Curate married a lady who was not very young, and was very plain in person, but in purse very rich. It was said among his parishioners that he had now provided himself with a Perfect Cure.

INCURABLE.—That must be a hopeless case of intemperance, when a man takes Castor Oil for the sake of the Brandy which helps it down.

course he directed attention to a point, relative to that most interesting subject, not perhaps generally considered, but one of some importance as a matter of illustration. Surely Mr. NOBLE could not fail to make his beloved hearers perceive, by appropriate action, that, whereas the Temperance Movement always tends right ahead, the course taken by the Intemperance Movement is generally zigzag.

REFORM IT ALTOGETHER.

SYMPATHISING with DR. HESSEL, and congratulating him upon the substantial proof given him of what English opinion is in regard to his case, it does occur to us to ask if an innocent subject has not been taken up before this, and, if so, why has not the subject been taken up with the same enthusiastic indignation as has been so recently evoked by the arrest and imprisonment of DR. GOTTFRIED HESSEL? HER MAJESTY has sent to apologise for the state of her own Law. Quite right: only it is fortunate for the chances of improvement in our police administration that the innocent sufferer happened to be DR. HESSEL, a German, and not JIM SMITH, an ordinary Englishman. Perhaps poor SMITH, in his devout admiration of the British Constitution, would have taken the opportunity of his "leaving the Court without a stain on his character" to extol the wisdom and justice of the Law which had rightly arrested him on suspicion, and as rightly set him free on discovering that there was no sort of ground for the charge. The French Law treats an arrested person as guilty until he proves his innocence, and acts in accordance with this theory. In England, we make a boast of considering every man innocent until proved guilty. But we know our theory to be a mere idle formula as long as the practice is to treat every man guilty until he be proved innocent.

If DR. HESSEL's case leads to a thorough reform in this particular direction, then the grateful English public will probably erect a statue of him on the vacant pedestal in Leicester or Trafalgar Square, or send it him, carriage paid, to be put up where he likes in his own native place.



HONEST SYMPATHY.

Intelligent Boy. "PA, I'M SORRY YOU'VE GOT THE 'FLUENZA!" — *Papa.* "WHY, LADDIE?" — *Boy.* "'CAUSE I MIGHT CATCH IT, YOU KNOW!!"

VENUS AND THE LADY.

ONE day last week the *Times* published a long and elaborate article, luminous as Venus herself, upon the transits of that planet. In a French paper the same space would be devoted to a nauseating love-story. It may be questionable, however, whether the love-story is not better suited to some people. Having mastered the article, *Mr. Punch* handed it to a lady-friend who improves and invigorates her mind by the perusal of about five novels every week. He requested her to read the three columns. This she did with excessive rapidity, and on being asked to state what she thought about it, she sweetly replied that it was most interesting. Particulars being demanded, she affirmed that Mr. Lowe was going out to see the transit of Venus in 1874; that Venus is worth tenpence in the pound; that she is an Inferior Conjunction; that she will look like a small ball in a large wine-glass, and have a ring as big as the world; that she is inhabited by "eagle-eyed daws"; that she is the size of a shilling seen eight miles off by a man with thick hair on his head at the end of a church; and that gold medals are fit only for puffing shopkeepers. Finally, she said it was all "an astronomical mare's nest"; adding, as her own unaided discovery, that men were always fussing and flinging away money on stuff and nonsense.

The Satisfactory Settlement.

So the real losses sustained by American Citizens from the Confederate cruisers amount to little more than two millions, whereas the damages we have to pay for them were assessed at three millions and a quarter. Which will have been cheated, the private American claimants, or ourselves? This question is more interesting than material. By those who are capable of cheating their own people how much faith is likely to be kept with any other? In case *Alabama* ever leave American ports to prey on British shipping, what compensation will the Britishers obtain? If ever we go to war, we shall see.

TEST QUESTIONS.

To Show the Need of a Supplementary Catechism for Irish Old Boys of 1898.

Q. Who made you?
A. Bedad there, Sorr, I don't know. Sure Theology wasn't taught at our College.

[*The Examiner will at once proceed to remedy the defect with instruction from the Supplementary Catechism.*]

Q. Who was GEORGE THE THIRD?
A. Faix, Sorr, I'm not acquainted with the gentleman at all at all. Modern History wasn't part of our education.

[*Defect remedied again.*]

Q. What are the recognised obligations of the Moral Law?
A. Well, Sorr . . . on me faith and conscience I don't know. It was one of those subjects of which the Pote (we learnt Poethry, Sorr) says—

"O no we never mention it,
Its name is never heard."

[*Supplementary Instruction commences forthwith.*]

Touching the "Bell."

PERHAPS some Cambridge authority will kindly say—for the information of a Correspondent who signs himself "An Amateur Gentleman Ringer"—whether the Bell Scholarships at that University are awarded for proficiency in campanology. The Calendar is silent on the subject.

Some Mistake.

THE Brighton Aquarium announces, among its myriads of other attractions, an Axolotl from Mexico. We thought this had come from a more northern part of the New Continent, and that, by way of return, we were going to Pay a lot.



THE COAL FAMINE.

Wife. "O, CHARLES, HOW KIND OF THE BROWNS!—(Reads).—‘MRS. BROWN PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MR. AND MRS. JONES, AND HOPES THEY WILL GIVE HER THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY AT A FIRE PARTY ON MONDAY, MARCH 3RD.—FIRES LIGHTED AT 6·30.’!!

BOB LOGIC.

ARGUING that there was no possible substitute for the Income-tax, in answer to a deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce that waited on him the other day to urge its immediate repeal, MR. LOWE is reported to have said that:—

"He could suggest means of raising the revenue by putting taxes upon articles that had already been reduced or freed, as sugar, tea, coffee, or the duties on life assurance; but these things had been considered more oppressive and injurious than the Income-tax itself, and such a course would be a retrospective step."

Vestigia nulla retrorsum. That is Mr. Lowe's argument against reverting to just indirect from unjust direct taxation. By the way, "retrospective" must be a reporter's substitution for "retrograde." *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is perhaps hardly so logical a reason for not taxing sugar, tea, and coffee rather than income, as *Ex luce lucellum* was for taxing lucifer-matches. One would imagine, considering the utter impossibility which Chancellors of the Exchequer seem to see in replacing a partial tax on incomes by duties on the groceries above named, that the victims of the Income-tax consist, as a class, of persons who do not consume as much tea, coffee, and sugar as other people, and particularly as the Striking Classes, whose incomes escape taxation, and who have raised the price of butcher's meat and all other provisions, by daily eating meat at dinner, and likewise at every other meal, and making, generally, three or four meals a day.

See Advertisement.

OUR Navy seem to have some curious wants. The Contract Department of the Admiralty invite tenders for Blue Jean, Comforters, Duck, Duck Coaling, Flushing, South Westers, and Stay Tape—the last article of commerce being required, we presume (the public notice is not explicit on this point) for lacing the ships' stays.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE STRIKING CLASSES.

DARWIN, on your "Development,"
To me, whence'er I think,
'Twixt Man and Ape 'tis evident
We need the Missing Link;
A want which Strikes have rendered clear
To each discerning eye,
By causing coals to grow so dear,
And meat to rise so high.

A horse may kick, a dog may bite,
If mutinous he wax;
But singly they with Masters fight,
And not in herds and packs.
Else, stud and kennel were like mine
And factory; O, what then,
Could working animals combine
And strike as Working Men?

Workers we lack who cannot strike
Together, for demands;
Not quite mankind, but so far like
As having human hands;
Creatures discerning what we mean,
Docile; in size and shape
An intermediate thing between
The Nigger and the Ape.

For Black is not distinct from White
As Ape from Niger. Pair
The colours; a Mulatto might
Be born a Briton's heir.
A Man and Brother had, we found,
From slavery to be freed.
For simious slaves we look around;
But ah, there's no such breed!

Could such a race of slaves be bred
Through ages, by degrees?
The Monkeys' range is limited,
And Monkeys live in trees.
As they can't toil, and workmen flout,
O, DARWIN, try and think!
Develop something—do work out
A Working Missing Link.

TWO ASH-WEDNESDAY OBSERVATIONS.

EVERY dog has his day. As All Saints have a festival to themselves so All Sinners expect their turn, and take it on Ash-Wednesday, still known as *Dies Cinerum*, which is, being uneclesiastically and freely translated, All Sinners' Day. It used to be spent as a Fast day: now, however, the day is kept. The night has by use pretty well established itself as a Fast one, in some instances, a very Fast one. Yet a variety of tastes is consulted. Dust and ashes may be still emblematical even of amusement; as, for instance, at an Islington Music-hall, where there is a sort of Ballet-Ball, which will result in kicking up a goodish dust, while the dust will be "come down with" pretty handsomely in many instances. And there's an Oratorio at the Albert Hall which symbolises ashes, at least, the next thing to it, i.e., COLE. The two ideas of devotion are thus represented at Islington and Kensington, and we hope that both Devotees and Dancers will be none the worse for their Wednesday night on Thursday morning.

Boots and Being.

AMONG the various advertisements round about that beautify every practicable surface, the wayfarer may have noticed one which offers him boots so constructed as to be capable of being continually renovated by having affixed to them, when necessary, a new heel. This is an ingenious contrivance for prolonging a boot's existence, but, alas! it will make no boot last for ever. Besides that, the upper leathers must still wear out, and the renewal of the heel of a boot can boot but little when we cannot depend on the immortality of the sole.

NEEDLESS CHRONOLOGY.

A CONTROVERSY still rages about the date of the irrepressible Athanasian Creed. This is superfluous if they are right who consider the Creed of St. Athanasius out of date altogether.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



O-NIGHT. Monday, Feb. 17. LORD CARNARVON exposed the humbug of the promises by which ignorant emigrants are allured to the Brazils, where they find that they have been victimised. Lord GRANVILLE said that, regardless of making things unpleasant with foreign powers, he had issued certain warnings

against the temptations held out by interested agents. Our Consuls had furnished him with trustworthy information. If some of the "people's papers" would publish this kind of news, it might be as useful to the "people" as stereotype abuse of all classes except artisans.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET wished to know whether we were blundering in drawing the Afghan boundary. But here was "Duke upon Duke." His Grace of Argyll informed His Grace of Somerset that we had done nothing of the kind, and that the line was wisely drawn along the Oxus, under the advice of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON. He did not say anything about

"Samarcand by Oxus, TEMUR's throne,"

which was a pity, because MILTON should always be quoted when there is a chance. The line was sometime used in an Olympic playbill, in connection with a drama about the said TEMUR or TIMOUR, and this might have pleased MILTON, who was a friend to "the well-trod stage."

Mr. ALEXANDER called attention to the vast quantity of Coal which is known to be in China. He wants the Flower Nation to work at its Coal-fields. We would rather hear of the Chinese labourer toiling for Coal in his own land than in Wales, but there are proposals to bring him over and make him do the work which the Union tyrants forbid the Welsh labourer to do. We may see a Joss-house in Merthyr-Tydfil yet.

Our Druid informed us that there is to be a Military Centre at Oxford; not, however, exactly in any quad, but at a farm a short distance from the City of Educational Palaces.

Then the ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced his important measure for the improvement of the Jury system. Now this, as every true British orator knows, is the Palladium of British Liberty. But, as very few British orators know what the classic word means, it may be convenient to inform—or, shall we say, remind them that the Palladium was a statue of the goddess Pallas, otherwise Minerva, and that Troy was safe so long as that statue was preserved. Now, two Grecian heroes, aware of the fact, did valiantly but secretly make their way into Troy, and lay violent hands on the Palladium. *Troya fuit.* Now, look again at Mr. Punch's Cartoon.

Sir JOHN's proposals are to the effect that he would reduce the sacred Twelve in the Box to Seven, except in cases of treason or murder. He would improve the character of juries by mixing in the

box members of the Special and of the Common class. *Mr. Punch* imagines that JOHN BULL will be enormously exercised by the first proposal, and the second seems to carry in it suicidal seeds. Will a gentleman care to serve with a greengrocer, and will not a greengrocer be jealous of the superior cultivation of the gentleman, and as matter of principle refuse to be guided by him? There are sundry other points on which SIR JOHN will have to fight hard, if he carries his Bill, and the Lawyers are said to dislike it—a fact that may be in favour of its character, but not of its chances.

In Supply, it was complained that we pay for the maintenance of an imprisoned pirate chieftain called EMMANUEL BACCA, at Ascension. It was suggested that he should be brought here to prison, but MR. BAXTER said the fellow was best where he was "until he should go to a better world." MR. BAXTER probably believes that there is a chaplain at Ascension with considerable powers of conversion. But why is not BACCA hanged?

The Wife's Sister Bill was hurried through Committee, its enemies avowing that they were eager to send it to meet its fate where

"A huge two-handed engine at the door
Is ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Tuesday.—LORD BUCKHURST moved the Second Reading of a Bill for preventing Railway Accidents by compelling the Companies to adopt the two systems which are found safest—the Block, and the Interlocking of points or signals. Hardly needful to say that it was answered that excessive tenderness and delicacy must be shown towards the Companies, or that the rude Bill was sent to a Select Committee.

MR. AYTON informed us that a contract for the Natural History Museum at Kensington had been made, the edifice is to be finished in three years, and it is to cost £352,000. Beasts and birds have never been so magnificently lodged since NOAH's time.

But our *Aeile* can attend not only to the great but to the small, and he is making a "bright little tight little island" in the Serpentine, for the comfort of the Wild Fowl. We are glad of this, as the national ganders will be able to keep out of the way of MR. ODGER'S.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT then distinguished himself by moving that our present public expenditure is excessive. He adduced a variety of figures in proof of this, and shewed how our outlay kept on increasing. He reminded the Government that though they had nobly redeemed some of their pledges, they had not redeemed their vows to be economical, and he thought that Parliament ought to hold them to these. A debate followed, the result of which was that MR. GLADSTONE, refusing his assent to any abstract resolutions, agreed to grant a Committee of Inquiry whether any reductions could be made in the expenditure for the Civil Service, exclusive of what was secured on the faith of national undertaking, as the interest on the Debt, and the Civil List. This, of course, was accepted, "not," said MR. HARCOURT, "as half a loaf, but as a crumb under the table."

Mr. Punch is so simple and sweet-minded and void of all guile, that it quite pains him to see it hinted that both the Motion and the Committee were intended as useful capital at the next election. They will show, it is said, how truly zealous both the independent Liberals and the Government are on the question of economy. He can only say he wonders how persons can be so unkind as to suppose that there is anything but true and disinterested patriotism in such things. But he is altogether two soft-hearted and confiding for the cold world.

Wednesday.—A Bill for improving the position of Woman in regard to her property was read a Second Time, after severe debate, and only by 124 to 103. And O, dear Madam, if you would but just look into the daily paper, and see what dreadful nonsense was talked about interfering with the conjugal relation, and all that sort of thing, and how dreadfully afraid some gentlemen are of allowing an honest, hard-working woman to emancipate her means from the control of an idle, drunken, profligate husband. For that is all that is wanted, you know, Madam. If every couple lived as you and your beloved Barnabas live, faithfully fulfilling the marriage vow, no laws to protect one from the other would be wanted. But every man is not your Barnabas, and every woman is not his Belinda, and then come cases where protection is wanted very much indeed. The House seems inclined to take the reasonable view of the matter, but grudgingly, and perhaps the antics of some of the strong-minded women have rather set the legislative teeth on edge. It is unfair, however, that good women should suffer through the bad taste of fanatics.

Also we had a much wanted Bill for the protection and education of agricultural children. MR. MUNDELLA made fun of it, but it is at all events a step, etc.

Thursday.—LORD ROSEBERY made a very good speech about the deterioration of our Horses, which seem to be coming down nearly to the level of those who cheat with them and bet on them. He wanted an inquiry. LORD GRANVILLE answered ROSEBERY with rose-colour, and thought that the horse population was going on well

enough. Anyhow, there is to be a Committee to sit on horses—if they can. Some Lords are capital equestrians.

In the Commons there was some debate connected with a most serious matter—one so serious, in fact, that the honour of British Commerce is concerned that certain statements should be disproved, or, if proved, that the vengeance of Society should descend on the guilty. MR. PLIMSOUL, Member for Derby, brings against certain ship-owners the charge that they send to sea vessels that are either not sea-worthy, or are so loaded as to be almost certain to sink, and that this is done for the sake of the insurance-money. He has published statements of the most terrible kind; and two Members of Parliament, regarding themselves as among the accused, have brought actions against him. Our judgment and that of the public ought to be held in entire suspense until the trials shall have taken place. No investigation of so much national importance has been made for years, and it becomes us all to watch, but to observe the strictest fair-play. To-night the matter came up in the House because MR. PLIMSOUL was held to have committed a breach of privilege in some of his writing on the subject. He admitted that he had, disclaimed intent to offend the House, and frankly apologised. The House felt, and MR. GLADSTONE admirably expressed its feeling, that the issue was to be tried elsewhere, and that it was not on a point of form that the topic should be treated.

COLONEL KNOX elicited some cries by calling the trials at Dublin for the Galway outrages "sham trials;" but it is difficult to know what other epithet would have suited them. It is clear that the form of the Tree-Box called the Jury-Box ought not to be tyrannically cultivated in Ireland by the cold-hearted Saxon. Its relative, the "Gallows-Tree," has long ceased to be a terror there. And MR. GLADSTONE boasts of having cut down the Upas-trees. Ireland is clearly no longer a "Plantation," as of old.

Crime is to be prevented a little more. Some stringent clauses are added to the present Act, which works very well, but which is thought to be slightly aided by education, and by Reformatories that cut off the supply of criminals.

Friday.—Our Government will not allow Her Majesty's subjects to wear Foreign Decorations. We have but one Fountain of Honour, and it springs from the Throne. We recognise no alien springs. There may be occasional inconvenience in this, but the rule is good; and, moreover, Britons have a vague idea that some Foreign Decorations, at least, are procurable through other channels than those whence honour should flow. LORD GRANVILLE did not say this, but probably he thought it the more.

In the Commons the evening was dull, but, *en revanche*, it was brief. A Committee was appointed to consider the mode in which Government Stores are bought, the pleasing arrangement at present being that Departments bid against each other, to the great profit of Trade, but not of JOHN BULL.

MR. MUNDELL obtained a Committee of Inquiry into the reasons why Coal is so awfully dear. But only 22 men—we beg pardon—Members were present. That, Madam, shows how your Representatives attend to *your* business. MR. LIDDELL did not object to the Collier asking a rise in wages when profits were high, but very much objected to his declining to work a reasonable time because he found his raised wages enough to support him in luxury without his doing such work. The House was Counted Out in time for a late dinner.

GREGORIAN TONES.

On Thursday evening last there was what they called a "Gregorian Demonstration" at St. Paul's. In answer to numerous inquiries as to what on earth this means, we have much pleasure in presenting our Petitioners with some information on the subject. The Gregorians, then, are a musical sect called after (as is evident) the REV. CANON GREGORY, of St. Paul's, who, on this occasion, read the Second Lesson in a Gregorian tone. By the way, the Minor Canons' voices will be useful in dirges. Choirs wishing to take part in the Gregorian movement, have to be in training for a month previous on Gregory's Powder. The Anglican Church Musical is divided broadly, into two parties, the "*Anti-I-Gregorians!*" and the "*Anti-Gregorians;*" and, as the pugnacious *Gregory* says, in *Romeo and Juliet*, "The weakest goes to the wall." Which this is to be, is as yet uncertain. Being impartial, we wish well to the two musical divisions of the surplice population.

Alas! Poor Carp!

A FAMOUS French Carp, dating from the time of FRANCIS THE FIRST, aged three hundred and seventy-five years, and measuring three feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, was attacked the other day by an enormous pike and devoured. His poor fish bones, we may suppose, lie in Jonah-like interment, and, were it possible to catch the devouring pike and label him with an epitaph, he should be made to carry *this* on his back.—

Requiescat in Pace.

WATERWORKS AND VANDALS.



E are apprised that we may safely trust the Chelsea Waterworks Company, to take care of the scenery opposite to Hampton Court, in case Parliament is so confiding, or so sympathetic, as to deliver it into the hands of the Philistines? There may be Members for Mammon in the Legislature capable of any sacrifice to that fiend. But, unless these constitute a majority, it may be well that Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen, invited to make the surrender above-named, should ponder the subjoined statement in a letter addressed to the newspapers, under the signature of "T. H. BRYANT." Then they will know what to think of the Chelsea Waterworks Company:—

"In the year 1852 this very Company obtained powers to construct reservoirs, &c., at Seething Wells, close to the site now selected. By excavation a very large mound was created in front of the residences facing the river. By their Act they were required to remove this mound, but no penalty was attached to it—it is twenty years ago. Would you believe it, that notwithstanding every exertion of the Corporation of Kingston, and also of the inhabitants, and large sums of money subscribed, that that mound still remains as a monument to this very Company of their interest in the public."

Let us hope that, as it may have been managed by benignant Fates, the civilised Public, and especially the Corporation and all the respectable inhabitants of Kingston and Surbiton, may have to thank the Company for having applied to Parliament for licence to ruin the view from Hampton Court and the "Mitre." By that motion the said Association will possibly find that they have only taken something for the offence of having maintained ~~an~~ eyesore, as sordid as those who created it, which said eyesore they were required to remove by an imperfect Act of Parliament. This cynical, shabby, and offensive neglect will perhaps not only induce Parliament to throw out their present Waterworks Bill, but also, for their benefit, that is to say, for their correction and amendment, to enact another one in the interest of those who have been aggrieved by their mean parsimony. By this supplementary Act, maybe, the omission of that of 1852 will be supplied, and the Chelsea Waterworks Company will be not only prevented from spoiling half-a-mile of the scenery opposite to Hampton Court, but also obliged, under a heavy penalty, to remove their "celebrated mud-heap at Surbiton."

Saving Clauses.

In the Convocation of York, the other day, the Prolocutor took occasion to remark that "it was a matter of thankfulness that, in consequence of what had occurred outside and within the walls of the two Lower Houses of Convocation, the Creed of St. Athanasius had been 'saved.'" If the Creed were sentient, it ought to be grateful for such a requital of its suggestions in a perfectly opposite direction.

DRAMATIC CON.

Q. What were the "palmy" days of the Drama?
A. When they were first-rate hands at acting.



A SKETCH IN ULSTERMARINE.

(And, looking at such Candidates for Marriage, say "Don't" to—the Marines.)

STEALING THE PALLADIUM, OR SCOURING IT?

WHEN Ilion was rising on Pergamus' crown,
From the blue sky an image of Pallas dropt down,
With Gorgon-bossed buckler, and ægis outspread,
And a spear in her hand, and a helm on her head.
And thus to King Ilus the oracle spake :—
"So long as this image your treasure you make,
And keep it intact in your citadel's shrine,
So long Troy shall stand under Ilus's line :
But if ever you let it be stolen, beware !
For then is the downfall of Troy in the air."

Time passed—Menelaus wed Helen—poor lad,
And Helen with Paris went off "to the bad."
And as Priam at that time was Sovereign of Troy,
And as Paris, worse luck ! was King Priam's pet boy,
And as, in those days, they'd no Court of Divorce,
Where wrong'd lords to pay up co-respondents could force,
And as Paris when called on Madame to send home,
Said that those who would take her to take her must come,
Menelaus's friends bade their friends to the fray,
Who in arms o'er the main against Troy took their way.
Where for ten years they battered the town, all in vain,
For why ? Its Palladium the town did retain.

Now Ulysses was far the most 'cute of the Greeks,
Their deepest of dodgers, their slyest of sneaks ;
So he wrought en one Diomed, feeble of wit,
But a rare 'un straight out from the shoulder to hit,
With him in a night-raid to hazard his crown,
To steal the Palladium,—trust of Troy-town.

Access to the Temple Ulysses secures,
In a dirtyish manner, along the main sewers ;
The half-awake guards were cut down at their post,
The Palladium was cribbed—and Troy's talisman lost,
And, within the next six months, by Sinon done brown,
And humbugged by the Horse, haughty Troy had come down.

Old England has got her Palladium, like Troy,
At least, so I've heard said, since old *Punch* was a boy.
This Palladium of ours is no image at all ;
Nor, as far as I know was from Heaven seen to fall :
But it's something that's guarded with all sorts of locks,
And its form is Twelve Britons shut up in a Box,
Which Twelve are a Jury, and, till they agree,
Of not-guilty or guilty no verdict can be :
'Twas the Barons of Runnymede first clenched the same,
And made trial by peers the great stakes of their game.
And that's the Palladium, so-called, of JOHN BULL,
On which see Constitutional writers at full.

Is it true that two chiefs dare Old England to brave—
Childe COLE RIDER the 'cute, and LORD SELBORNE the grave—
And have crept, like Ulysses and Diomed of yore,
Our Palladium to steal, up St. Stephens's shore ?—
Have dared pick our best Constitutional locks,
And lay hands on the sacred Twelve men in a Box ;
O'er whom, with her spear held defiant at ward,
Ears erect, and eyes open, Britannia holds guard,
And whom, if JOHN BULL, who as sentry should stand,
Lets be tampered with, shall claim redress at his hand,
For she knows, 'twixt the right and foul tyranny's flood,
How often that Box with its Twelve men has stood.



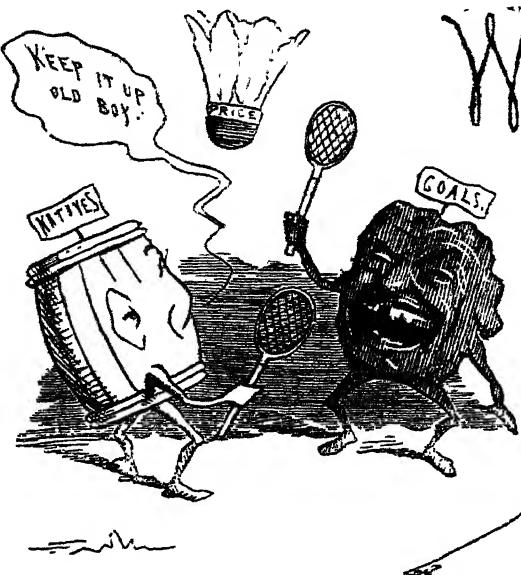
STEALING THE “PALLADIUM,”

OR, ULYSSES AND DIOMED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

But let's hope that 'tis not as Palladium prigs
Ulysses and Diomed now risk their wigs—
That if on the Box of the Twelve they lay hand,
It is but to fix it more firm on its stand;
To its hinges, where rusted, to give freer play,
And brush, here and there, an old cobweb away;

To its depths, where too close, to let in light and air,
So that Justice, in future, mayn't lose herself there.
And e'en if at last, by some work of new leaven,
The Twelve men in the Box should get stewed down to seven,
Don't let's think, with some faults in its framework removed,
The Palladium damaged, because it's improved.

SOCIETY ON STRIKE.



what perhaps in irony are called the Working Classes: but it is highly probable that the tendency to strike may gradually extend to other orders of Society, where people live by mental as well as manual labour.

Considering the rising cost of fuel and provisions, a Curate strike ought surely

E live in striking times; there is no denying that. Everybody seems to have a tendency to strike, and nobody can say where this tendency may lead us. In addition to our coal strike, we may any morning find ourselves afflicted by a cab strike, and shall esteem ourselves quite fortunate if we escape a cook strike. A butcher's strike has been reported from the North, and in London we have actually been threatened by a baker's strike. Who can tell but a Press strike may be looming in the future? and fancy with what horror the world would hear the news that there had been a *Punch* strike!

At present strikes have been confined to

to be reckoned on the cards; and a Clerk strike must in some quarters be looked upon as imminent. Why there should not be a Doctors' strike in certain country neighbourhoods, is more than we can say, seeing what low salaries are paid for poor-house practice. A Governess strike would likewise be excusable, we think, but probably would fail through lack of proper agitation.

There are many persons moving in fashionable circles who yet may be described with correctness as belonging to the Working Classes. Few labourers work harder than an energetic dancer, or a daily dinner-out, and the labours of a chaperon in the middle of the season must be well-nigh as exhausting as the labours of Hercules, and pretty nearly as unprofitable in their actual result. If a strike were to occur among the Upper Working Classes, it is terrible to think how much Society would suffer. Supposing that our friend TOM SKYLES, and half a thousand like him, were suddenly to strike, and decline all invitations, who would undergo the strictly manual labour of handing down old LADY HUMGRUFFYN to dinner, and perform the mental work of entertaining that dear creature through half a score of courses and ices and dessert? And supposing HARRY GALLOPPER, and all the other good young active fellows who are kind enough to do the dancing at our balls, were on a sudden to combine, and form an Anti-Waltzing Union, or an Anti-Evening-Party Club, with what terror would Society be stricken at the news! As for poor over-worked Papas, who, after slaving all day long to pay for their girls' dresses, are expected just at bedtime to escort their darlings to a ball, and there to dance attendance on them until nearly daylight,—as to these poor fellow-workmen our virtuous indignation incites us to observe that, if there be not soon a strike of Paterfamilias, they will prove themselves deserving to be called by the two syllables which complete that complex word.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He addresses the Editor, as usual, after visiting the Globe, and assisting at the representation of "Oriana."

AFTER the discussion as to where You should be represented this week, which terminated (the discussion, not the week) by your observing that You really "did not care where I went to" (which some tetchy folk might have taken unkindly, though I didn't), I consulted the papers to see what was going on in the Theatrical World. I found a good deal going on which I thought had been on the point of stopping, and I ascertained that the latest novelty was *Oriana* at the Globe. Now, Sir, I had not seen *Old Soldiers* at the Strand, nor *Old London* at the Queen's: two old, but both new: except, by the way, that *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*, which is *Old London*, will be found fully reviewed in this journal about five years ago. Then there was *The School for Scandal* at the Vandeville, which, as representing You, I thought would keep for some considerable time longer; and there were HERL and MRS. BANDMANN, or, as my friend WAG, who doesn't know anything of German pronunciation, says "*Mussus and Her Bandman*," or "*Her and She*" (which reminds me that *Man and Wife* will be out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre before this appears), in *Hamlet*, at the Princess's, for nine times only—a nine days' wonder—and, in fact, so many attractions East and West that I hesitated whether to go to the Glebe for *Oriana*, or somewhere else, or nowhere at all. I looked at the criticisms in the papers. One intimated that *Oriana* had been nearly laughed off the stage on the first night; another, that an increased ballet might make it an agreeable after-piece, which was hard upon a Romantic Legend or Fairy Comedy (as it was at first advertised) in three acts of mingled—or muddled—prose, blank verse, and rhyme. Another critic abused the audience for deriding all that was intended by the author to be taken seriously, and praised the piece with reservations. Another praised it all unreservedly, and, indeed, had not laudation sufficient for its transcendent merits. Puzzled by all this, and seeing the day fast slipping away without my being able to come to any decision as to where I should represent You, I was on the point of throwing up all theatrical entertainments, and devoting myself to going to hear a celebrated musician, with whose name I was totally unacquainted, perform, as he was announced to do, on the "new Ebonite Cylinder" at Wimbleton, which, it occurred to me, would be a real treat, specially if

he were accompanied on the Bolephone and the Digitoventolophonium (a sweet thing for an amatory duett between a gentle Ichthyosaurus and an accomplished Mastodon), when a friend said to me, "If you've not seen *Oriana*, don't!" and another, immediately afterwards, said, "If you've not seen *Oriana*, do!" and so, finding that the Ebonite Cylindrical performance was not coming off that evening, I settled upon representing You, Sir, judicially, at the Globe Theatre.

Oriana, then, is an undramatic poem set to music. What may be called the fairy part of the poem is fanciful and pretty. Much that Peep the fairy has to say would deserve higher praise than this, were it not that one is constantly reminded of the author's efforts, in straining after originality, to free himself from the haunting recollection of the Fays of DRASTON and BEN JONSON, of *Mercutio*'s description of *Queen Mab*, of *Ariel*, *Puck*, and the whole army of tiny tricksome spirits to whom the Master Hand gave immortality. That part of the poem which is about *King Raymond* and his *Queen Oriana*, is Tennysonian. What is intended for the comic portion, and given to Oxeye the demagogue and his loutish followers, so forcibly recalls *Bottom* and his associates, that one is expecting to see them set to work to rehearse *Pyramus and Thisbe*; but, alas! they do nothing a quarter so amusing. The patchwork of prose, blank verse, and rhyme, indiscriminately, is a mistake. The rhyming portion should have been kept exclusively to the fairy's speeches, and the vocal music should have been confined to the spirits. Blank verse should have been the form for the more serious personages of the poem, and prose for the low comedians. But to expect an artistic whole out of a sort of haphazard jumble of rhyming words, hard prose, instrumental music, blank verse, unexpected songs, and occasional dances, is to rub on to the canvas a confused smudge of various colours and to look for the glorious effect of a CLAUDE's sunset. I have no doubt but that, as rehearsed singly, every patch was charming by itself, and that with it, author, composer, and actor were alike delighted. *Oriana*, to be enjoyed, must be read, not seen, and then the comic part must be skipped. However, Your Representative has to deal with it in its published form on the Globe stage.

Well, then, seeing the prominence of Peep the fairy's part, I will begin with her. It is played by MISS CARROTTA ADDISON. It is the best-played part in the piece; but, it is the best part—or, rather, it is the only part. Yet what is she to represent? A crippled fairy,



FRAGMENT OF FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION

(After the Door is Closed).

Little Swell No. 1. "HUNTING TO-DAY?"

Little Swell No. 2 (settling himself in the Up-Train, attended by Livery Stable Keeper). "ER—YAAS."

No. 1. "KEEP YOUR HORSES HERE?" No. 2. "ER—YAAS." No. 1. "WAS THAT SMASHEM?" No. 2. "ER—YAAS."

No. 1. "USEFUL FELLOW, EH?" No. 2. "ER—YAAS. LENT ME TWENTY POUNDS ONCE—NEVER PAID HIM."

limping on a crutch. Old Witches limped and hobbled on crutch-handled sticks, but they were hags, and mortal, not Sprites or Fays. But! imagine *Puck* with a bruised arm because he couldn't get out of the way of the Miller's flail, or an *Ariel* with a wooden leg, in consequence of a fall from a bat! No, it won't do; to begin with, it won't do. Vulcan was kicked out of Heaven, and limped; but Vulcan wasn't a Spenserian faery. Miss ADDISON, again, does not look a fairy. Now, Miss TERRY did look *Puck*, and Miss HODSON, artfully costumed, was a very fair impersonation of the stage *Ariel*; and, by the way, even *Titania* and *Oberon* were well represented in the revival of *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Queen's. So that, in spite of the antecedent improbability, fairy forms (out of extravaganza and burlesque) can be tolerably well presented on the stage. Fairy *Peep*, however, in *Oriana*, looks like a distraught peasant-girl, who had robbed a booth to supply herself with tawdry trimming, had lamed herself by escaping from the window of some neighbouring lunatic asylum, and was wandering about the country with an ear-trumpet (by way of something sporting) and a fraction of a hop-pole. This is certainly not the author's fault, unless he designed the costume, or approved such a design. As for the rest, personages they were, characters they were not, except Mr. FLOCKTON as the Fool, *Solon*, who from the first reminded me, both in gait and appearance, of Mr. IRVING, and who did not, therefore, surprise me when he gave the audience the key to his reading of the part by exclaiming "Hark! the bells!" which ought just to have enlivened the proceedings a bit, to have been the cue for an imitation; but, I regret to say, it wasn't. *Oriana* being comparatively nobody, and *Peep* everybody, and seeing that the great point is the charmed well, I should recommend a change of name for the piece. Let it be a Fairy Operatic Extravaganza, with lively music of the *Nobody-knows-as-I-do* and *Ages-ago* style, and let it be called, instead of *Oriana*, *Little Bo-Peep*, or *Leave Well Alone*.

At present 'tis neither play nor opera. You are disappointed with it as an opera, because there is too much dialogue; you are

disappointed with it as a play, because there is too much music. Let the piece be reduced to an hour and a quarter's duration, and re-cast, with singers. I should suggest, as likely to hit the public, the following names:—*King Raymond*, Mr. SIMS REEVES; *Queen Oriana*, Miss EMILY SOLDENE (unless she played *Raymond*, and the whole thing was extravaganza'd); *Oxeye*, with a buffo song, might be Mr. GEORGE HONEY. I should cut out the *Bishop* entirely, or, if he grumbled, he could have a ballet to himself, with cymbals. *Peep* might be well played by an intelligent grandson of MASTER PERCY ROSELLE, and there should be a chorus of fairies by the choristers from EVANS's, to sing something as catchy as "*Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.*" Mr. COLLODION, the caricaturist, will, I believe, be shortly disengaged, and he might be thrown in somehow. At all events, *he'd draw*.

One thing must seriously be said for MR. ALBERY's Romantic Legend, which is, that it is entirely free from anything in the remotest degree approaching a vein of coarseness.

This delicacy of treatment is especially to be noticed in the four situations of the piece; first, where the *King* falls in love with *Chloë*, then with the *Bishop*, then with himself, and, lastly, where the *Queen* becomes enamoured of *Oxeye*. In these a less pure and poetic mind might have been tempted to say coarsely all that the sensual aspect of the occasion could suggest, and would have been content to leave nothing to the imagination. This slough MR. ALBERY has avoided; and there is not, from beginning to end, one single line which I would not trust my Maiden Aunt from Clapham to hear, and, having heard, to return thither in the last omnibus with her spotless umbrella and a firmer faith in the love and truth of her only nephew.

So much, Sir, for representing You at *Oriana*. As to its success—well, in theatrical matters no one can say what will or what won't catch the public. Were I the Manager of the Globe, I should hope for the best, and be prepared for the worst. Farewell for the present. I am ever YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



EVIDENT GENIUS.

Emmy (Mamma's volunteer Secretary). "HOW IS THIS TO BE ANSWERED, KITTY? I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!—(Reads.)—'MRS. FITZMODE AT HOME ON THE 30TH INST. FROM FOUR TO SIX O'CLOCK.'"

Kitty. "WELL, I SHOULD WRITE AND SAY MAMMA DID NOT KNOW MRS. FITZMODE HAD BEEN AWAY, BUT WONDERS SHE SHOULD RETURN TO STOP ONLY TWO HOURS"!!

THE LAMBETH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

LET us drink an Institution, likeliest to promote sobriety.
Here's to the new-founded Church of England Temperance Society :
For the Church of this realm doth, besides as ne denomination,
Command, and counsel, and set forth, always, in all things,
moderation.

Most chiefly is the Church's moderation shown strong drinks in using ;
Not, as do some that greatly err, eschewing such, but not abusing.
She doth reprove all sots, and them like swine that in their swill lie
sunken ;
But praiseth them that make good cheer, yet drink so that they be
not drunken.

That wine is good the Church doth prove from many a place beyond
all question.
It strengtheneth the heart of Man ; to some is needful for digestion :
So likewise these good creatures all which at sound doctrine by some
stickers,

As the Teetotallers do vainly talk, be called "intoxicating liquors."

Intemperance as concerning, this the Church of England further
teaches—
They are to be condemned that make on Temperance stumps intem-
perate speeches.
Rave over Christian Liberty for leave to exercise dominion,
Drunk without drink on vanity, and puffed up with self-opinion.

The Church good measures loveth, and instead of banning pint or
pottle,
The canticle doth much applaud that biddeth all men with a bottle,
And that a jolly and a full, they arm themselves at festive season ;
So as eftsoons to empt the same by draughts within the bounds of
reason.

Now fill we up another glass, and drink His Grace of Canterbury.
May he take order for sound port, unbrandied, and as well for sherry,
Sith, as Archbishop he doth rule the Temperance Church Association ;
Thence orthodoxy shall increase, with decrease of intoxication.

WHAT AN OLD-FASHIONED
WINTER MEANS.

Doctor.
Chilblains.
Red Nose.
Cold in the head.
Frosted potatoes.
Aggravation of the misery of rising in the morning.
Slippery pavements.
Falls.
Fractures.
Coals up.
Horses down.
Melting snow.
Impassable streets.
Wet feet.
Pump frozen.
Pipes burst.
Plumber.
Subscriptions.
Unfavourable returns by Registrar-
Generals.

Primitive Poetic Period.

A DISCOVERY has been recently made which, if present conjecture is proved correct, will go far towards establishing the existence of a long suspected Pre-devonian-Iambic period in the history of our planet. The distinguished naturalist who lately found the undoubted remains of a magnificent Ptero-Dactyl (one of the genus *Epea Pterocenta*), has forwarded for our inspection a small claw of what he considers to have been a splendid specimen of the Three-footed Spondée.

FINE OPENING.—We all know people who are for ever protesting that they must draw the line somewhere. Now is their time. Let them go to Central Asia.

A PARAGRAPH TRAP.

As an old bird we are not often caught with chaff. We are never taken with it at any time, considering it, as regards repartee, in the ratio of the horseplay of an English coalheaver's fistcuffs to the dexterous handling of a French courtier's *fleurette*. So much for chaff, in passing. The form of the bait wherewith we were trapped was not, on consideration, novel ; but it was new to find it in a corner of the *Times*, at the tail of an otherwise interesting paragraph, which was headed "An Anglo-Moorish Marriage." After an amusingly curious account of such scant ceremony as seems to have taken place, the account concludes with the information that the wedding-breakfast was on this occasion supplied by a certain hotel at Tangier, which provides "capital accommodation on reasonable terms," &c., with a further personal recommendation of the landlord and his wife. "I can't conceive," said Mr. Crummles, after reading the startling and laudatory notices about himself in the local papers, "who puts these things in. I didn't." If the whole story is a romance, so much cleverer is the advertisement. If not, greatly to be admired is the skill which has turned the incident to so practical an account. We can imagine an infinity of devices on this foundation, namely : "Celebration of the Eighteenth Birthday of a Hindoo Princess," which should be a boot and shoemaker's advertisement; then "Religious Ceremonies on the Coming of Age of an Egyptian Eldest Son," which should lead up to a publication of some hosier's and outfitter's wares. "Presence of Mind in India," showing how a tiger was frightened by an umbrella, would, of course, be an evident opportunity, and so on. They must be well done, however, and an improvement on former attempts. The present model herein noticed is excellent. Only henceforth we shall be inclined to regard with a more than ordinarily wary eye any *very* attractive heading in Paragraph Corner.

A Matter of Taste.

(Never said, but thought of as we lit the cigar, to go home.)

"Do you like BROWNING?" asked a reading man of a Young Lady whom he had taken down to dinner. The fair creature by his side, (who was no bookworm,) answered, "Yes. That is, I like crackling."



“ MESNE PROFITS.”

Old Lady. “THREEPENCE?! WHY, I’VE RIDDEN THIS WAY A HUNDRED TIMES, AND NEVER PAID MORE THAN TWOPENCE!”

Conductor. “A HUNDRED TIMES, ‘M? LET ME SEE! THEN YOU OWE THE CO’PANY EIGHT-AN’-FOURPENCE, ‘M! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SETTLE WITH ME NOW, ‘M, OR SHALL I—”

[*Old Lady retreats precipitately.*

VENUS VAUNTETH HER.

(*A propos of Her coming Transit.*)

THEY may sneer at me as *passée*, as a *belle* of bygone fashion,
Who once had my admirers, but am now left in the cold.
Like some pale wall-flower, wooed of yore with poetry and passion,
Now left on ball-room bench, unbid out of the chaperon’s fold.
But that Venus still is somebody for men to make a fuss about,
E’en in this generation of materialists and muffs,
Is plain, when, only to behold her passing, folks thus rush about,
And how, when, where to watch her, learned pundits come to cuffs.

Yes, my boudoirs in fair Cyprus may by coarse hands have been
shattered,
And New Yorkers their museum be enriching from my shrine—
Since that rude GENERAL CESNOLA its treasure-trove has scattered—
In Art, as well as dry goods, with the desperate hope to shine.
Still, though my faith be fallen, and though my fames have vanished,
Venus still holds her Heaven, to which men’s thoughts and eyes
yet run;
Nor from the lists of Science is the Queen of Beauty banished,
But holds Old World and New at gaze to see her cross the Sun.

Yes, I can still make learned heads with eager passion airy;
Bring a persistent proctor at my summons to his knee;
Can launch ships for Antarctic Isles, penguinny and white-beary,
To pass a six month’s winter dark, for one day’s sight of me:
And all because they fancy, poor idiots, that Venus
Is the best of heavenly bodies to attack with their base-line;
As if there ever could be aught of interchange between us,
But mute observance on their part, and loftiness on mine!

At least you own the majesty of her whom thus you follow,
When ’tis by her you measure all the greatness that you know;
When ’tis she who gives the standard of proportions for Apollo,
And binds him down to take the length of her string for his bow.

Still Venus is the sovereign power of high as lower regions,
Still spans and scales the universe by ruling of her charms,
And as erst for Helen’s loveliness she fired the Greeks and Phrygians,
So now her Transit calls the world of science up in arms.

A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

UP to the present hour we have had a good opinion of Japan, as a country daily becoming more and more polished and civilised, and likely in due time to enjoy all the distinctions and advantages of Strikes, Select Vestries, Convocation, Four-wheeled Cabs, Superfine Black Silk Hats, a Court Circular, and a permanent Income-tax. But our faith has been rudely shaken. We are not so sure of the improvement in Japan, after reading the almost incredible announcement that, amongst other innovations lately introduced there, “a holiday is to be kept on every seventh day instead of on every fifth day”! What can be expected from a nation which voluntarily deprives itself of twenty-one days of leisure and relaxation from work in the course of a single year? Such a statement might have been regarded as a merry jest put forth to take in, if it had not been published in the Money Article of the *Times*—a column not usually enlivened by *facetiae*.

Pie for Pudding.

“I, BY those Yankees overreached, am done;
Thus, Indirect Claims, after all, they’ve won.”
To me so singing in reply ’tis sung:
“JOHN, eat your Humble Pie, and hold your tongue.”

GREAT NEWS FOR SPAIN.

“OLLO with a Band of 1500 Men,” &c. New Spanish patriotic song; adapted from BALFE’s celebrated ballad, *When Ollo Arts.*



BOLD PROMISE OF TRANSFORMATION.

Old Lady. "Hi! Do you go to the Angel?"

Conductor. "Here y' are, Mum! We can soon change yer into one!"

POOR WILLIAM AND PLAYFUL PADDY.

With a ditty full of pity to bemoan him I'll make free,
Whose vocation legislation for Ireland comes to be.
Where A's white light is B's black night, and B's right is A's
wrong;
And reasons go by seasons, weak to-day, to-morrow strong;
And everybody argues, and nobody agrees,
And those your work are first to burke, whom your work was meant
to please:
And the crathers—such their nathers—turn to kick if you caress
them,
And in challenge trail the new coat's tail, in which you've toiled to
dress them;
And when for peace, that strife may cease, you brave the plagues of
martyrs.
With shrill "Hurroo!" and "Croom-a-boo!" they rush to cuffs like
Tartars!
If Parliament time be a Pantomime—as says some scoffing joker,—
One thing the Clown had best put down—that's Pat—the red-hot
poker!

Poor WILLIAM see; how painfully his Irish University
He's seasoned up, and reasoned up, what need that *Punch* rehearse
it ye!
A good rich slice, to make it nice, of Trinity plum-pudding;
A Galway fish, to crown the dish, for Ultramontane grubbing;
Snug bursaries,—precursors of prizes of more volume meant;
A fountain Ultramontain of honour and emolument;
The History chair—that blistery chair for rival Churches—banished;
Ditto Morals, lest for quarrels it might stand, its morals vanished;
Each lecturer—a picture here of Liberalism's dominion—
(Sects to puzzle) in a muzzle, that he bite no man's opinion;
Sure was never scheme so clever, to please each denomination,
And lo! the end is not a friend 'twixt it and execration!

The fate of fools between two stools, we know, is downfall fitting:
Then tell me what must be his lot who on *four* stools tries sitting?

THE CREAM OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE advowson of the rectory of Dodbrooke was recently put up for sale by public auction, but although "described as one of the loveliest sites in Devon, with only one Dissenting chapel in the parish," it failed to find a purchaser. Beautiful scenery, and the slightest possible Nonconformity, could not raise the biddings beyond £920. Perhaps a trout stream, or a pack of otter hounds within an easy distance, or a well-walled fruit garden, or excellent society in the immediate neighbourhood, might have made Dodbrooke more saleable, and saved it from the indignity of being "bought in at £1000." There may have been another reason why the bidding was so slow. "The auctioneer declared he could only account for it by fears which might be entertained with regard to future legislation," and endeavoured to encourage the company by assuring them that "no legislation in England could ever destroy vested interests." If such scandals as the open sale of Church livings in public auction rooms are continued, the Church itself may be found to be "going, going—gone!" sooner than is expected.

SNORING RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

THE Times has been informed by MR. JAMES ASHBURY, Chairman of the Ashbury Railway Carriage and Iron Company (Limited), that the first Sleeping Carriage for use on an English Railway was used on the journey from Glasgow to London on Monday night, and arrived at the Great Northern Terminus, King's Cross, at eight P.M. Success to Railway Sleeping Carriages. Pleasant dreams to those who sleep in them. They will always travel in their dreams, and sometimes different ways. Heretofore railway sleepers have mostly occupied a stationary position below the wheels. May the sleepers in transit repose as securely as those in site, and may the former never awake to find themselves in a situation of unpleasant contiguity to the latter.

PARLIAMENTARY ANOMALY.

THE Standing Orders are only complied with when the House is sitting.

And that is where, 'twixt earth and air, my WILLIAM seems to be now;
"Twixt mild MAGEE, proud Trinity, godless Q. and grim R. C. now:
A modus to patch, and a peace to hatch, out of centuries' brawl and
battle:
From pigs shear wools, turn Papal bulls into harmless, hornless
cattle:
Coax black and white at length to unite, since neither in the lurch is;
And make the 'ologies, with apologies, knuckle down to the Churches.
But storms are near, to blast, I fear, hopes of millennial weather,
With lambs and lions in sweet alliance in Academe together.
And the self-same fate, methinks, will await those who'd foster this
peace-germ, Sirs,
As waits all who'd run two extremes into one, without a common
term, Sirs.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

GIVING sixpence to an organ-grinder, when you are hard at head work, in the illusive hope of purchasing his silence; and then finding him repeating his call regularly at precisely the same hour, and playing with marked emphasis close before your door-step.

Running errands for your Aunt, and petting her asthmatic pug-dog, in the hope that at her death you will be liberally rewarded; and discovering, after all, that she has lived on an annuity, and died very nearly penniless.

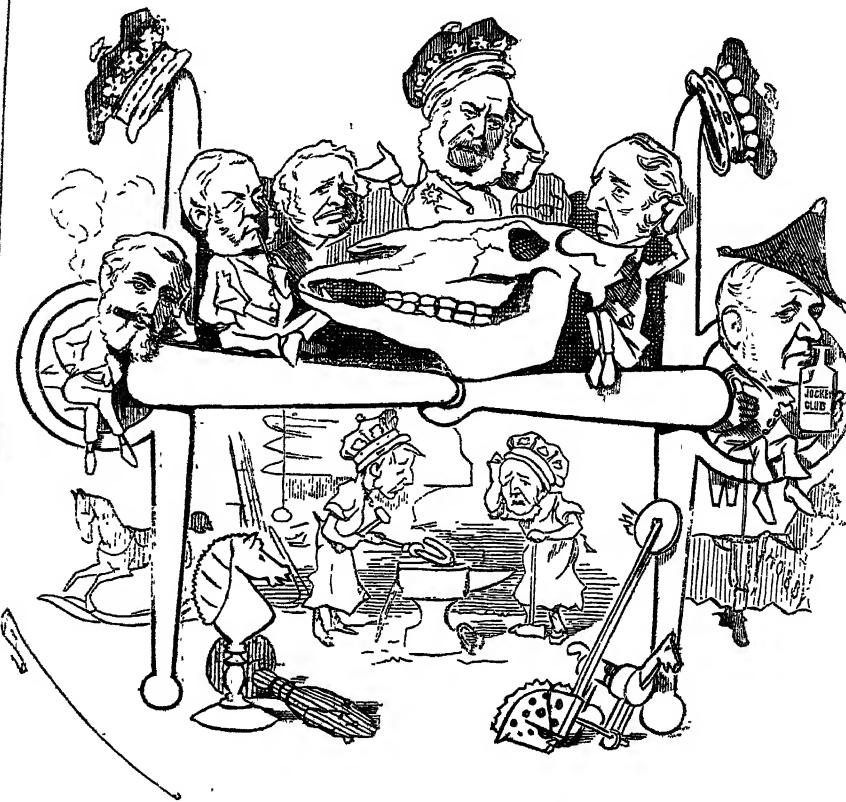
Putting off and putting off a call upon your coal-merchant, in the vain and feeble hope of prices coming down; and finding, in the end, that the greatest rise has happened exactly on the day when you are burning your last scuttleful, and are compelled to give an order.

Hurrying home to dinner with a splendidly fine appetite, which you cannot avoid hoping will be worthily appeased; and, alas! discovering that the *pièce de resistance* is cold mutton.

Hailing a passing Hansom in the hope to catch your train, for which you are already late, and finding that the horse is an incorrigible jibber.

[MARCH 8, 1873.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Afghan boundary, MR. GLADSTONE said that we could not get in Central Asia that definiteness of words, M'm) which might be expected in civilised countries. We should have thought that it was easiest to map out a country where there are no oldest inhabitants to bother with their infirm reminiscences of beating the bounds. MR. GLADSTONE also said that it had been urged that ABRAHAM's erecting an altar showed that he had landed property where it stood. May be so. We dare say that a good many worse people than ABRAHAM would be too happy to erect altars if they proved ownership in land.

COLONEL BARTELLOT moved that, in the opinion of the House, the service of regiments in India ought to be shortened. He was entirely wrong. Service in India is very popular with the British soldier, and when he comes home he often wishes that he had remained among the souls made of fire and children of the sun.

MR. BRIGHT listened up to this point, but then had enough of it. *Abüt, erumpit.* After some more talk on the subject, the Motion was withdrawn, and

MR. CARDWELL presented the Army Estimates. We save £408,000 this year, and last year we saved £1,072,000. But in the present year we should have saved £400,000 more, but for the abominably high prices of everything. However, that is a trifle when we look at the total amount. Madam, MR. CARDWELL wants Thirteen Millions and a Quarter. But then see. For that sum he provides you with a noble Army of 125,004 men (there go the odd four past Mr. Punch's window as he writes—very fine fellows, and the nursery-maids wheel give you 462,754.

Desertion, like the personage abolished by LORD WESTBURY, is not so black as painted. We are not pushing recruiting hotly, as we have already all the men we ask for.—The soldiers looked splendidly at the Autumn Manoeuvres, which, by the way, are this year to be held in the hoarded-in space in Leicester Square—a secret *Punch* was asked to keep, but can keep no longer.

MRS. MALAPROP's friends, the Malicious, are 129,000 strong, and mostly ugly. But listen.

This is a matter demanding a serious word, and though our excellent and amiable Druid found consolation in the fact that those who remain in the Volunteer ranks are more "efficient" than before, that is not enough. The fact is that the Volunteers have never been properly taken in hand by the State, and it will be necessary to speak out upon the subject. The mass of the Volunteers do not want to Play at Soldiers, but to become soldiers with whom an enemy would find an encounter no play.

Punch is exceedingly dissatisfied that there is no certainty of a Volunteer Review this year, and he may have a crow to pluck with some people who grow in a fashion that offends him.

To conclude the story of the Estimates. There is to be some manipulation in the mode of paying the Soldier. He has at present 1s. 2d. a day, and a 1d. for beer when at home stations. But from this 4d. is taken away for rations. MR. CARDWELL says that he shall have a clear Shilling. This sounded well, and the Committee cheered; but there's a sequel at the heels in the shape of a deduction for groceries, and on another night it was explained that the Soldier's gain would be a Halfpenny, and, in some cases, a Farthing. This does not seem a result calling on the nation or the Soldiers for any monstrous burst of grateful enthusiasm.

Lastly, there is to be a sort of Chief of the Staff, or Head of the Military Intelligence Department. He is to be attached to the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, which does not mean that he is to love H.R.H. (though most of his friends do), or that he is to be tied with strings to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. But he is to be his confidant and counsellor, and to be able to tell H.R.H. anything, at a second's notice, from the reason why an elephant in an Indian baggage-train has a cold in his trunk, down to the reason why Private Footsoldier of the 316th has thrown over the blue-eyed cook at No. 17, Alphonso Villas, Singin's Wood, N.W. He is to have military omniscience, in fact. Which it is easy to enact, but where is the wonderful man? *Mr. Punch* could get up the whole subject in a week, of course, but he has other duties now.

"There is no one beside him and no one above him,
He standeth alone, as the nightingale sings."

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON complimented MR. CARDWELL, but politely hoped that he would not object to Discerning Criticism on his plans.

ALF an hour only sat their Lordships, this Monday, February 24.—The DUKE OF SOMERSET had to complain that something or other was "very inconvenient," but such a sentinel had been heard from His Grace once or twice before, and "no discussion arose upon the matter."

Into the House of Commons, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, came his Friend, MR. JOHN BRIGHT. He looked very well, and took his old seat at the corner of the second bench below the gangway. By the way, in that most-useful book, *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons*, wherein not only is all biographical and political information touching our Collective Wisdom, but also its heraldry, the shield of the RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT is a blank. But why no device? Doth he not recognise such a thing as a shield? It means but a defence, which is permitted to all of us. At least let him have *One Ash* blazoned thereon, and for his motto,

Bright in Zeal.

(*Troilus and Cressida.*)

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE said that it would be premature to say that Government would not bring in a Bill establishing the use of Metric Weights and Measures. A neatly guarded answer, of the old Peel pattern. But touching a new system, Madam? When it is as much as one can do now, with the aid of fingers, to reckon how many pennyweights go to a grain (or is it the other way?) it is cruel to talk of our learning more tables. Something shocking will occur if too many problems are set us. Do you remember the schoolmaster who hanged himself because he could not find out why the Greek *Zeus* makes *Dios* in the genitive case?

Asked by SIR J. ELPHINSTONE about the nature of territorial limitation (good dictionary

and the like), he said that it was a trifling question when we look at the boundaries of the British Isles.

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and the like), he said that it was a trifling question when we look at the boundaries of the British Isles.

Shrove Tuesday.—Again the Lords took things easy, but in the first place they had no chance of taking them hard, and in the next *Punch* would condone almost anything they could do, in consideration of what they did do forty-eight hours later.

LORD HARTINGTON told the Commons that Ministers did not mean to prosecute any more of the priestly or other offenders whom MR. JUSTICE KEOGH recommended to the attention of a jury. So that farce is played out. Such a termination might have been foreseen. Trial by Jury does not suit the Irish nature, and the best way to try Irishmen charged with anything at all connected with their religion, will be to change the venue to the Central Criminal Court. There they will in many cases be acquitted, no doubt, but it will be for a reason which can be accepted by rational men.

MR. GLADSTONE moving that the House should not meet till two next day, Ash-Wednesday,

MR. PETER TAYLOR got up, and objected to delaying business because a portion of the House wished to go to Church. This eminent Christian then decently bracketted that wish with the desire for adjournment on the Derby Day, which he thought equally unreasonable. It was the kind of thing to be expected from the sentimental gentleman who blubs over bellowing garotters. The reporters say he raised ironical cheers from all parts of the House. But "irony" to MR. PETER TAYLOR! There were 222 who chose to show respect to religion against 56 who followed PETER into the lobby.

We then had a debate as to the propriety of calling Parliaments together for an early session in November. Good Jupiter! isn't there talk enough already? However, the idea was scouted.

MR. SELBY raised an Admiralty debate, and said wise things, which it was MR. GÖSCHEN'S business to prove were unwise. He did not exactly succeed in this, but he got a majority of 114 to 13, so the First Lord went off under a salute of 101 guns.

Ash Wednesday.—We went to Church. We threw out by 181 to 48 a Scotch Poor Law Bill, and then we peacefully retired to our home to eat salt fish with egg-sauce,—PETER TAYLOR not having prohibited this.

Thursday.—The Peers of England did their duty. They mustered in full force, at the call of LORD SALISBURY, to execute sentence upon that Bill for Disfiguring the Thames at Hampton Court.

"Sharp was the blade, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."

LORD FITZ-WALTER—he was SIR BROOK BRIDGES—moved the Second Reading, and begged the Lords to let the Bill go to a Committee;—the plan was not nearly so bad as had been said, and then the poor Company was bound to find water for a lot of parishes, and—here was a good bit of Philistinism—the plan did not affect Residential Property.

Up rose LORD SALISBURY, and, to do him justice, he had a desperate struggle with himself to avoid being too uncivil, after such an opening speech. But justice and instinct were too strong for him, and he soon began to lay on nobly. *Punch*, standing by the Throne, cheered him without the slightest regard to place or propriety, and has rewarded him with a Cartoon which will be his glory till he gets the Garter, perhaps afterwards. His Lordship demanded the rejection of the Bill.

LORD GRANVILLE did not please us. He could not form an opinion,—people contradicted one another,—wouldn't it be better to let a Committee decide?

The MARQUIS OF HERTFORD, on behalf of the thousands who resort to Hampton Court, voted for rejection. So did

LORD MIDDLETON, who, moreover, said he had no reason to feel confidence in the Company's professions.

EARL GREY, of course, was against the view taken by non-crochety men, and deprecated excitement.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND utterly condemned the Bill.

LORD REDDISHDALE would not vote.

LORD GRANVILLE asked LORD FITZ-WALTER whether he would undertake that the Company would leave the bank and trees intact, and the latter Lord promised this, whereon

LORD SALISBURY, having cut down his enemy with his sword, stuck the dagger of mercy into his eye by observing that before a Committee there would be nobody to force the Company to keep its word, and then a division was taken, and

The Disfigurement Bill was thrown out by 70 to 29. *Punch* wonders whether the Park patriots will have one decent word to say about this act on the part of the bullying aristocrats and bloated bishops, who exist only to oppress the "Sons of Toil."

The Commons made a night of it, chiefly on the Estimates, MR. FOWLER wishing to reduce our Army by 10,000 men. But a very important Bill for constituting a Council of Three, with power to superintend the Railway system, and compel the Companies to do their duty by the public and each other, was actually read a Second Time. The news is good and yet true. Will not the Railway men wake up yet, and fight for their tyrannies? Why, under this Bill, the Three might exclude the Juggernaut Vans from the principal streets during the hours when civilised men and women want them!

Friday.—MR. MACFIE made a speech about our relations with the Colonies, and humanely cut it short on hearing the imploring cries of the afflicted Members. Such laments would have drawn

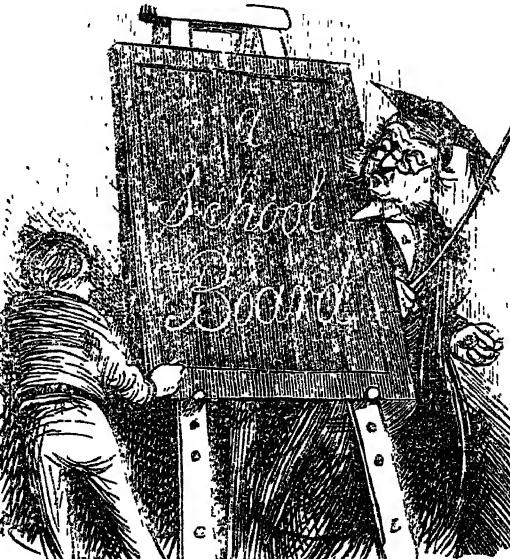
"Iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

LORD BURY said that the Colonial Society had not accredited MR. MACFIE as their representative. His Motion was withdrawn.

Then we nearly got into a muddle, for SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and MR. CARDWELL were to have it out upon the Estimates, and neither was present. The attendance of other Members was very small. But the missing leaders came in, and we got to work at last, and after a queer speech from SIR W. LAWSON, who urged the wickedness of inventing machines to kill our fellow-creatures, and how nice it would be in MR. GLADSTONE to be the Apostle of Disarmament, we rejected, by 158 to 43, MR. FOWLER'S proposal to weaken our Army, and we voted a good deal of money for military purposes.

Be it added that DR. CULLEN and a number of other Catholic hierarchs in Ireland have declared war on the Irish Education Bill. This seems the best possible reason why a British Parliament should pass it. *Laudari laudatis* may be reversed with significance, *pro hac vice*.

GOOD TIMES FOR DUNCES.



"UNIVERSITY ACT (IRELAND) 1873. — 'No disqualification shall attach to any candidate in any examination by reason of his adopting in modern history . . . or any other branch of learning, any particular theory in preference to any other received theory.'

An amusing incident occurred yesterday at the Examination for the B.A. degree of the University of Dublin:

Present—the Board of Examiners, and MR. O'TOMNODDY.

President of Examiners (blandly). We regret to inform you, Mr. O'TOMNODDY, that we are unanimously of opinion that we must refuse your *testamur*, or (to use the vernacular which, to judge from your papers, you only understand) must pluck you.

O'Tomnoddy (politely). Am I to understand, Sir, that my examination is such as to disqualify me for a degree?

President of Examiners (angrily). Certainly, Sir: and, if I must use still plainer language, I may tell you that your recent performance is a disgrace to yourself, and an insult to the University.

O'Tomnoddy (with increasing politeness). Might I ask for specimens from the papers which have incurred such opprobrium.

President of Examiners. You may, Sir, though it is not our usual practice to furnish them. I find that you translate *Cæsar transiit Alpes summā diligentia* by "CÆSAR crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence;" that you state that "HAGAR was an Ishmaelite indeed, in whom there was no guile;" in astronomy you assert that "the earth is a square plane round which the heavenly bodies revolve;" and that in modern history you say that "JOHN HAMPTON was the architect of Hampden Court Palace—"

O'Tomnoddy (rising indignantly). And it is for this that I am plucked? Allow me to tell you, Gentlemen, that these my theories have been held by wiser men than you or I; and allow me to remind you that the Act to which you owe your existence as Examiners provides in my defence that no disqualification shall attach to me for adopting any particular theory in preference to any other received theory. By plucking me, Gentlemen, you have violated an Act of Parliament: by such violation you are guilty of a misdemeanour, and it is the duty of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to prosecute you (HARCOURT, C. J., in *Odger v. Ayrton*); and I, for my part, will take care that he fulfils his duty.

[*The Examiners tremble; instantly give Mr. O'TOMNODDY his degree, and appoint him to a Fellowship under Clause 24 of the Act.*



ÆSTHETIC WITH A VENGEANCE.

Tom. "I SAY, OLD MAN, NOW YOU'VE GOT THAT STUNNING HOUSE OF YOURS, YOU OUGHT TO BE LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE!"
Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. I WAS THINKING OF ONE OF THOSE MISS GIBSONS, DON'T YOU KNOW—"

Tom. "AH! LET ME RECOMMEND THE TALL ONE, OLD MAN. SHE'LL MAKE THE BEST WIFE IN THE WORLD!"
Rodolphus. "QUITE SO. BUT THE SHORT ONE SEEMS TO HARMONISE BETTER WITH THE KIND OF FURNITURE I GO IN FOR—BUHL AND MARQUETERIE, DON'T YOU KNOW."

TO THE NYMPHS OF THAMES.

(In Memory of the Chelsea Water-Works Bill, for embanking the Thames opposite Hampton Court, thrown out in the House of Lords, Thursday, February 27.)

NALADS of Thames, that in May's moonlit eves
Sport swanlike with the swans in rushy bowers,
Or under flickering veil of willow-leaves
Leave your white limbs in sleepy summer hours,
Rejoice, that still you may behold the towers
Of Wolsey's flower-girt pile, reflected fair
In Thames' glass, set in a green margent, bare
Of their vile load, that sought usurping powers
To chain your stream, and clip its reaches rare
With rigid rods of brick-work straight and square!

Still shall you minister the pure delight
Of blossomed bank, lush meadow, devious stream,
To weary wayfarer and toil-worn wight.
Who for long months beholds not, save in dream,
Nature's fair face, athwart the smoke and steam
Of the choked City: still shall your glad eyes
Watch happy lovers, changing smiles and sighs,
In tune with the broad river's gloom and gleam,
And all joy that exults, or restful lies,
Where Thames clear reaches mirror clearer skies.

He thought to drive you from your rushy nooks,
Trusted in your green haunts to make his hold,
The Hydra—that with hundred heads and hooks,
Boasts strength to crush with ever-widening fold:
Ever he craves for prey; and, grown more bold,
The more men cower before his open jaws,

Takes his usurping appetites for laws;
And ramping ever more and more for gold,
Deems not that Nymphs of Thames can give him pause,
And find a Hercules to assert their cause.

But lo! Thames' Nymphs their Hercules have found,
To grapple with the Hydra—in despite
Of maws that hiss, and claws that clutch the ground—
And bear him to the ground in foughten fight!
Beaten and breathless, fain the dust to bite,
Shorn of his strength, and baffled of his aims,
Crushed all his heads, his strengths all turned to shames,
He lies, a thing to mock, not to affright,
While all the host that haunts and loves the Thames,
Its gratitude to Hercules proclaims.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE STRIKE.

OUR friend, W. S., who has a word in season for everybody, says, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"Are Colliers counted Bright?"

Making this a question, we propose to let him make answer unto himself. Judging by their present suicidal course, *Punch* would say, from the same play :—

"I dare not call them Fools, but this I think,
When they are thirsty, Fools would fain have drink."

And, by the way, they are generally thirsty, but, according to accounts, despising the poor creature, Small Beer, they quench their thirst in draughts of what they are pleased to call "fizz," but what is known in civilised society as Champagne. Well, set certain people on horseback, and we know the end of their ride.



THE HAMPTON HYDRA.

HERCULES

LORD SALISBURY.

THE HYDRA

CHELSEA WATERWORKS CO.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Assists at the first representation of "Man and Wife," and addresses the Editor as usual.



RESENT was I at the première of *Man and Wife* at the Prince of Wales's. To say this, is to say that MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, with their generally excellent company, played a piece which MR. WILKIE COLLINS had dramatised from his own novel, or which he had previously novelised from his own subsequently - produced drama; and to say all this is equivalent to announcing my assistance at a Prince of Wales's Success.

But this is a special occasion,

when, as representing You, Sir, "I am nothing, if not critical." I will, therefore, commence by mentioning a fact, and then dismissing it, in order to proceed with my analysis. This fact, then, is, that the success of *Man and Wife* is mainly due to the ingenuity displayed by the author in sustaining the interest in the latter part of the Fourth Act, and to the acting of MR. COGHLAN, whose consummate art was shown in his masterly impersonation of a character which is, perhaps, without exception, the most brutal and unsympathetic ever seen on the English Stage. *Iago* is a fool to him: besides *Iago* is witty, and sings a song. As it is possible to love the sinner and hate the sin, so can one render the heartiest tribute of applause to the actor, while execrating the villain whom he has been portraying; and, the stronger the audience's detestation of the character exhibited, the greater must be the artist's merit.

Of the rest of the company I will speak presently. I wish to consider the piece.

In order, then, to pronounce impartially upon its merits it will be necessary to divest the play of the accidents of its production. I must be allowed to eliminate from the whole expression such quantities as are represented by the names of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, MISS FOOTE, MR. COGHLAN, MR. HARE, and all the Royal Prince of Wales's family party; and, with them, must go the prestige of the Theatre, and, as superadded to all this, the well-deserved popularity of MR. WILKIE COLLINS, and the previous reputation of the novel of *Man and Wife*.

What remains? The play: and for it a clear stage and no favour.

I suppose myself one of an ordinary audience present on the first night of a new Drama, called *Man and Wife*, written by MR. NEMO for performance at the Royal No-Name Theatre by a company of comedians unknown to fame, but equal in ability to those of the Prince of Wales's, and playing as they played on the first representation of MR. COLLINS's play. This entire hypothesis granted, I criticise the drama in question.

The plot, then, of this play is weak; the majority of the *dramatis personæ* uninteresting, and, on calm consideration, actually unnecessary. The story can be told in a few lines, which I will suppose spoken by Anne Silvester:—

Anne (*log*). GEOFFREY wrote me a letter promising marriage, and sent it by ARNOLD, who, when he brought it to me at the Scotch Inn, called me his wife. GEOFFREY tried to make out that therefore I was ARNOLD's wife; but I showed his letter to a Scotch Lawyer, who decided I was not. That is all.

This is the sum of the plot, which employs Arnold, Geoffrey, Anne, and a Scotch Lawyer. The piece could be played in two scenes. Scene 1st. Room in a Scotch Inn. Scene 2. Office of a Scotch Lawyer. Other scenes and persons are superfluous. However, I will take them all in some sort of order.

These personages, then, whom it would be an error to style cha-

racters (one only being at all worthy of the distinction), are either so neutrally tinted as to be almost colourless, or so obtrusively glaring as to present the effect of inartistic exaggeration.

To begin with the "Spindle Side." *Lady Lundie* is a nonentity:

Where she goes, or how she fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

Blanche Lundie is another nonentity: and, not to separate the lovers, so is her future husband, *Mr. Arnold Brinkworth*. They are a pair of very ordinary young people, in whose marriage one feels about as much interest as in the ultimate fate of a couple of *ombres chinois* on a piece of strained calico, with a light behind. But, if the audience be indifferent to the happiness of these shadowy betrothed ones, then the play has already failed in more than half its object; for these two are the virtuous heroine and hero, whose prosperity is endangered by the machinations of the villain.

Anne Silvester is a painful instance of a young lady whose generally excellent practice has not, in one trifling particular, been exactly up to the high level of her generally excellent principles. She is remorseful, but not penitent. She is sorry on account of the inconvenient consequences; and it is difficult to suppose that she would have had a moment's anxiety but for these consequences, as, on no occasion, does one expression of contrition escape her. On the contrary, apart from her sulky and disagreeable manner with her friends, she avails herself of the earliest opportunity afforded by the play, for bullying into marriage with her the man for whom, but a short time since, she must (in order to have any excuse at all for her conduct) have experienced a passion which was, it is to be charitably supposed, the madness of infatuation. When he morosely hesitates, she brings him to the point by threatening to drown herself. This has the desired effect on *Geoffrey Delamayn*, who is not, it seems, bad past hope of redemption. As this young man is not only very young (for he is still at College, and talks about rowing in the University eight) but also the son of a nobleman, and, as *Anne Silvester* is a penniless nobody, I cannot help thinking that a jury, composed of Society's Matrons and elderly Men of the World, would pronounce *Miss Anne Silvester* a designing adventuress, and an artful hussy; in which opinion they would be confirmed, could they notice her bearing and overhear her words in this interview with the entrapped athlete, *Geoffrey Delamayn*. Her temper is, in its way, equal to *Geoffrey's*, and when bullying is ineffective, she can cringe, whine, and wheedle, in order to gain her purpose. This young person has forfeited all claim to respect, and excites contempt for her selfishness and cowardice, rather than pity for her unfortunate condition. On my word, I would as soon weep over *Becky Sharp's* humiliations, as drop a single tear over the woes of *Miss Anne Silvester*.

Geoffrey is a sort of ill-conditioned, bad-mannered *Rawdon Crawley*, or a superior sort of *Tony Lumpkin*, without those good-hearted qualities that made *Mrs. Hardcastle's* son a chuckle-headed fool, and the absence of which makes *Mr. Geoffrey* a loutish scoundrel to his friend *Arnold*, and an awkward liar to the woman who had been satisfied to trust his word. That nothing can be said in *Geoffrey's* praise, is not much to *Anne Silvester's* credit. Otherwise, I suppose *Geoffrey* to have been an honourable man in his own sporting circle, and to have been valued by friends of his own kidney at the University; and there is not a hint to the contrary. Can an audience feel any interest in such a couple as this? It might, were these two placed in more thrillingly sensational situations than are to be found in this play of *Man and Wife*. If compassion is to be aroused for anyone, it must be for the unhappy *Geoffrey*, who is subject to paralytic attacks, and who bears intense pain, in the Third Act, with the pluck of a Spartan warrior, and the calmness of a Stoic. Besides, he has saved *Arnold Brinkworth* from drowning, for which humane act the audience, at least, has small cause for gratitude. But if there be no interest for this hero and heroine, and it was shown that there was no interest in the other hero and heroine, and on the fate of these four the whole interest necessarily depends, in what personages or in what portion of the play is there any interest whatever? If you do not care a straw for the four persons already mentioned, you cannot care for the issue of their misty difficulties—that is, you cannot care for the play.

To go on with the *dramatis personæ*. *Sir Patrick Lundie* is a pretentious nonentity. He says wise things, and acts foolishly. He talks vaguely about "fighting a case," when he simply has not got a case to fight; and after this bravado, he contents himself with asking a few unimportant questions, leading to nothing, and then yields, without a blow, when told that he is acting illegally, and, in point of fact, wasting everybody's time for his own amusement in his own picture-gallery. His conduct helps to spin out the Act—that is all.

Bishopriggs, the Scotch waiter, has a great deal too much to say for what he has to do; and *Mr. Speedwell*, the Doctor, has a great deal too much to do for what he has got to say. So gloomy and saturnine a physician as *Mr. Speedwell* would lose, in two visits, whatever small practice chance might have previously thrown in his



INCIDENT OF AN ICE DAY.

Lady. "GOING AWAY TO-MORROW, MR. MANNERS! O, BUT I CANNOT POSSIBLY DO WITHOUT YOU AT MY SKATING PARTY! YOU ARE THE ONLY DISENGAGED MAN ON MY LIST!"

Mr. M. "EXACTLY, MY DEAR MADAM. THE FROST HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR SO MANY FELLOWS DOWN HERE, THAT I POSITIVELY DARE NOT STOP ANY LONGER—MIGHT GET CAPTURED MYSELF, YOU KNOW!"

way. Were his bill for medical attendance as long as his face, no one would venture to consult him twice. Called suddenly into a nursery, he would frighten the children out of measles into fits, and if they survived, in spite of his attentions, he would dwell in their memories as "Bogie" from the coal-hole.

There was a French piece called *L'Ange de Minuit*, wherein every fresh appearance of *L'Ange* was the certain death-warrant of some unfortunate person among the principals of the *dramatis personae*, for *L'Ange* refused positively to take the supernumeraries, who, every man Jack of them, remained Hale and hearty at the end of this awful drama, and perhaps sang a Survivors' Finale. *Mr. Speedwell, M.D.*, reminded me forcibly of *L'Ange*. A touch of the grim playfulness of the *Bottle Imp* would have gone far to complete his character (red tinsel being added, of course, to his eyelids,—and what a Doctor he'd be then!), and if he had only stretched out his demon arms, and exclaimed, hoarsely, "You must learn to love me!" and if, as a further suggestion, at the end, instead of *Geoffrey's* being left quivering on a chair, a trap had opened in the centre of the stage, and the Demon Doctor had descended in blue and red flames, taking with him this infamous paralytic, it would have been a climax more in keeping with the *Faust-and-Marguerite* sort of people represented by *Geoffrey* and *Anne*, and the Mephistophelean characteristics of the diabolical *Doctor Speedwell*. These be hints. Let Mr. Nameless the Author remove it from No-name Theatre, transpontinise it, and reproduce it as a thrillingly sensational Melodrama, with fearful ghosts, terrific combats, unprecedented murders, and astounding explosions, entitled *Man and Wife, or Dalasmayn and the D—!!*

Now from the Unknown Land to the Prince of Wales's.

Nothing that *Mrs. Bancroft*, as *Blanche Lundie*, had to say was lost, and she has to say some good things; not over many. One of her speeches I must recall, Sir. "She tells her lover that she is quite unhappy, and adds, with all that affectionate petulance which has lightened up so many a play at her Theatre, "Why don't you come and comfort me?" Her tone abides on my ear, and I rejoice to give it lodgings there. She talks and acts in the First Act,

appears in the Second, talks and acts in the Third, and is behind her pocket-handkerchief during the Fourth. I suppose she played to strengthen the cast, and *Mr. Bancroft* took *Dr. Speedwell* for the same reason. Otherwise *Mr. Archer*, who so admirably impersonated *Deadly Smooth*, in *Money*, would have made a very good Doctor. *Mr. Bancroft's* make-up was wonderful.

Mr. Hare, always a favourite as an elderly aristocrat, is growing out of Old Men's parts. It is really time he should be put into turn-down collars to begin with, and then into jackets.

Mr. Dewar's Scotch dialect was, a Scotchman told me, "just perfect." I admitted its probable perfection, and was delighted at its certain finish. His accent was very broad, but it suited the character of much that he had to say. The success of the piece is the success of the Last Act. The author, after a vast amount of feinting and dodging, fairly staggers the audience with the masterly blow of *Geoffrey's* paralytic stroke, just as *Geoffrey* is apparently going to do his wife a mischief, and when the audience, mindful of the novel, expect that the whole of the latter portion of the story will be concentrated into one murderous action, in this last Act, to be of course prevented by the paralysis, and perhaps by the villain's death, *Geoffrey* (in spite of *Speedwell's* opinion) does not die, but the curtain descends on the hopeful picture of *Geoffrey* turning lovingly, in his helplessness, towards his wife, who, kneeling at his side, adjures him to "come home." Hence the audience is left to infer that, if he dies, he dies at peace with her and the world generally, and if he lives he will acknowledge his gratitude for her attentions by smiling on her fondly.

The Library and the Picture Gallery were two of the most perfect "sets" ever seen, even in this Theatre.

Well, perhaps, after all, the piece will be running two years hence. That it will certainly draw for a time, for the very reasons which made me take my seat at the No-Name Establishment, and that what may prove a great success at the Prince of Wales's would have turned out but a very indifferent affair at any other Theatre, are the two fixed opinions of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

Brown. "HULLO, JONES! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Jones (Amateur Tenor). "O, DREADFUL CHRONIC INFLAMMATION OF THE LARYNX! LOST MY VOICE ENTIRELY!"

Brown. "DEAR ME! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT?"

Jones. "YES—BEEN OBLIGED TO GIVE UP SINGING ALTOGETHER!"

Brown (with alacrity). "BY GEORGE, LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW! COME AND DINE WITH US TO-NIGHT, AND SPEND THE EVENING."

THE UNIVERSITY BILL—IRISH JOURNALISM.

FROM our ancient and amiable contemporary, the *Londonderry Sentinel*, we cut the following exquisite specimen of the unfeeling wagery of our dear friends that dwell beside "the melancholy Ocean":—

"ERRATUM.—In our issue of the 22nd instant we announced the death of WILLIAM SEVENSTARS, Esq., of High Street, Omagh. We regret to hear that the announcement was not correct. MR. SEVENSTARS, who had reached a ripe old age, was ill at the time, and it was even reported that he was dead. The report was received as true, and a correspondent, in his desire to transmit the news without delay, instead of waiting till he would hear something about it from the friends of MR. SEVENSTARS, fell into the error referred to. The intimation was not an unmeaning hoax; it was simply a mistake, and we may add that MR. SEVENSTARS' death has since been announced in a Belfast paper."

Mr. Punch is highly gratified to find his brethren in Ireland so painfully solicitous concerning the strict accuracy of their statements; and he warmly congratulates them on having "ripe" old gentlemen like MR. SEVENSTARS, who are so extremely obliging as to die just in time to save the credit of an imaginative Correspondent.

Metaphysics.

(For the National Irish University in Nubibus.)

If the visible word has no real objectivity, then different people exist only in the minds of one another; which is absurd.

THE UNLUCKY LOVERS.

(*A Ballad for Belgravia.*)

TAKE back thy heart, nor ask me why
Thy precious gift I thus restore:
Believe me that I fain would sigh
To think our day-dream, love, is o'er.

Nay, deem me not a fickle swain,
Nor fancy, in a faithless hour
Enslaved by some fair rival's chain,
I've yielded captive to her power.

Methought—"twas but an idle guess—
That when I called to seek thy hand,
Thy parent would our union bless,
And something handsome nobly stand.

Alas! he says he can't afford
To give his child a single thou.
And as I've not one *sou*, MADGE WARD,
Can we, with prudence, marry now?

BLESSED BAD LUCK.

The Post, a few days ago, announced:—

"A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.—A deputation of feudal Austrian Czechs, headed by COUNTS SCHONBORN and THUN, has undertaken a pilgrimage to Rome to implore the Pope's blessing on the opposition raised by their party to the Electoral Reform Bill. The Pope has fixed next Thursday for an interview."

By this time it would be too late, if it were desirable, to caution these pilgrims to mind what they are about. They have had their interview with the Pope, and obtained his blessing. Much good may it do them! Spiritually and personally, perhaps it will. But as to the Electoral Reform Bill above referred to, the authors of that proposed measure, judging from the events which have uniformly followed the Papal benediction in the political and mundane sphere, will perhaps be thankful to His Holiness for having bestowed it on their adversaries.

Economical Idea.

A GALLANT Sea-Officer suggests, in reference to the Pirate Chieftain, EMMANUEL BACCA, now a prisoner on the Island of Ascension, that he be conveyed to England, landed at the Victoria Docks, put into the Queen's Pipe, and consumed with the other "condemned" Bacca."

REAL WORKING MEN.—Magee College has been compared with that of St. Bees. We hope favourably, as at the latter they turn out all the Drones.

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS.

A COMMITTEE of Inquiry will soon discover whether there is or not any truth in the alleged scarcity of English horses. In the meanwhile, a parallel investigation might be suggested; but it is needless. When we consider the ruinous striking mania which spreads from trade to trade like a cattle plague (only that, unfortunately, it cannot be stamped out); when we reflect upon all the rampant leagues and associations with platform spouters at the head of them, propagating enthusiasm for minding other people's business, as it were, from herd to herd: when we try to estimate the arithmetical quantity of these and all the other kinds of British "*schwärmerei*," we shall see very plainly that, be the case what it may as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of the number of our horses for the public service, there is, in relation to the peace and happiness of the community, a most insufferable superabundance of asses.

Our Own Druid in a New Character.

(*Private Performance of "Every Man in His Humour."* Act iii. sc. 5.)

Right Hon. E. Cardwell (as Captain Bobadil, log.). Observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the State, . . . to save the one-half, nay, three parts of HER MAJESTY's yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

J. Bull (as E. Knowell). Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.
Capt. Bob. Why thus, Sir. [Delivers his Army Estimates.]



A PERFECT EXCUSE.

Rector (to his Keeper). "MORNING, WOODGATE. DIDN'T I SEE YOU AT CHURCH YESTERDAY?"
Keeper (apologetically). "YES, SIR. BUT—I FELT I WAS A-DOIN' WRONG ALL THE TIME, SIR!"

"TO YOUR 'TENTS,' O ISRAEL!"

RELIGION having long since found it necessary to have nothing to say to Trade, the latter has awakened to a sense of the duty of taking tender care of Religion. There lies before us a delightful circular in which an eminent firm of wine-merchants propose to deal with a difficulty which is supposed to exercise our clergy, touching the character of the wine used in church on a solemn occasion. We are apprised that there is a "strong opinion" in favour of using "unfermented" wine. This, therefore, the firm in question offers to supply—a "tent" at 28s. and at 40s., and the character of the house is high, and we doubt not that the liquid is all that it professes to be. But—what next, and next? The text is not one for our handling very freely, and we should prefer to leave it to some large-minded Broad Church parson. Only, we should like to ask the persons who hold the "strong opinion" asserted to exist, whether they suppose that the wine used when the original ceremonial—we purposely avoid closer contact with serious matters—was instituted was "unfermented," and whether they think that the wine so often alluded in the Book now under revision in the Jerusalem Chamber was non-intoxicating, and if so, why were "old bottles" likely to burst, and why in the Book are good men perpetually warned against "excess." We fancy too that we have heard something about "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," and that the rational use thereof is by no means discouraged by the highest authority. But we live and learn, and only wish that what we learn conducted to wiser living.

Redintegratio Ameris.

THE objection to the new Married Women's Property Bill, that it will substitute litigation for love between man and wife, answers itself. That measure, if passed, will renew the terms on which the married were related in courtship preceding marriage. Engaged under its provisions in New Prussia and County Courtship, wedded partners will again become suitors and sued.

ASPIRATIONS.

I WISH I were a Pauper, supported by the State,
Subsisting on the taxes, and not the parish rate;
An able-bodied Pauper, that had no work to do,
Out-door relief receiving; enjoying in-door too.

O that I had a Pension, enough for my support,
A suite of rooms besides in the Palace, Hampton Court.
I then should lead a life from both care and envy free,
Till Death snuffed out life's candle, and put an end to me.

I wish I were a Parson, to preach without reply,
From boobies who, unthinking, at table-talkers fly,
Not waiting till a sentence is brought unto an end,
Its last half hearers needing its first to comprehend.

I wish I were a Parson, to speak my candid mind
And point out things to people to which they'd fain be blind,
With neither groans nor hisses my true remarks to drown;
And nobody attempting to cough or laugh me down.

Official Facts.

WHAT are the duties of "The Auditor-General?"
To listen to everything and everybody. In this capacity he is never able to hear any good of himself. In his diet he is unrestricted, except that he must live chiefly upon sound. He generally lives to a good old age, and dies full of ears.

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS.

Volunteered Contributions Punch never returns:
In summer he tears them, in winter he burns.



“CIRCUMLOCUTORY!”

Police Coster (seeing Smoke issuing from Brown's coat-pocket). “YOU'LL EXCUSE ME ADDRESSIN' O' YOU, SIR,—COMMON MAN IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—GEN'LEMAN LIKE YOU, SIR—BEGGIN' PARDON FOR TAKIN' THE LIBERTY, WHICH I SHOULD NEVER A THOUGHT O' DOIN' UNDER ORDINARY SUCCUMSTANCES, SIR, ON'Y YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO BE AWARE ON IT, BUT IT STRUCK ME AS I SEE YOU A GOIN' ALONG, AS YOU WERE A-FIRE, SIR!”

[By this time Brown's right coat-tail was entirely consumed. His fuses had ignited by private arrangement among themselves.

THE GREAT UNDERPAID.

AMONG those who, not included among the Striking Classes, have the most reason to strike, may be mentioned the London Stipendiary Magistrates. The Hon. G. C. NORTON, who for many years adorned a Metropolitan Police Court, has demonstrated this truth in a letter to the *Times*, on behalf of his sometime colleagues. The present salaries were fixed thirty-five years ago by assessors of whom though Sir ROBERT PEEL was one, JOSEPH HUME was another. Their Worships, therefore, may be supposed not to have got too much when they were awarded £1200 a-year. This sum has, ever since the imposition of the Income-tax, remained minus that amount of confiscation which salaried public servants are among the privileged classes who have the honour to suffer. In the meanwhile, prices have risen to about double what they were, through the increasing prosperity of this great country and the progressive elevation of the Striking Classes.

In return, for a stipend, originally cut down to low figures, and since then practically very much reduced, the London Magistrates keep our Capital quiet for us at an expense not exceeding altogether £20,000. They perform, each in himself, the functions of a judge and jury in minor criminal cases. Every one of them is, in a measure, a personal *Nisi Prius* Court to the lower orders; Cadi to the Cads; and he works hard every day except Sundays. Whilst their incomes, both absolutely and relatively, have been greatly diminished in the course of years, their work has been enormously increased by the numerous Acts of Parliament which have meanwhile created so many new offences, to the great and glorious increment of British Liberty.

The Chief Magistrate at Bow Street, to be sure, receives something extra. He has £1500 a-year. This is the salary of a County

Court Judge. MR. NORTON asks only the same amount each for his former colleagues. Surely his Worship is a labourer worthy of at least as much hire as his Honour. As to utility, indeed, we could, perhaps, do without Police Magistrates not quite so well as with at least ex-Lord Chancellors.

To the above observations it may be added that the London Magistrates do so indifferently administer justice, in the liturgical sense of indifference, that the heading of “Justices’ Justice” to a report of its maladministration has come in these days to be quite limited to the provincial papers. The Justice of Justices, so called, is always that of some of those Justices styled the “Great Unpaid.” Such justice can deserve no higher payment than what it gets, though it may deserve some other. The Stipendiary Magistrates may, at their present stipends, be denominated the Great Underpaid; the measure of their greatness being that of their services. A truly Liberal Government must see that its reputation for liberality will depend on its adoption or disregard of Mr. NORTON’s appeal for a reasonable increase of the inadequate stipends of the serviceable, but scantily remunerated, Stipendiaries.

Parliament Out of All Season.

THE author of the proposal that Parliament should assemble for a Winter Session in November did not consider how unseasonable would be the waste of breath within the House of Commons in that month when there is usually so much fog out-of-doors. Neither could he have borne the memory of GUY FAWKES in mind; but then, to be sure, there is no fear that a second GUY FAWKES would adventure to blow up a House which, although including WHALLEY, contains SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

THE RETURN OF SPRING!

How late the Snowdrop came this year!
Till March, in part, had passed,
The Crocus waited to appear;
It feared the Polar blast.

Chilled were the small birds’ tuneful throats;
So they delayed to sing.
We, missing their accustomed notes,
Marked not approaching Spring.

The morning Sun, at last, one day,
Broke out and shone awhile;
And did, with momentary ray,
Upon a Journal smile.

A sudden gleam of gladness bright
Lit up a column’s head,
Its title bathing in the light
On “Spring Assizes” shed.

The gay announcement through the breast
Diffused a sudden cheer,
Because it all at once expressed
The fact that Spring was here.

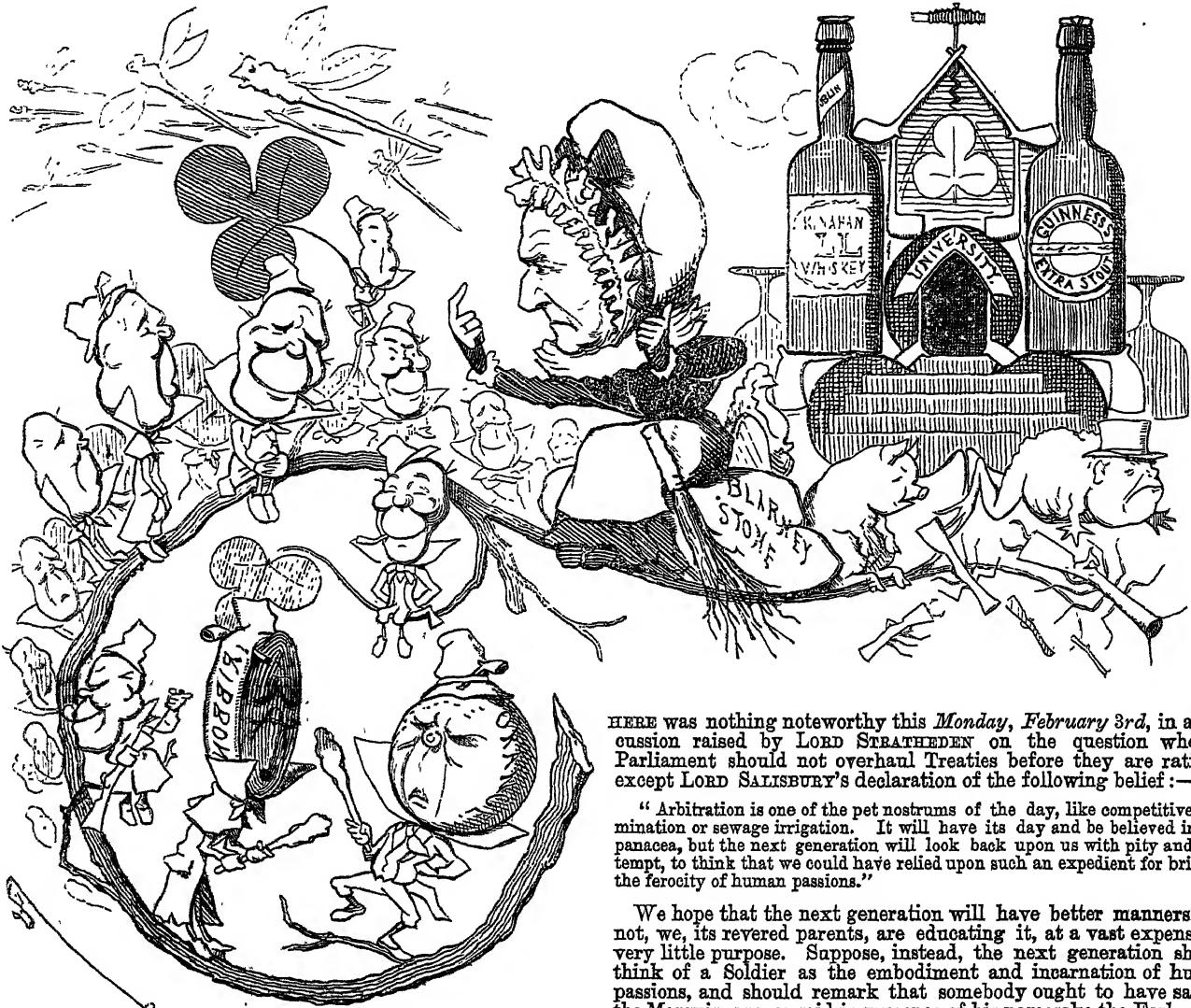
Veterinary Notion.

It seems that an outbreak of a disease amongst horses, called the American Horse Epidemic, is apprehended in Prussia. In the Chamber of Deputies, at Berlin, HERR DONALIE, the other day, inquired what would be done in that event? In replying, the Minister of Agriculture described the horse-disease named American as a species of influenza affecting the noble animal. What to do with it Government would take time to consider. Considering the reputation of a certain herb for efficacy in coughs, together with the fact that the Horse Epidemic is an Influenza amongst horses, the Prussian Government, and indeed our own if need be, may be advised to try Coltsfoot.

Firing up.

WITH coals at forty shillings a ton, some warmth of expression on the part of heads of families may be forgiven. RUMBLE MAYNE (who never forgets his favourite HANDEL), when he replenishes the grate, contents himself with adapting the words of one of the principal characters in *Acis and Galatea*, saying, “I burn, I rage.”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HERE was nothing noteworthy this *Monday, February 3rd*, in a discussion raised by LORD STEATHEDEN on the question whether Parliament should not overhaul Treaties before they are ratified, except LORD SALISBURY's declaration of the following belief:—

"Arbitration is one of the pet nostrums of the day, like competitive examination or sewage irrigation. It will have its day and be believed in as a panacea, but the next generation will look back upon us with pity and contempt, to think that we could have relied upon such an expedient for bridling the ferocity of human passions."

We hope that the next generation will have better manners. If not, we, its revered parents, are educating it, at a vast expense, to very little purpose. Suppose, instead, the next generation should think of a Soldier as the embodiment and incarnation of human passions, and should remark that somebody ought to have said to the Marquis, as was said in presence of his namesake the Earl,—

"What wilt thou do, renowned FAULCONBRIDGE,
Second a Villain and a Murderer?"

Not that we believe our immediate descendants will be so idiotic, but there's no saying, and we have as much right to suppose things as LORD SALISBURY has.

MR. GLADSTONE, answering MR. GOLDSMID, who remarked that we had paid America exactly a million too much, as the acts of the United States testified, and that we ought to have the balance returned, said that the business was over and we had no further concern with it. Of course not. What's a million to a nation that has no national debt, no taxes, and more money than it knows what to do with, like England? Or, taking the other view, let JOHN BULL resemble the Clerke in *Chaucer*—

"But all be that he was a Philosophe,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre."

Certainly, MR. MONSELL. If people will not take the small trouble of putting the right stamps on Newspapers directed abroad, destroy them. Your Postal Guide is not all that it should be, and does not tell us the prices of foreign telegrams, but the stamp rules are very clearly tabulated. We hate careless fools.

LORD ENFIELD's reason why we would not recognise the Spanish Government was exactly the same given to *Tiburina* by her Governor, for not seeing the Spanish Fleet.

Then, Madam, commenced (as housemaids say, we mean began) the Great Debate upon the Irish Higher Education Bill.

Nay, speak not, dear Madam. "Answer us not but with your smile," Madam—to make *Morose's* speech more elegant. We do not intend to trouble you with an account of every speech spoken during this mighty conflict. When you hear what MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, a Minister, and an accomplished Aleibiades (only without any vices), said about the Bill, you will judge whether it is a topic that need be pressed upon you to your weariness. He said on Thursday—

"As a matter of fact, however, the class from which young Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics are drawn in Ireland, is a class which, except for the purposes of the priesthood, is not available for the purposes of higher education at all."

There, Madam! Firstly, remarking that DR. CULLEN, according to the Minister he admires, imitates KING JEROBOAM (of evil memory thereby), that is, makes "priests out of the lowest of the people," we, secondly, submit to you that, however desirable it may be that MR. GLADSTONE should complete his Hibernian Triptych, the subject of the third picture is much less interesting than the skill of the painter. *Materiam superabat opus* will be your Vardi—which was high-life slang for "verdict" in the days when SWIFT wrote *Poite Conversation*. You know more about Verdi than Vardi? Very right too.

Well, Madam, to-night MR. GLADSTONE, without waiting for an announced Motion, uprose, and answered, by anticipation, the speech which he thought was going to be made. The Bill being an Irish one, this concession to Irish habit seemed delicate and appropriate. He refused to give the names of the twenty-eight gentlemen whom he meant to ask to compose the Governing Council of the University. Pass the Bill, he said, and then we shall know what we have to request them to do. He also mentioned a few small changes which he meant to make in the Bill. The Motion was then made by MR. BOURKE (a happy man just now, for his country seat is Coalstown), and seconded by LORD EDMUND FITZMATHERICE (second son of LORD LANSDOWNE), who said he had asked, on reading the measure, "What enemy of Ireland hath done this?" but did not mention what answer Echo had made.

The Bourke Motion, Madam, was in the nature of an amendment to the regular Motion that the Bill be read a Second Time. The PREMIER described it as a Vote of Censure. Then we went in at it. MR. C. E. LEWIS, the new M.P. for Londonderry, delivered a long and able maiden speech against the Bill, and begged the House to stick to the Mixed Education which had worked so well for forty years. Had LORD BYRON been alive, and a Commoner, and in the House, and rude, he might have quoted himself:—

"O Mirth and Innocence! O Milk and Water!
Ye happy Mixtures of more happy days!"

MR. O'MORGAN thought the Milk and Water would not do, and supported the Government; and the O'DONOGHUE was still more fiery, and said that the Catholics would stand nothing but a firmly established Catholic College, to be the fountain of education. Just so. Who speaks of an eternal fountain of darkness perpetually welling out obscurity? Half-a-crown for the quotation, if sent before we go to press.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU (a nobleman who saw the error of Protestant ways, and renounced them) thought the Bill a Bungle, though in a right direction.

MR. FAWCETT delivered a fervid and telling oration against the Bill, which he pounded to pieces. He was specially tremendous on the "gagging clause," which enacts that a teacher shall be punished if he says anything calculated to wound the religious feelings of any member of the University. Do not look incredulous, Madam: the words are before us, and have been well described as a mingling of Tyranny and Twaddle.

LORD HARTINGTON (Irish Secretary) said the Bill had three sets of enemies—the Senate of Dublin University, the students of the Roman Catholic colleges, and the Romish bishops; and that none of these represented the Irish people.

SIR MICHAEL BEACH retorted that if the Bill passed, the Government would feel bound to stick DR. CULLEN and his prelates into the Council.

"So much for that, and butter for fish," as one of DEAN SWIFT's elegant ladies observes in the exquisite work already cited. However, we knew butter was not the next thing coming, for MR. HORSMAN moved the adjournment.

Tuesday.—LORD MALMESBURY had a good deal to say about Game and Rabbits. He wants to show that though preservation interferes with field produce, great compensation is obtained by the sale of the animals. We know nothing about this, but we do know that a rabbit smothered in onions is a dish for the Gods of Epicurus. Ah! you agree, Madam. You have too much real gentility to mock onions. Remember, too, that onions themselves were Gods in ancient Egypt.

"O happy nation here! O blest abodes!
When every garden is alive with gods."

Very proper complaint in the Commons about the high postage and slow communication between us and Italy. Letters, sixpence; time, from four to ten days. MR. MONSELL hoped for improvement.

Then a neat little fray. MR. HENRY JAMES, in honourable and brotherly fashion, stood up for the County Court Judges. We need not go into detail. A very mean thing was ordained by the Treasury about their travelling expenses, but the order was rescinded. MR. JAMES, not having absolute confidence in Governments, demanded whether MR. LOWE, in accepting a motion to affirm the repeal, did so in "its spirit and intention." MR. LOWE made rather a grumpy sort of answer, but MR. GLADSTONE fired up, and said MR. JAMES had taken an unwarrantable liberty. Possibly, but if everybody waited for "Justice Overdo's Warrant" before doing anything in this world, a good many useful things would be left undone.

MR. PLIMSOUL then moved for the Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of, and certain practices connected with the Commercial Marine.

Simple words, but you know what they mean. He meant that, out of 2700 persons annually drowned, four-fifths were needlessly drowned,—and Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen know why. Be it said that as he explained himself, and indignantly dwelt upon homicidal practices, the House of Commons cheered him heartily. Mr. Punch's cheer is added in his Cartoon this week.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON seconded the Motion, and begged the Government to concede it in the form that would be the most effective. He, too, adduced some terrible statistics.

MR. CLAY wished for a Commission that could administer oaths. So did MR. SAMUDA, who declared overloading, which was the result of competition, to be the cause of most losses. Now this gentleman knows all about the subject, and asserts that we lose, every year, as many ships as we build.

MR. C. FORTESCUE said something about over-colouring, and exaggeration, but conceded the Commission, and undertook, for Government, that the inquiry, which he proposed to extend, should be carried out.

MR. BENTINCK distrusted Government, and advised MR. PLIMSOUL to draw up his own order of reference.

MR. G. HARDY said that the charges involved "organised manslaughter" (a good phrase), and wished for evidence on oath.

Finally, the Government proposal was accepted. And now, MR. PLIMSOUL, you have a noble work before you, and Mr. Punch will back you up against any who may seek to hinder a full investigation into the causes why so many brave fellows are annually drowned.

Wednesday.—No discussion can be actually dull when Salmon, either living or cooked, is the theme, and we talked a good deal about him, and how to preserve him, and the like. Madam, there is no fish like him. Plain boiled hath no fellow. Yet the cutlet is not to be despised, Madam, if your cook hath intellect. Eat him on Sundays, Madam, without scruple (if he be fresh), for he is a Scriptural fish. Boaz was the son of SALMON. We have heard worse reasons for many Sabbatarianisms.

Thursday.—Now, about this time, the hostility to the Irish Bill produced many discouraging leading articles, and a general impression that it was possible *He Might Not Clear It*. The excellent MR. Dodson thought he would do something in aid of the Cabinet, and announced that he would move to refer the Bill to a Select Committee. We were reminded that a Cabinet, endangered on a Reform Bill, was once saved by this device.

To-night we resumed debate, and MR. HORSMAN had his innings. The "Superior Person," as MR. DISRAEELI called him, never did his work in a superior manner. He went at the Bill with vehemence and bitterness, and, having cut it to pieces, declared that it had set the whole Liberal party "shaking in its shoes." (Whence the phrase, by the way? Would DR. DORAN oblige?) It was introduced as a settlement, but the Irish prelates had blasted and ("blast" is from the Saxon *blast*) destroyed all hope of that. Moreover, the Liberal party and its leaders were not in accord on this Bill, as they had been on the Church and Land. Catholics everywhere else were struggling to extricate themselves from the fetters of the priests, and here was a Liberal Minister trying to crush the Layman and exalt the Priest. How were the mighty fallen! The Minister ought to withdraw the Bill. Let the House reject it, and show that it would not permit any Government to degrade legislation, and destroy the independence of Parliament.

MR. FORTESCUE had hard work after this fiery onslaught, especially as the Members had mostly gone away to dinner, but he really managed to say a good deal in an adroit manner.

After several speeches, DR. PLAYFAIR came up, and, as an Academic man, he deplored the exclusion of Philosophy and History, a course that would make the University the laughing-stock of Europe. The Bill was virtually a concession to the Priests, though not all they wanted.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intimated that the "gagging clause" might be given up, whereat the House broke into cheers. He never knew a scheme, meant to produce peace and good-will, so unkindly treated. MR. LOWE is a capital debater, but he was certainly not in good form to-night, and hardly hurt anybody.

MR. G. HARDY wanted MR. GLADSTONE to say what were the exact points on which he should be obliged to stake his political existence. (This, Madam, the PREMIER had hinted at in a speech at a dinner to MR. LOCKE KING.) Mr. Punch was reminded of a famous cut of his, in other days, where a swell-bagman asks a waiter, "Now, what is the very smallest sum I can give you without being considered mean?" He defied Government to the fight.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT moved the adjournment, and he had four days to prepare himself, as the debate was adjourned till the Monday night.

Friday.—Hooray, Madam, we have a war at last! The KING OF THE ASHANTEES (who they may be is a mere detail) has crossed our frontier with 12,000 men. We are going to fight him. It's refreshing to have pleasant news after all our sordid bother about Strikes, Irish Priests, and Coals.

The Commons had a long night, but a dull one, and there was nearly a Count Out on an Indian question. The river Shannon was much censured for overflowing, but MR. LOWE declined to impose Saxon fetters on a free, noble, and affectionate Irish river.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Matilda (who does not like being "Wallflower"). "YOU'VE NO IDEA, MAUD, HOW UTTERLY IDIOTIC YOU PEOPLE DANCING LOOK TO THOSE WHO SIT DOWN AND WATCH YOU!"

Maud. "I DARE SAY NOT, LOVE ! I NEVER TRIED !"

MORE POWER TO PLIMSOLL.

(AIR—"Poor Jack.")

HERE's more power to PLIMSOLL, for Derby M.P.,
His pluck and his bottom I like,
That at rotten old ships, sent o'erloaded to sea,
Not too soon he's determined to strike.
With a cargo of rails in an old hull stowed tight,
And a deck-load, how pleasant to scud ;
While loose bolts, leaky seams, Father Neptune invite,
And the pumps fight in vain with the flood.
Let horrified shipowners never so oft,
His charges, indignant, fling back,
I call him the Cherub who sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK !

We've heard REED and his rivals, this many a day,
Discussing builds, riggings, and such,
On floatation, stability, jabb'ring away,
In what sounds to landmen High Dutch.
But whatever the ship of the future may be—
What a ship that will be, when it's seen !—
The ship of the past (hear a voice from the sea !)
Too often a coffin has been.
So says PLIMSOLL, says he, though our tars aren't so soft
At sea—risks to be taken aback,
There's room for a Cherub to sit up aloft,
And keep watch for the life of Poor JACK !

Underwriters at Lloyd's, now their risks wax so high,
Are beginning cantank'rous to be,
As with undertakers they don't want to vie
For performing of funerals at sea.
The cost of your cargo, as well as your hull,
'Tis but safe to insure,—if no more—

And if weather is bad, and nights dark, and freights dull,
Of course there'll be wrecks to deplore.
What then ? All's a hazard : Compunction is soft :
Suppose few tars ne'er come back !—
Leave them to the Cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK !

Hearts of oak in old times were our ships, every inch,
And our men the same stuff as the ship :
But now from the cost of live oak builders flinch—
The point is to make a cheap trip.
And as cheap trips on shore in a smash often end,
Thanks to old engines, axles, or springs,
So your cheap trips at sea oft to Davy Jones send
All but what grist to shipowners brings.
Well, as life's breath is not like a coat to be doff,
Which owners, when lost, can give back,
I say, more power to PLIMSOLL, who sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK !

Music and Wut.

A SCOTTISH Gentleman proposes that, on the occasion of the next "Gregorian Demonstration" at St. Paul's, an instrument more appropriate to that performance shall be substituted for the "kist fu' o' whistles." Instead of the organ, he suggests, let the accompaniments of the Gregorian music, if any, be played on the bagpipes. That, he urges, the king of instruments, is, in reality as in name, the right one whereon to accompany the Gregorian tones. He adds that, though his foot just now is awa' from his native heath, his name is MACREGOR.

MACBETH TO BAD MOCK TURTLE.—"Unreal mockery, hence !"

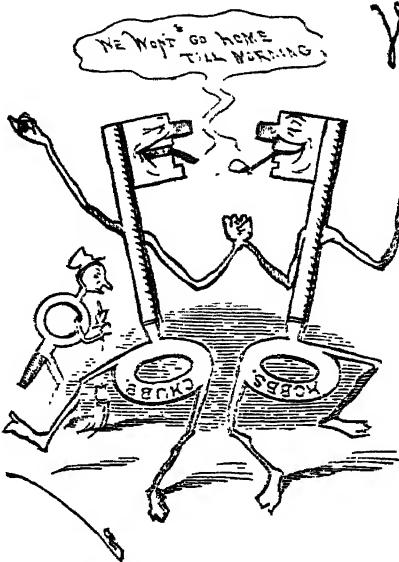


THE COFFIN-SHIPS.

POLLY. "O, DEAR JACK! I CAN'T HELP CRYING, BUT I'M SO HAPPY TO THINK YOU'RE NOT GOING IN ONE OF THOSE DREADFUL SHIPS!"
JACK. "WHAT, DAVY JONES'S DECON DUCKS! NO, NO, LASS—NEVER MORE!—THANKS TO OUR FRIEND MASTER PLIMSOLL, GOD BLESS HIM!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Court and Old Astley's, and thereupon addresses the Editor as usual.



WORTHY Sir, I represented You at the now well known Court Theatre, before the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's order had been issued. I visited it because I had heard that there was being performed a witty political satire, entitled *The Happy Land*. I saw it. Well, it certainly did deal with political subjects. So had I seen the Clown at Christmas-time deal with similar "questions of the day" before he was warned off the ground. For its wit, there were three or four "points" as telling with the public as are the very easily made hits in a street-singer's ballad, or the popular "topical" song which delights music-

hall politicians. In the make-up of three actors as caricatures of MR. GLADSTONE, MR. LOWE, and MR. AYRTON, lay the main attraction of the piece. The make-up of the second was as good as was MR. PAULTON's at the Strand, where he made the success of a dull burlesque by appearing as BISMARCK, with a song and dance. The abstract idea of these three doing a similar sort of thing, is certainly preposterously absurd. Having laughed at the three or four "palpable hits," of which the objects were quite fair game, it occurred to me that ten minutes of this was enough. The satire was of the sledge-hammer order, and the slain were slain over and over again, to weariness. For a short time the First Act was lively; the Second Act was the faint shadow of the first.

The Happy Land was evidently considered too dangerous a precedent to be permitted. Where would this sort of thing stop? What had been commenced in the West, would soon be dangerously improved upon in the East. For it must be remembered, that, on the English stage of the present day, it is only the heaviest hand that does the satirical work most effectually. Aristophanes, without a pinch of Attic salt, with a drayman's cart-whip in one hand, and a bludgeon in the other, must be the ideal of a modern satirist who achieves popularity on the theatrical platform, at a time when vulgarity and rudeness often do duty for witty repartee.

Requiring, after such an entertainment, something exhilarating, Your Representative decided upon visiting SANGER'S Amphitheatre, "late"—alas! late—"ASTLEY'S." The attraction was a "Grand Historical Spectacular Drama, in four Acts, called *Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of the Plantagenet*." Sir, my venture was repaid with interest. There were Grandeur, History, and Spectacle from the front door to the back of the stage. Your Representative had not visited Astley's for some considerable time, and was dazzled, not to say struck and taken back, by all that met his astonished and delighted gaze on the very first moment of his arrival at the Grand National Entrance. Statuesque horses in white and gold were on the staircase, where classic figures, in graceful and enthusiastic attitudes, beckoned the visitor to the Private Boxes, and the Balcony Dress Stalls. A courteous gentleman in a resplendent livery, which was a compromise between that of a Beadle and a Park-keeper, received us (a friend from the country, and myself) under the portico, and waved us onward in an upstairs direction, as though he were cheering us to perseverance with the cry of "*Excelsior! Excelsior!*!" The Equestrian performances were going on, and I gave myself up to the thorough enjoyment of a "Grand Nautical Act, by ERNEST," called "The Sailor, or the Perils of the Deep."

Perils! I should think so. There was the British Tar, standing on a horse's back and careering round and round with a peculiar motion, which must have strongly reminded him of his native element. Then arose a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, which made us tremble for that poor sailor's safety on board that gallant steed. The blinding flashes were ingeniously represented by lowering the gas sharply, and as sharply turning it on again; a device which really had a most terrifying effect, even without the assistance of the Drum, which evidently could not resist the opportunity afforded by the darkness of coming out uncommonly strong as the thunder.

It was a night of terror for that child of the Ocean, and I would not have answered for the consequences to the Management had the brave MR. PLIMSOUL been present. In strained anxiety Your Representative watched the actions of this lonely Horse-marine. The ship had evidently struck; I could tell by his action that she was fast sinking (the horse did not enter at all into the spirit of the entertainment, but kept up its even canter, once or twice casting its eye back, with, I fancied, a slight touch of superciliousness in its look), and then I saw that the moment had arrived when there was nothing left but to swim for it. Off went the Horse-marine's hat, off went his tie, and then, discarding so much clothing as the occasion seemed to permit, he struck out boldly on that unsympathetic animal's back, and presently reached shore, represented by a spot within three inches of the crupper. Here he piously knelt down, and expressed in pantomime his gratitude to Providence. It was very good indeed, and would have been absolutely sublime, but that my eye unfortunately fell upon the Clown, who, in the centre of the ring, was positively ridiculing the sailor's distress, pretending to shed tears, and scoffing at this honest Tar's outburst of devotion. "What place," I cried indignantly, "has a Clown in a shipwreck?" Would he behave as has this excellent marinier; or, on his first finding himself safe on land, would he merely grin, cut a caper, say "Here we are again! how are you to-morrow?" and sing "Hot Codlins?"

At last, at about eight o'clock, the curtain rose upon the first scene of *Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of the Plantagenet*.

Briefly, this Spectacle is exceedingly well put upon the stage, or, as one ought to say, when speaking of an Equestrian Drama, it is "admirably mounted."

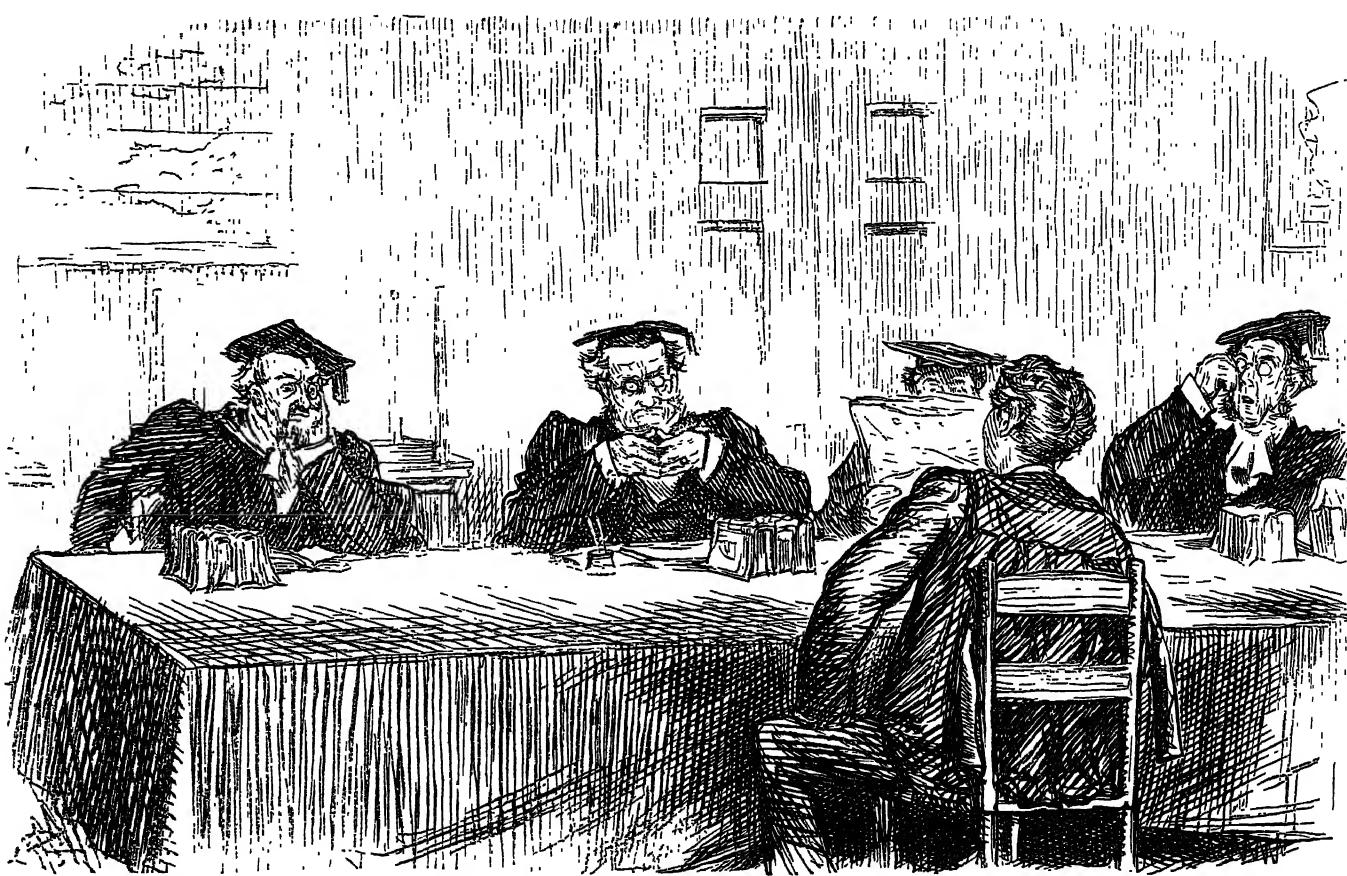
The Author and Stage Manager have done their work boldly and thoroughly. The villain is an equestrian villain—none of your infantry scoundrels, but on horseback, with vindictive "asides"; and it is not such an easy matter, let me tell you, judging from this instance, to depict the partially-suppressed passions of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and to deliver such cynical asides as fall to the lot of *Bertrand de Born*, the wicked troubadour, even when seated on the quietest cream-coloured steed that ever sniffed sand-dust. *Thomas à Beckett* was invariably a-foot. It is evident, from this piece, that at an early stage of his career, the future Primate developed the clearest proofs of his subsequent ecclesiastical vocation, by exhibiting on all occasions a strong desire to seize the slightest opportunity for addressing anybody, on any subject, in a style suggestive of "heads for future sermons." His delivery was that of a man who thought a good deal while speaking. I think it was *Thomas à Beckett*—but perhaps it wasn't—who asked somebody, as he entered, attended by a friend, "Are you afraid to come alone? Or do you bring him (the friend) here as your wet-nurse?" The quotation is not *verbatim*, except the last word. But why a doughty old English Baron or a Squire, or Knight of the Shire, should go about with a wet-nurse, was a considerable puzzle to me until my intelligent friend pointed out to me that "wet-nurse" was the actor's peculiar pronunciation of the word "witness."

I have no time to give in detail how *King Henry* was crowned in Westminster Abbey, where on horseback came the mounted Champion of England, where *Theobald*, predecessor of *A Beckett* in the See of Canterbury, kept handing up sceptres and crowns to the *King* and *Queen*, and hurrying down the steps of the throne again as if he were afraid of a kick from the impetuous monarch; or how the Castle of Bridgenorth was stormed, how *Clifford* died, how he was carried about the battle-field on a stretcher; how the May-Day sports, were of rather a lugubrious and monotonous character, but quite in keeping with our national reputation for dolefulness and want of a musical ear; how the Monks came to fetch *Thomas à Beckett* to evening service in his own Cathedral, whether he didn't appear a bit inclined to accompany them, and, indeed, was not even prevailed on to do so by their telling him that "the congregation was calling for him"—most indecent conduct by the way; how, finally, *Queen Eleanor* did neither poison nor stab *Rosamond*, but insisted on her retiring, like *Ophelia*, to a nunnery; how *Thomas à Beckett*, in the middle of a highly ornate service, belonging to no particular Church or sect, but perhaps a little fancy of his own, was assassinated, and the *King* arrived too late to save him, but soon enough to punish the over-zealous knights. I say I have not time nor space for all this in detail, suffice it that *Fair Rosamond* is the only thing of the sort in London, and that it most satisfactorily revives the ancient equestrian glories; and, were the "dialect" only cut a bit, so that we might get sooner to the "oses," the piece would be much benefited thereby, and not in vain would this suggestion have been made by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Seasonable Relief.

To one class, at least, the present state of the Coal Market brings hope, if not immediate comfort. These are the unfortunate persons who have all their lives been accustomed to be "hauled over the coals." There will soon be no coals for them to be hauled over.



"HOIST WITH THEIR OWN PETARD."

Stern Examiner. "FOR INSTANCE, SIR, I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR A TEXT FROM YOU."

Cheeky Commoner. "WELL, FACT IS I HAVEN'T LOADED MY MEMORY WITH TEXTS. BUT IN THE APOCRYPHA (sic) THERE'S MENTION THAT 'ROUND ABOUT WERE FOUR GREAT BEASTS'—"

[*Plucked.*]

A CHILD'S DOOM.

We usually abstain from the discussion of merely painful things. Those who desire such reading find it amply supplied elsewhere, and some of our respected contemporaries serve it up strongly flavoured enough for any appetite. But here is a case in which we make exception. We take this paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"Chimney-sweeps, who continue, in defiance of the law, to employ 'climbing boys' may take warning from a case which has been tried at Durham. A Gateshead chimney-sweeper was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of an unhappy little lad who was suffocated in attempting to carry out his orders in clearing a flue."

Apart from the individual ruffianism in this case, *Mr. Punch* asks whether the Act which was intended to deliver little children from the most hideous cruelties, is becoming a dead letter in any part of the kingdom. Is there any other place than Gateshead where little lads are rammed into foul flues to be suffocated? The present generation may not remember the struggle that had to be fought out, over and over, before the children could be protected. It had to be waged against habit, prejudice, greed, ridicule; but the victory was won. JAMES MONTGOMERY, the poet, with one ghastly but damaging volume, the *Chimney Sweep's Magazine and Climbing Boy's Album*, gave thousands a nightmare that lasted for years, but he carried the Act. There was a poem in the book, too, by BLAKE, the painter, that did yeoman's service. We got the Act, and believed that the system of atrocious cruelty was at an end. But the above paragraph wakes painful doubts. Will some M.P. set an investigation going?

We should call the sentence on the fellow who killed the child ridiculously mild, could anything ridiculous connect itself with such a theme. We wish that this master chimney-sweeper of Gateshead could have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, varied by twenty sound lashes with the cat every quarter day, except the last, when he should have had fifty, as a parting testimonial of the public sense of his character. Let us hope that the gaolers of Gateshead

are not of a forbearing kind, and that the excellent chaplain will give him terrifying Calvinistic doses of commination, calculated to "chasten him in the night season," since he will not get the other castigation he has so well earned.

SMALL TALK.

WHEN you dine out, as there is no Opera to discuss yet, and the Exhibition of New Masters will not be open for some time to come, and nobody's trial or case is at present harassing everybody, and the Transit of Venus is out of the sphere of most people, and the Great Wall opposite Hampton Court Gardens is stopped, and the University Boat Race is not near enough to be a sufficiently stimulating topic, you may have to fall back on the Central Asian question. If so, you can have no difficulty in earning for yourself the reputation of being an authority on the subject, if you will only say, with an adequate air of importance and mystery, that you know—the statement is easily learned off by heart beforehand—that "last summer, Badakhshan, believing itself menaced by the Afghans, concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Padishah of Chitral, on the southern side of the Himalayas, and also asked the help of YAKOOB Beg, of Kashgar."

Do not be deterred from volunteering this information by any foolish fear of being interrogated on the details. Your fellow-guests will, in all probability, be equally ignorant with yourself of the geographical bearings of Badakhshan and Chitral, and of the very existence of such a being as the Padishah, but they will assume a well-informed look, and not betray their secret. It is not everybody who knows where the Himalayas are.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

THERE is talk of holding a Hospital Sunday somewhen in June. Very good. Coals may be a little cheaper at Midsummer, and Charity somewhat warmer towards the Striking Classes.



"SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS."

Newsvendor. "TIMES A' GONE, SIR; BUT HERE'S THE SCOTSMAN."
Swell. "HAW-AW! CAN I WEAD IT? IS IT—HAW—WITTEN IN ENGLISH?"

IN AND ABOUT THE UPAS-TREE.

If on an Irish question you get in a quandary—
And where's the Irish question but lands you in that same?—
There's no rule for your guidance like the plain rule of contrairy—
"If you'd go left, keep to the right; keep left, if right's your game."

Here's GLADSTONE the Hibernian dilemma once more facing—
English dilemmas have two horns, Hibernian have three—
Or with a newer image our old horn'd friend replacing.
Here's GLADSTONE up in the third fork of his own Upas-tree!

Like the athlete of Cortona, with the stem he thought to sever,
Closed, vice-like, on his daring grasp, in a cleft-stick he hangs,
Threatened by his own hounds, in strain of desperate endeavour
To free his hands for self-defence from Ultramontane fangs.

But what mean these discordant throats around the Upas baying?
One the hounds' that should be Milo's—one, the wolves' who'd Milo tear?
"Down with a scheme for free lay thought to Priests' control be-wraying!"

"Down with a scheme that to the Priest bars the Professor's chair?",
How with each other reconcile clamour and counter-clamour?
Or should all sense of black and white upon one side be flung,
Since uttrances insensible, by stupid Saxon grammar,
May be construed, supra-sensibly, in Irish mother-tongue?

Nay who knows, but, as Irish pigs down one road are manœuvred,
By assurance of the driver, that the other road they go,
'Cute Doctor CULLIN's drivers the secret have discovered,
That nought's so like to win the Bill lay "aye," as priestly "no."

So as they wish their flocks to take the road that GLADSTONE opens,
In hopes 'twill lead to Rome,—as Priests must wish all roads to lead,—

A FAMILY PARTY.

In a recent action for a breach of promise of marriage, one of the defendant's pleas was, "that the promise was made subject to certain conditions agreed on between the plaintiff and the defendant, that the defendant should be able to obtain the consent of his family—to wit, three of his eldest daughters, and of four of the brothers and sisters of his deceased wife, and of the defendant's aunt—to his marriage with the plaintiff." The sequel will not surprise any one. The defendant was unable to obtain the consent of his eight relatives, daughters, and brothers-in-law, and sisters-in-law, and aunt. As there is no mention made of such an influential connection, it is to be presumed that the defendant did not possess a mother-in-law—her presence in the family council would, probably, have had the effect of deterring him from even making the attempt to induce its members to allow him to enter into a second matrimonial engagement.

The Householder's Glee.

FILE more money on the fire
In the shape of coals.
Roast the meat aye rising higher
As this fast world rolls.
Butchers, Coalowners conspire.
Bless their souls!

Saying in Illiberal Circles.

It is whispered that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Juries' Bill does not merely contemplate the reduction of Juries in ordinary cases from twelve to seven. It is even hinted in certain quarters that, in the event of becoming law, that measure will reduce the whole Jury system to sixes and sevens.

RELEASE FROM RECOGNISANCES.

THE newspapers announce the death of a Confidential Clerk out on bail, charged with embezzling the moneys of his employers to the amount of £15,000. This gentleman died suddenly. Is it probable that his surviving sureties will go into mourning?

From newspapers and pulpits, and haughty tongues and low pens,
They urge "Don't go that road, ye Sowls, your Clergy's voice that heed!"

And JOHN BULL, stupid Saxon, beholds the hurly-burly,
And wonders, "Must all Irish Bills end in an Irish row?"
And, amidst clash of oratorical shillelaghs, mutters, surly,
"Donnybrook Fair near Dublin was—'tis at St. Stephen's now."

A STEP IN THE PEERAGE.

"In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail;" therefore the failure of LORD FITZ-WALTER to reconcile the Lords to the gigantic scheme of the Chelsea Waterworks Company, for disfiguring the Thames, should be duly glorified. Of *Suffolk*, in *Henry the Sixth*, a spirit evoked from below predicts that:

"By water shall he die and take his end."

The oracle is borne out in *Suffolk's* death at the hands of one *Walter Whitmore*, whose Christian name, in the vernacular of the period, seems to have been pronounced *Water*, although, as *Suffolk* vainly reasons with him:—

"The name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded."

It would accordingly be calling LORD FITZ-WALTER somewhat out of his name simply to pronounce it for the time to come *Fitz-Watee*; but perhaps the Chelsea Water Company may have influence with the Government enough to procure for the noble Lord a step in the Peerage, namely an Earldom, by the augmented and appropriate title of *LORD WATERWORKS*.

SIMPLICITY.

THE Japanese are said to be at work composing a new Religion. It will perhaps be eclectic. Will they, possibly, adopt and incorporate in it our Athanasian Creed?



"HUNTING APPOINTMENTS."

Scientific Colonel. "ARE YOU GOING TO THE 'KRIEGLSPEL' TO-MORROW?"

Cavalry Sub. (Hunting Man). "AUGH! 'THINK NOT, SIR. AUGH! 'MEET THE-ARE, DO THEY? NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE! WHEREWE ON EARTH IS I—T?'"!!

A PERCY TO THE RESCUE!

REJOICE we. Let Surbiton shout to all Britain.
The Thames bank is saved, and fair Hampton Court's view.
Sing, Kingston and Ditton, the Philistines smitten—
That is, one particular Philistine crew.

But lo, whilst their sordid devices are broken,
Their fellows have triumphed in England's chief Town;
The doom of one more noble monument's spoken:
Northumberland House is condemned to come down!

To make a short cut for the vans, cabs, and 'busses,
Instead of a bend which would answer all need,
The Philistine Board, those iconoclast Cusses,
Are going to do this deplorable deed.

Admiring, reposes the Philistine's eye on
The huge Public-house reared aloft alongside,
Which, like a tall Snob, on Northumberland's Lion
Locks down with the scorn of a *parvenu*'s pride.

Old mansions that eye accounts dreary and shabby,
On vistas of splendid shops craving to dwell,
How fain would your Philistines Westminster Abbey
Remove, and replace with a Monster Hotel!

'Twere possible yet, though, from their tender mercies,
Did a generous Public and Parliament will,
To rescue the time-honoured House of the PERCIES,
By means of amendment to Philistine Bill.

A QUEER TALE.

If Man is descended from the Monkey, the descent must be, as the lawyers say, "in tail."

INVALUABLE OBTUSENESS.

The Times, in a leader, advertizing to the incautiousness of certain classes, employed as well as employers, truly observes that:—

"There is something in dangerous occupations which seems to blunt the sensitiveness, if not to harden the hearts of those engaged in them, towards the apprehension of peril. It is a temptation which affects all classes. The miner is as reckless in lighting his pipe in a fiery mine as a mine-owner may be reckless in neglecting to improve the ventilation."

Very true; and in the nature of things, apparently, this contempt for danger, bred by familiarity with it, is fortunate for Society. That is, if War be a necessary outcome of the nature of things. Or else what should we do for soldiers; at any rate, what would soldiers do for us? What sort of fighting would be done for other nations whose soldiers are not volunteers, do not enlist, but serve under compulsion? How would any army, not callous to jeopardy of life and limb, behave under fire? Recklessness of danger, constitutional or acquired, may be partial idiocy; but it is the courage of the common mind. Let us praise it, therefore, Gentlemen and Ladies, let us honour it exceedingly.

The Comforts of the Carnival.

At Rome, during the Carnival, a Correspondent says that:—

"When you venture out of doors, you are pelted with hard comfits, which are made of plaster of Paris, and sting your face pretty sharply."

There may be nothing in a name, but we incline to think these "comfits" should be rather called "dis-comfits."

SAYINGS FOR SEAMEN.

MR. PLIMSOLL'S exposure of the state of our Mercantile Marine suggests new definitions:—Sinking Fund—the stock of Ship Insurance. Bottomry—money gained through a ship's going to the bottom.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SAID we not, dear Madam, that there would be wigs on the green this Session? The phrase is Irish, and therefore it was used by *Mr. Punch* with his accustomed exquisite prophetic sense. At the bidding of a knot of Irish Priests, an enlightened Government has been prostrated, Imperial business stopped, and a civilised nation put into a state of uncertainty and discomposure. Such is the consequence of petting inconvenient protégés. When they break loose, they do all kinds of mischief. However, *vous l'avez voulu*, JOHN BULL DANDIN, *vous l'avez voulu*.

Monday, March 10.—The debate on the Dublin University Bill was resumed by MR. VERNON HARCOURT, who did his best in answer to MR. HORSMAN, and who contended that it was not the first duty of Ministers to please the Irish prelates, but to make a fair Bill, and let the prelates do as they pleased. He did not think the Bill perfect, but it might be mended in Committee. The "gagging clause" was a hideous deformity. He and his friends would not desert a Minister who had done so much good. DR. BALL delivered a very able and impassioned invective against the Bill, which, if carried, would have been carried by the Welsh and Scotch. The House was so pleased at his performance, that hands were actually clapped. It was very good clapper-clawing, as SHAKESPEARE would have said.

Divers—we don't mean pearl-fishers, at least they brought up very few pearls of oratory—followed. MR. MIAUL said that Parliament had sown the wind, and was now reaping the whirlwind. LORD JOHN MANNERS informed MR. GLADSTONE that his genius was essentially destructive. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said that the PREMIER, like *Falstaff*, had led his ragamuffins where they had been peppered. The Silent Sister was to be made both blind and deaf. Everything Irish was exaggerated—a shanty was called an hotel, and a hedge-school a college. Let the Irish Colleges be called Schools, and reformed accordingly. It had been imploringly said, "*Date obolum Belisario*"—give a vote to a poor blind Government; but he was really afraid to do so. He begged MR. GLADSTONE to withdraw the Bill.

MR. CARDWELL urged that no Member voting for the Second Reading was thereby committed to details. (Here people went away a good deal.) He intimated the willingness of Government to surrender many points. Then there was rather a demand that the debate should be closed, and MR. MITCHELL HENRY waxed wroth, and hearing certain noises made at his remarks, declared that he heard "the sounds of Balaam." This shows that the Honourable Member would have been the better for a little reading of the Book which the priests naturally dislike laymen to study. We adjourned, after a few words from the PREMIER.

Tuesday.—This was the Great Night Entirely, Madam,
"Big with the fate of GLADSTONE and of Rome."

Good COLONEL WILSON-PATTEN began, and heartily opposed the Bill, which would enable the "fulminating" priests to destroy the independence of education. MR. O'REILLY supported it, and quoted those eminent poets, TOM MOORE and VIRGIL, the second happily, for he cited the elegant passage in the Georgics where the effect of grafting is described, and he pictured Trinity College as admiring her new foliage, *et non sur poma*. APPLES OF DISCORD, however, seem the chief Irish production in that line. MR. BOUVERAIS (old Whig) said that the Bill was miserably and scandalously bad, also that it had already "gone to Hades," whereat several "self-made men" probably asked their neighbours what ADY's meant. SIR P. O'BRIEN said that the Irish Catholics only asked for justice, and that this Bill was an insult.

Then, Madam, it was felt that the time had come for the great Swords to combat. Breath was bated—we don't mean the Irish word—as:

"With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke,
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did LARA too his willing weapon bare."

MR. DISRAEELI stood at the table. He was in his best form, Madam, as your daughters say, and should not. He was like his own Aboriginal Inhabitant, in that capital book *Popanilla*, and he came to give everybody a sound flogging all round. But he did it in the most artistic fashion. One for MR. HARCOURT, who had talked like an "Attorney-General"—and this went home, and the House began to cheer. One for MR. CARDWELL, who had explained away the Bill, and one for MR. GLADSTONE, who had explained away the explanation. We might discuss the Bill in Committee. Of course we might—how gracious; what else do we go into Committee for? Then we had some good fun about the granting degrees, and he told a story about his refusing to do something to please some White Quakers, for fear lest they should confer the degree of White Quaker on him. (There were some more white quakers in the House just then.) Then he derided Government for refusing to found a Philosophy chair in an age "when young men prattle about protoplasm, and young ladies in gilded saloons unconsciously talk atheism." (Tell your daughters that, dear Madam.) He was very effective on this part of the subject. Then he adverted to concurrent endowment. That was the policy of statesmen. It had been PEEL's, and PALMERSTON's, and once MR. GLADSTONE's own, but he had abandoned it for a policy of confiscation. That policy had led to the Disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, but what had followed? The Disestablishment of the Catholic Church in Rome, and for this the Papacy was indebted to CARDINAL CULLEN, whom let Protestants therefore reverence. "You," he said to the Government—

"Have had four years of it; you have despoiled Churches, you have threatened every corporation and endowment in the country—(laughter and cheers)—you have examined into every-body's affairs—(cheers)—you have criticised every profession, and vexed every trade—(renewed laughter and cheers). Nobody is certain in property; no one knows what duties he will have to perform to-morrow—(cheers). This is the Policy of Confiscation."

He concluded by declaring that he must vote against a Bill which was monstrous in its general conception, pernicious in many of its details, and utterly futile as a measure of practical legislation.

There is only one man in the House who can hold his own against such sword-play as that, but the man was there—"a strong man armed"—we may add, "keeping the House."

MR. GLADSTONE taunted his antagonist with having talked for half-an-hour on matters that had nothing to do with the subject. Concurrent endowment! It was dead, no doubt, but it might revive under the potent charm of the Magician opposite. But PEEL was not its friend, nor had he himself ever been. Then the PREMIER defended himself for having made this Bill a question of confidence. This was needful, after three years of resistance to what was part of a general scheme for the welfare of Ireland. He denied complicity with the Catholic pretates. Supporting the principles of the measure, he was bitterly sarcastic on the "Waiters on Providence," who had so eulogised the Bill at first, but had now all run away from its promoters. He called on the House



TEMPORA MUTANTUR!

Ancient Messman (to his Officer just returned to Barracks). "COFFEE AND CURAÇOA, SIR?—BRANDY AND SODA?"

Modern Captain. "AUGH!—No. BRING ME A GLASS OF ICED TOAST-AND-WAT-AR!!!"

to let the Bill go into Committee, and then to improve it as much as possible. And he said:—

"My hon. and learned friend the Member for Oxford, in his eloquent speech the other day, said he had years of political life before him. I have very little before me, but I have much behind me. I have an account to render. I have a past and present to think of. The duties of the moment are solemn, and I wish to leave upon record the solemn conviction I entertain that it would be a grave and serious error on the part of this House were they to give the slightest encouragement to the demand that is made for introducing into Ireland the system of separate endowment for separate religious institutions or academical purposes."

After some humorous references to other speakers, especially "that old but repentant rebel," MR. BENTINCK, MR. GLADSTONE said that he was not afraid of the charge that he wished to serve the priests. He was ready to serve them, or any other men, as far as justice demanded, but was not ready to go an inch further for them or any other men. His peroration was fine:—

"To mete out justice to Ireland according to the best of our views, and to which with our human infirmities we could attain, has been the work—I will almost say the sacred work—of this Parliament (*cheers and counter-cheers*). Having put our hand to the plough let us not turn back. Let not what we think the folly and perverseness of those whom we are attempting to benefit have the slightest effect in turning us from the path we have undertaken to tread. As we have begun, so let us go through; with a firm and resolute hand let us efface from the laws and practice of the country the last—for I believe it is the last—of the religious and social grievances of Ireland (*loud cheers*)."

Then the House divided (about two on Wednesday morning), and the numbers were:—

For the Government	284
Against	287
Majority against Government . . .	3

The result was known before the proclamation was made, for COLONEL TAYLOR, the Conservative Whip, was unable to conceal

AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.

At the top of the *Times* Police Reports, on Friday, last week, appeared a case which may be described as both shocking and astounding:—

"At MARYLEBONE, SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE was summoned by MR. BEVAN, on behalf of the Metropolitan Board of Works, for having a chimney on fire at his residence, 1, SUSSEX Square, HYDE PARK. MR. MANSFIELD inflicted a fine of 10s. and 5s. costs."

The announcement that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL (for MR. GLADSTONE was as yet Premier) had been summoned before a Magistrate and fined, could not but have shocked every the least sensitive nature in a degree only less than the mind would have experienced from the news that the LORD CHANCELLOR or the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY had been "had up." Equally astounding also was the intelligence that the offence charged against SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE was that of having had a chimney on fire; as the right honourable and learned gentleman is known to be a sweeping reformer.

THE CASE OF THE COAL RING.

It is a matter of statistics that the death-rate rose very highly during the late cold weather. This increase of mortality was evidently in a great measure due to the coal famine. Happily for the thriving Coal-owners, this is a consideration which Political Economy not only permits, but enjoins them not to pay the slightest attention to. Political Economy alone controls Legislation; Christianity is an affair of conscience. The Coal-owners have quite as much right to make money irrespectively of the death-rate as the men, who, the other day, refused to try and rescue a drowning child, had to decline risking their persons; and therefore consistency requires us to point out the absurdity of prefixing to paragraphs describing the conduct of these latter in that respect such headings as "Almost Incredibly" and "Shocking Inhumanity."

APPEAL TO THE UNITED STATES.

You do sing "*Hail, Columbia!*," as well as "*Yankee Doodle*"; but still your Continent has derived its name from AMERIGO VESPUCCI. Now, AMERIGO is only the Christian name of that voyager. Couldn't you sometimes call your great and glorious country VESPUTIA?

his triumph. He waved the paper, and the roof rang with the cheers of the victors.

MR. GLADSTONE said the vote was of a grave character, and he moved the adjournment of the House until Thursday. So died the Irish Higher Education Bill.

Thursday.—Announcement was made, in both Houses, that Ministers had resigned.

It was known that HER MAJESTY, faithful as always to constitutional traditions, had "sent for" MR. DISRAEILI.

Both Houses adjourned until the Monday.

But the Commons did not separate until MR. OSBORNE had tried to extract some more information from those who, he said, had run the ship aground, and to whom MR. GLADSTONE, with admirable gravity, replied that he had given a complete narrative of events so far, and anything else belonged to a new chapter. MR. GILPIN suggested what the *Times* called the "puerile" device of a vote to the effect that the rejection of the Bill did not mean want of confidence, but he found no favour. Keep to the old lines, Gentlemen, you will not mend them. MR. GLADSTONE was simply doing an English statesman's duty in resigning after a hostile vote on a large question. We do not want our system improved. Finally, MR. DILLWYN tried to press his Salmon Bill, and the House roared. We see nothing to laugh at. Irish Salmon do repay any pains taken to improve them.

Nor did the Lords separate until they had done something. Earlier in the week they read the important Judicature Bill a Second Time, thus paying a tribute to the genius of the new LORD CHANCELLOR, who seems likely to succeed where so many have failed. And this evening they debated the Marriage with a Wife's Sister Bill, and once more rejected it, this time by 74 to 49. majority 25. You may like to know, Madam, that the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUKE OF EDINBURGH paired in favour of the Bill, the former with his brother-in-law's father, the DUKE OF ARGYLL, who opposed it. Our cousin, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, paired for its rejection.



SCENES OF CLUB LIFE.
ELECTION OF AN HONORARY MEMBER.

COME TO GRIEF.

"If that leap don't give GLADSTONE a shake,
He is a rider, and no mistake!"
(See Mr. Punch and his Cartoon of February 15.)

WITH his whip at work, and his spurs rammed in,
And too hard a hand on his horse to begin,
Six foot of stone to clear in his stride,
And ugly taking-off ground beside,
We saw him powdering down the hill,
With censid'rably less of wisdom than will;
And just as judgment had cried "Hold hard!"
To a warier rider, and cooler card,
We saw his teeth clenched hard for a rush,
And his brow o'erspread with an angry flush,
And then we knew how it would be—
With that leap, in that temper—'twas all U P!

Three times his prudence and half his pluck,—
With recollections of two years' luck,
And the famous "kills" of Church and Land,
To harden his heart, and nerve his hand—
It needed all these, and something beside,
At such a leap, with a chance, to ride!
But some said his horse hard-mouthed had got,
And we knew his temper had grown hot;
And then, that crowd, just under the wall,
Frieze coats and black, in angry bawl,
With their sudden waving of flag and crozier,
Might well shake the pluckiest jock's composure:
With such sounds in his ear, and such sights in his eye,
The steadiest horse in the world would shy!

Yet he went at it, first, with such a will
That those who had laid the long odds on a spill,
For a moment, Queer Street thought to see,
And looked for a hedge, if a hedge might be.

But then came that see-saw of rasping rein,
That works a horse against the grain;
And that sting of whipcord and angry heel,
Where a 'cuter hand had spared lash and steel;
And the hullabaloo of that hooting crowd,
Where the jock looked for cheers, but not so loud—
And book-makers cheered, and backers were dumb,
For the chance was gone, and the cropper come!

And we saw, through the stones of the wall, in the air,
A rider still in his saddle square;
And we saw the Irish horse in a heap
Come rolling over that luckless leap;
And we saw that plucky rider down—
With a broken neck, or a fractured crown?
Not yet! In spite of stun or sprain,
He's off, and up on his legs again,
And shaking his fist at the shouting crew
Who've spoiled his leap with their hullabaloo!
And as ready to ride—thank British beef—
As if he never had "come to grief"!

Manners.

IN a Debate in the Assembly, the other day, our friend M. LOUIS BLANC remarked—

—“(quietly turning to the jubilant Right), as Benjamin has observed, a people is not governed with enigmas.”

This is just the sort of epigram that the Leader of Opposition here was likely to launch, but we do not remember it. Anyhow, M. LOUIS BLANC might have called him MR. DISRAELI. “Benjamin” is a trifle familiar, even in an Ultra-Republican.

SEASONABLE MOTTO FOR CATHOLICS.—“*Festina lente*,” i.e. Get through Lent quickly.

IRISH JURIES-PRUDENCE.



AMONGST other novelties in Ireland they have a new Jury system, but it does not seem to be a success. The account given by the Dublin Correspondent of the *Times* of some incidents at the last Irish Assizes is as droll as a farce and as strange as a fiction, and should be examined by anybody who wants a little relaxation after studying the Irish Education Bill. We feel we are contributing to "the gaiety of nations" by reproducing the best of these Juryana.

County Galway shall lead the way :—

"In one of the late prosecutions connected with the Galway election, the Juror who should have acted as foreman begged to be excused, and made way for another."

Modesty or bashfulness, perhaps, was the cause of this Irishman shrinking from the honour proposed to be thrust upon him? Read on :—

"It was afterwards found that he had good reason for declining the position, being wholly illiterate. In a criminal trial at the Commission Court a similar incident occurred, the Juror in that case avowing his inability to read or write."

An Education Bill is clearly wanted in Galway, but such studies as reading and writing, although they may seem dangerous accomplishments in the eyes of Roman Catholic prelates, and fraught with peril to the Faith, must not be excluded from it. Nenagh, too, appears to be in want of a little elementary instruction, for the same illiteracy came to light there as at Galway.

Next let us see what happened at Mullingar. There

—“the Court was disturbed by a little wretched-looking old man, who hobbled to the table, and insisted on speaking to ‘his Worship.’ When he obtained a hearing, he stated that he could not stand it any longer; that he had only two-pennyworth of bread on the previous day, and had to come a long distance. The Chief Baron immediately released him from further attendance as a Juror.”

Further mention is made of a second and third poor Juryman being released from serving, and there were probably others in waiting with pleas equally cogent, if they could only have gained a hearing.

“At Trim, a special jury was sworn to try an ejectment case, in which possession of 170 acres of land was sought. When the issue paper was handed to the Chief Baron he saw that it was unintelligible, and handed it back to be properly filled, proposing to dictate the words in which the finding should be given. The foreman proceeded to write, but he had recourse to the Registrar to assist him in spelling such words as ‘lands’ and ‘mentioned.’ Finally, to save time, the Registrar dictated the letters, while the Judge dictated the syllables, and the issue paper was filled. After all it was discovered that the word ‘plaintiff’ was spelt with a ‘b,’ and his Lordship had to send the paper back to have it amended.”

After reading this lesson in dictation and its issue, who will not fervently hope that he may never have the ill-luck to be a party in an ejectment case at Trim—at least, until its special jurors have mastered the orthography of such

intricate words as “lands” and “mentioned,” and discovered that there is no “b” in plaintiff. We do not forget that GEORGE THE SECOND confused his “b’s” and “p’s,” or that Mr. Weller, senior, experienced a difficulty in discriminating between “v” and “w.”

“At Monaghan, MR. KANE, J. P., a grand juror, who was also summoned as a petty juror, asked MR. JUSTICE KEOGH whether he was obliged to serve in the latter capacity. His Lordship replied that the Jury Act had only recently come into operation, and its results had not been fully developed. He did not know whether Mr. KANE would be enabled by any of its peculiar provisions to be in two places at the same time.”

MR. JUSTICE KEOGH is evidently as distinguished for humour as for courage. No mention is made of SIR BOYLE ROCHE and his historic bird, but there can be no doubt they would both be cited.

“Shortly afterwards, when a petty jury came to be empanelled, one of the jurors was sworn as DAVID GEDDES, and the Registrar insisted that he answered to that name, but he informed the Court that his real name was RICHARD JACK, and he was re-sworn in that name.”

Every man is the best judge of what his own name is, and JACK, *alias* GEDDES, has our sympathy in this contest with the Registrar. We should prefer GEDDES to JACK, but are not in love with either appellative.

“In reply to questions the jurors stated that they had never served before, and would not then, if they could help it. One of them appealed to the Judge to let him off on the ground that he had a bad leg, and could not sit in the box. He offered to let his Lordship see the leg. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH declined the privilege, and told him to stand aside. He replied he could not stand.”

“This juryman was evidently a wag, and deserved his freedom. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH’s refusal to see the leg will be approved of by all his judicial brethren. The inspection of such a limb of the law might have set on foot a disagreeable precedent.

Just one more scene.

“At Clonmel, during the trial of a man charged with murder, Counsel for the Crown, when replying at the close of the case, was frequently interrupted by a juryman, whose condition attracted the notice of the Court. A doctor was sent to examine him, and swore that he was under the influence of drink, and would require several hours’ repose. The jury were then conducted through the Court, amid the laughter of the bystanders, to wait until the juror should become sober. It was afterwards found that he was seriously ill, being in a semi-comatose condition, and they had to be discharged.”

We thought we should perceive the aroma of whiskey before we had done. After reading this last story, no one will be surprised to hear that “the Chief Justice commented upon the fact as illustrating the unsatisfactory character of the Jury Act.” MR. ERSKINE NICOL, or some other skilful delineator of Irish character, ought to seize upon the incident of the exit of the jury to await the return of sobriety to one of their fellows, and transfer it to canvas.

It is not improbable that we may have a new jury system in England. We will hope for more favourable results than those so graphically depicted by the *Times* Correspondent in Ireland.

Confess Thyself!

ANOTHER fool, exemplifying a very common form of insanity, has been giving himself up and confessing that he committed the Eltham murder. Which is the greater fool, this kind of one, or the other who allows himself to be led by the nose to such a length as to be induced by a sham practitioner of priestcraft to practise auricular confession in a parson’s ear?

Question for Cardwell.

THE carbine is perhaps not the best possible firearm for mounted troops. It might be better to arm the Cavalry with a modern improvement on the old horse-pistol. Would you not have that in Colt’s Revolver?

A STANDING MIRACLE.

THE maintenance of a wife and a family of children on the stipend of a Curate.



“COME A CROPPER!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He visits a Fair, and reports himself to the Editor, as usual.

WEN, Sir, I have nothing better to do—a rare occasion, as You may imagine—Your Representative likes to take a holiday. On such an occasion I am fond of representing myself as sauntering among the theatrical booths of this vast Metropolitan Fair, amusing myself by examining their flaming pictures hung outside, listening to the screams of "Walk up! Walk up!" from the hoarse throats of the opposition showmen, and debating with myself the question as to which exhibition shall be benefited by my patronage. This entertainment costs me no more than threepence for the *Times*, and, I regret to say, the price of the coals in my grate. I do not tramp the streets to obtain my information. The Fair is here.

The advertisement sheet, with its sole piece of furniture, the old clock in the corner—that small pale-faced dial, with its unchangeable hands fixed at half-past twelve punctually, whether A.M. or P.M. is a matter of choice to the gazer, far more famous

than its reverend friend at St. Paul's, or its towering relation at St. Stephen's, which is never the same for two minutes together,—this advertisement sheet of the *Times* is for me the common whereon the circus-tents and booths are pitched, and the caravans of performing prodigies display their banners, lower their platforms, and let down their steps to the public.

I have been right through the fair. The clanging, the trumpeting, and the shouting have made my head whizzy, and I sit down within hearing of its murmur (it is difficult to get entirely away from that), unwilling to "turn again," even though, like WHITTINGTON, I should be bidden to the Mansion House by the chimes of Bow Bells. If I return to the busy scene, which booth shall I enter? There used to appear at one time, daily, perhaps it does now, an advertisement headed, "Where shall we go to-day?" and the answer ingenuously gave the name of the advertiser's exhibition, without the slightest hesitation, and without a hint of the possibility of visiting any other amusement in the Metropolis. It was as great a boon to waverers as is the fixed menu of a one o'clock ordinary. The Legislature might appoint certain days for certain shows, and this would assist some folks over a difficulty. But everything is open to me at once—all are beckoning, inviting, and crying the excellence of their wares aloud in my ears, frantic as might be a gang of lunatic Cheap-jacks broke loose from Bedlam. I stagger, and retire with my pockets buttoned, dazed, amazed, confused by the jarring din. Only a very few managements seem to me to display their wares respectably and soberly; and they have certainly been no losers by the method. One of these has, if I am not mistaken, invariably preserved a modest and almost bashfully-advertising demeanour, as though it were forced, blushingly, to announce its own merit, at the same time that, for its friends' sake, it regretted the smallness of its house, and the unfashionable neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Yet if I want to mention a really successful Theatre, I name, from first to last, MRS. BANCROFT'S, or, as she still allows "her friends in front" to call her, MARIE WILTON—and more power to her pretty elbow. There are one or two others—as, for example, the Gaiety, where the stock in trade, I observe, is duly set forth, as is the duty of every caterer for the public, but without any yelling and shouting about "gigantic and stupendous success," which is as irritating as the newsboys' cries of vamped-up latest intelligence in a sixth evening edition of a penny paper at the time of an expected crisis, and as tiresome in its repetition as the harsh screeching and monotonous bobbing of the most conceited and idiotic Macaws, trying to attract the visitor's attention to their sulphur-tipped polls.

To judge by the advertisements outside the booths, in *Times'* Common Fair, never was the Drama in a more prosperous state than now. Great Successes everywhere! Artists received with enthusiasm! Grand combinations of attractions! Behold, too, the

touching picture, drawn by himself, of an afflicted Manager utterly overcome by his uncontrollable emotion on seeing his house nightly crowded by most illustrious audiences! I protest I am disposed to mingle my tears with his, to pat him on the back, and say, "Do not cry, Sir! Better days are in store for you. Bear your hard fortune like a man! Bless you! Liquor up!"

Here is another calming the trembling fair ones in his auditorium, and shouting to the occupants of stalls, boxes, dress-circle, pit, and gallery that, on his word and honour, the conflagration on his stage is *not* real; that he is only playing with fire; that his nervous patrons need not stir from their seats, as the mechanist and scene-painter are only "purtendin'"; that he admits the admirable deception; and that, after all, he is, as it were, not the Lion, but plain *Bottom*, the Weaver.

Through other speaking-trumpets, from "other lips and other" lungs, come shouts of "Most Successful Revival ever known! Walk up!" "Most Brilliant Thing ever written, heard, or seen! Walk up! Walk up!" "Thrilling Sensation Scene, nightly witnessed with breathless interest! Walk up! Walk up!" Somebody, in his Great Impersonation of Drunkenness, pronounced by *all who see it* (there is a touch of modesty worthy of Italics in this conditional clause), to be a most powerful piece of acting!! Walk up!! Genuine and Unequivocal Success!!! Engagements at Enormous Cost! Walk up! The Greatest Artists in the World! Unprecedented Success everywhere! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums, drench your pocket-handkerchiefs with tears, clang the cymbals! BUNKUM and CRUMMLES for ever!!

The Managerial motto is, "Whatever is is best," which he adapts to circumstances. "Whatever is at my Theatre," he says, "is best," and as long as this over-advertising is the fashion, he can scarcely be blamed for acting up to what he wishes to be supposed are his opinions. But why cannot all follow the example of the Prince of Wales's and the Charing Cross Theatre? One quiet sensible advertisement each; and another "under the clock."

I notice that, just at this time, the Vaudeville has nothing very startling in the way of advertisement: a sign, though not an infallible one, of material prosperity. The St. James's is quiet too, though it has three shouts. But why is not the single *affiche* "under the clock" sufficient? or say, at most, one under the clock and one in the adjoining column?

My friend WAGG drops in with an observation. He has, he says, a suggestion for the "proud manager" of the Lyceum, who, as one of the most enlightened and cutest people on earth, will probably avail himself of the notion. WAGG proposes that as *King Charles* wears a marvellous periuke, and *Mr. Cromwell* is nearly bald, it would be well to lighten the advertisement by announcing "*Mr. BELMORE* in his vigorous assumption," &c., and "*Mr. IRVING* in his *wiggyrous* assumption." WAGG means well, poor fellow.

MR. GYE has hung out his banner on the wall. He announces, among other things, *Mose in Egypt*. How will the great Lawgiver, &c., make up? WAGG of course answers "with 'air on," an ancient jest for which he would be deservedly plucked in a Lambeth examination, or receive the Jo MILLER scholarship in All Fools University.

Time Works Wonders at the Globe. "Now MONTAGUE, sit fast! I seek for thee," as *King Edward* says in Sc. 2, Act v., Part III. HEN. VI., which is a longish reference for a short quotation, but of course this revival is a thing to be seen, that is, when the government of the Weather settles itself into something resembling a consistent policy. Till this happens, a brave indoor soldier, and not afraid to face the fiercest fire is

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Is it really illegal for British subjects to wear foreign decorations? If so, the law in this respect, if enforced, would deprive women of a right which they probably value more than all the other rights they claim, or which are claimed for them, put together. What is a chignon but a foreign decoration; indeed, what feminine decoration can be named that is of native origin? All the fashions are imported from Paris; not a fringe, trimming, feather, flower, or bow, but is of French origin; much of the false hair probably comes from foreign prisons and hospitals. The rights of women are not so far recognised abroad as to render them eligible for Orders of nobility and knighthood; but there are still foreign crosses and ribbons which they have hitherto been wont to decorate themselves withal in profusion without let or hindrance, but would have to discard them all immediately if there existed a law which forbade them from wearing foreign decorations under penalty of fine or imprisonment.

SHAKSPEARE FOR THE SEASON.

"To make coals cheap: a noble memory!"
Coriolanus, Act v. sc. 1.



THE MINERS' PROGRESS.

Curate. "Now, GILES, I FEAR YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE AGAIN WITH YOUR GUN!"
Giles. "NO FEAR, SIR! OUR PIT'S TAKEN A SHOOTIN', AND I'M THE KEEPER!!"

Charles Knight.

BORN 1791. DIED 1873.

WHITE head, keen eye, kind smile, that we no more
 Shall greet in its earned eye of lettered lore ;
 One of the truest aids of Captain Pen,
 Who bore his flag of "Peace, good-will to men,"
 Foremost and furthest of his sacred band,
 Leagued to spread light of letters through the land.
 And sure a hope forlorn they might be deemed,
 Who of assault on that strong fortress dreamed,
 Where, guarded close by Prejudice and Pride,
 Contented Ignorance such foes defied.

Long was the leaguer, toilsome, large of cost,
 And oft the cause to fainter hearts seemed lost,
 But he was of those sanguine, cheery souls
 Who through the races' dust still see the goals ;
 Still his strong frame was toughest-braced for toil,
 His hand still darkest with the seemly soil
 Of the black press, from whose ink-streams a light
 Was yet to radiate through England's night.
 Ofttimes the fuel well-nigh failed his flame,
 And Ruin stood between him and his aim,
 But manfully he grappled the grim foe,
 Nor ever yielded sword, though oft struck low.
 And his reward was that he lived to see
 Cheap Letters broad-cast sown, and Knowledge free !

* * * * *
 Stout, life-long fighter, as he was, for light,
 His soul, if keen, was ever kind and bright,
 Cordial and constant—so that truth may say
 No truer, manlier man e'er passed away,
 None that to all of his best gladiator gave,
 None worthier of a good word o'er his grave.

NEWS FROM A STAR.

A VERY curious and suggestive volume, called *Another World*, has lately come under the eye of *Mr. Punch*. It is what may be called a Romance of Satire, and, unlike most books that are intended to do two things at once, it effects both. The scene is laid in another Star than our own, as the following *morceau* will prove :—

"The women are instructed in our planet as to the art of pleasing, and the handsomest and most gifted exert themselves to this end. They are required to attend to their personal appearance abroad and at home. The married especially are enjoined to attend to this as much in the presence of their husbands as before strangers. A different custom prevailed in former times, when women, after they had been sometime married, thinking that their husband's affection was secured, gave themselves no further care to please him, though still taking pains to appear handsome and fascinating to others. It was for visitors and strangers that the most comely apparel and the most engaging manners were put on ; the consequence was, that the husband often preferred the society of those who, in appearance at least, seemed to care more for him than did his own wife."

Well, yes, there is something to be said for *Another World*. But taking into consideration present prices of feminine apparel, we think that our own system is the best—certainly the most economical. If the beloved ones of our bosoms came down to the domestic dinner every day, arrayed in all their war-paint, what they would gain by our admiration of their charms they would lose on our investigation of our cheque-books. Every star its own system. Yet we should like to see the arrangements so daintily described in the book in question ; for see how the ladies of that world dress their hair. What does *Le Follet* say to this ?—

"In the hair is sometimes worn an ornament forming two wings, each consisting of a single diamond, which moves on small fine hinges, and is so arranged that the least breath of air will set it in motion. In the centre, uniting the two wings, is a small crimson stone, surmounted by a large round stone of purple-blue, from which sprouts out a very fine dagger of a greenish gold colour. The rest of the head-dress is made of fine metal, chosen for its lightness, of the same tints. These metals are of equal, perhaps greater, value than gold, but are chosen for their qualities. The necklace and anklets correspond in character to the head-dress, with the addition to the former of one large pearl, which hangs to the wings, and rests on the lady's bosom."

**"SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER."**

Cheerful Party. "HULLO, BROWD! YOU LOOK DOWD ID THE BOUTH, OLD BAD! WHAT'S THE BATTER?"

Depressed Party. "O, BEASTLY COLD ID THE HEAD—"

Cheerful Party. "AH! THAT CUBS FROB LIVID ID THAT EDERVATIG HOLE, SOUTH KEDSIGTOD! WHY, DOLT YOU CUB AD LIVE ID ST. JON'S WOOD, AS WZ DO?"

BALLAD FOR THE BRUTAL CLASSES.

ANOTHER of our species, for addin' force to plunder,
Dear friends, has been compelled his great mistake for to bewail.
Call robbery with violence no crime, for 'tis a blunder.
He found that out last week when he was flogged in Newgate Gaol.

The Court gave forty lashes, inhuman to another,
With five years' penal servitude besides, for what he done,
Which sentence was inflicted without mercy on our Brother.
He underwent the punishment of forty stripes save none.

He'd made his mind up for to bear his pain with resignation;
And for a time succeeded in suppressin' every sign.
But soon become unable for to stand the flagellation,
And then for mercy did begin to beller and to whine.

From Holloway Gaol on purpose they had fetched two sturdy
warders,
As CALCRAFT isn't quite the man he used to be afore,
And they let him have it hot and hot, accordin' to their orders.
One gave him twenty lashes, and the other twenty more.

The stinging cat-o'-nine-tails occasioned him contortion,
As far as the confinement of the whippin'-stocks allowed.
To see him writhe and wriggle to spectators was a caution,
Whilst he yelled, and howled, and holler'd, and with tears
repentance vowed.

To put down all garotchin' seems the Judges' resolution,
The lashes has been raised now from two dozen to two score.
And which was the whole number carried into execution.
If forty doesn't answer, they no doubt will make it more.

A NEW LEGEND.

THE telegraph (electric, not *Daily*) relates another remarkable statement of the POPE's. In reply to an address presented by PRINCE LICHTENSTEIN to His Holiness:—

"The Pope said he rejoiced at this international demonstration, and cited the example of St. Peter, who spoke to several nations at once."

Did he? We know that St. Peter may be credited with having been extraordinarily endowed with the ability to speak the languages of all nations; but the fact that he was accustomed to speak, or ever spoke several of them, or any more than one of them at a time, if that is what we are to understand, is new to us. Or if it be that St. Peter, whether speaking several languages at a time, or only one, was heard and understood by a plurality of nations all at once, the extraordinary gift of hearing and understanding which this implies on the part of those nations, is something equally new. We would the Pope would take us with him, as Falstaff says; what means His Holiness? SIR GEORGE BOWYER will perhaps explain in a letter to the *Times*; and, while his hand is in, be so good as to mention also, for our better satisfaction, if he can tell, whether the Holy Father, when he made the statement that St. Peter spoke to several nations at once, was standing or sitting; as the view to take of it might be materially modified by the knowledge of the circumstance that it was or was not delivered *ex cathedra*.

Claim of Irish Catholics.

WE won't stand Mixed Education.
What we want is Toleration
Of that sacred resolution;
You may call it Persecution.

From the Isis.

Is the nature of the struggle on the river between Oxford and Cambridge entirely changed this year? The inquiry is not a superfluous one, seeing that in a notice of the doings of the representatives of the two Universities, since they have been at Putney, it is stated that the Oxford men "were more at home at sliding."

NOTICE FOR APRIL THE FIRST.—The Poet Laureate grants on this day Poetic Licences to all applying formally for the same.

Awaitin' of his sentence in gaol upon conviction,
The terrors of the sorrowful garrotter is unknown.
And Ho, what must his feelings be whilst under its infliction,
'Tis best to use no violence, but robbery alone.

A SMASH FOR THE SPIRITISTS.

PEOPLE who profess to put their faith in Spirits, should pay a visit just now to the Crystal Palace. MESSIEURS MASKELYNE and COOKE there hold a *seance* daily, and do wonders in the way of rapping, ringing, rope-tying, table-raising, and the rest of it. Without the help of tricksy spirits, they do all the clever tricks attributed by Spiritists to the agency of Spirits; and do them not in total darkness, but in blazing gaslight. With his hands fast tied behind him, MR. COOKE takes off his tail-coat in six seconds, and in six more puts it on again; and MR. MASKELYNE, who measures about five feet eight in length, crams himself into a box which is only three feet long, and twenty inches wide, and then covers it with canvass, and knots a cord inside.

Unbelievers as we are in the tales of table-turning, we rejoice to see the tables turned upon the turners, and we return our hearty thanks to MESSIEURS MASKELYNE and COOKE for showing us conclusively that many so-called spirit movements are merely feats of muscle, and that simpletons who put their trust in the Spirits of the Spiritists, are not above proof of being simply humbugged.

QUESTION?

MRS. MALAPROP desires to know whether the big statue adorning Hyde Park Corner is included in the law list of "Statues at Large"?

THE SPIRITUAL ART OF SINKING.



discourses delivered by the Right Reverend Prelate and their reverend auxiliaries to both undergraduates and townsfolk were of a highly practical nature as a rule, may be inferred from their connection with certain proceedings, which seem to have constituted rather an exception. "On Friday afternoon there was a conference in the Town Hall, the subject being 'The Deepening of Spiritual Life.' This statement is unaccompanied by the explanation it requires. What can 'The Deepening of Spiritual Life' possibly mean? The heightening of spiritual life one understands; but can hardly understand its deepening, unless in a sense apparently not contemplated by the BISHOP OF ELY and the assembly over which his Lordship presided; namely, that of depression, as opposed to elevation—a spiritual alacrity at sinking.

The deepening of spiritual life is a phrase which may be considered to have been illustrated by MILTON in plain English, as well as in grand poetry, where he makes a Spirit, whose spirituality is under zero, complain of being situated at a profundity such that, ever sinking, he has "in the lowest deep a lower deep" still yawning beneath him. Of course the spiritual life which goes on deepening in this way is just that from which ministration towards the rescue of their fellow-creatures, as well as endeavour to obtain their own, is supposed to be the reason of all clergymen's existence.

When the Pilgrim, in the song, runs up the mountain shouting "*Excelsior!*" is that imperfect Latinist to be taken as symbolising the deepening of spiritual life? In that case, deepening means increasing altitude; and certainly a hill is as deep as it is high: so is a river or a bowl of punch, or anything else. To deepen, according to DR. JOHNSON, in a secondary sense, is "to make sad or gloomy." We should be glad to be assured that a moody countenance, and black looks, betokening low spirits, are not the characteristic symptoms of that deepening of spiritual life which was canvassed the other Friday at the clerical *conversazione* in the Cambridge Town Hall. Those are the physiognomical indications of advanced atrabiliousness, of which a suspicion may be entertained by many that the deepening of spiritual life is one of the forms. In that case, certain doses of calomel, blue-pill, taraxacum, or podophyllin, might be recommended in cases of the deepening of spiritual life; an affection expressed in terms of art seeming rather to savour of the religious novel than of the formularies of the Church of England.

The Man in Possession.

ACCORDING to a letter from Berlin, PRINCE BISMARCK will not consent to the complete evacuation of French territory until the whole of the indemnity is paid. In the meanwhile, if there were any such wise men—well, let us say wiseacres, in the French National Assembly as there are in another place, perhaps, some of them would propose the abolition of capital punishment on the ground that France has too much of an execution in the house already.

"THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE FOR IRELAND"—evidently meaning the Potato.

"A CLERK THERE WAS OF OXENFORDE."

Chaucer.

MR. PUNCH is gratified at reading in the *Era* that a banquet has been given to MR. JOHN OXFORD, and that his portrait has also been presented to him. The majority of those who rendered these tributes are connected with the Drama. Literature, however, also owes a debt to a scholar of varied accomplishment, a humorist of the best type, and, let *Mr. Punch* add, in these days of "graphic slip-slop," a writer of pure and admirable English. *Mr. P.* fills his own glass to MR. O., and ere emptying it, winks, which otherwise unjustifiable demonstration implies a demand when MR. OXFORD intends to publish anything more of a Rabelaisian character. 'Tis "looked for at his hand." This said, *Mr. Punch* who is everything as well as critical, but can also be that, would note that the gentleman who proposed MR. OXFORD's health insisted on a fact in which that gentleman's very highest excellence does not seem to lie. "It was a proud thing for him to remember that he had never drawn a tear from one man, woman, or child whom he had had, in the course of a long career to pass judgment upon in his official capacity." It is a natural thing that to a theatrical gentleman this should seem a very proud thing. Well, as regards "woman or child," let that pass. No one would willingly make either cry, except for joy. But as regards "man"—well. Firstly, a man who blubs over anything that can be written against him is a booby whom it were gross flattery to call an ass, so we have no compassion for him. But secondly, who or what is an actor that he is not to be treated as honestly and severely as a Painter, Sculptor, Author, Composer, or any other artist? Why is he not to be flagellated, if he deserves it? Echo answers that she has not the slightest idea. But as regards MR. OXFORD's criticisms, the truth is that he is a master of the English language, and his criticisms on stupidity, or vulgarity, or negligence are so deftly conveyed, that while they are perfectly lucid to those who read between the lines, a stupid, vulgar, or negligent person fails to comprehend that he is being scolded. The educated public is informed, and our "blubbing" friend is still happy. MR. OXFORD is too well aware of his critical responsibilities to evade his duty, and those who "are not simple men" admire alike his perspicacity, and his subtlety of literary art. There, that's *Mr. Punch*'s speech for the Oxenford banquet, and now he pledges his friend J. O. in a cup like unto that of one FRANCIS JOHN of the Funnels.

LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

THEATRICAL Managers in general seem pretty well content, on the whole, that plays and playhouses should continue to be licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They do not, apparently, want a Licensing Act passed for the increment of their liberties. They are not so anxious to be put, as to their licences, on a footing with the publicans, as they should be, if, as we are told, the Public-house Licensing Act "works well." No doubt they would find a Playhouse Licensing Act "work" equally "well" in the estimation of the Prigs and Precisions of the Sabbatarian persuasion, most of whom would like to see theatres shut up as well as taverns on every day of the week as well as on Sunday, and who will soon, perhaps, begin to agitate for a Permissive Prohibitory Act to prohibit not only "intoxicating" liquors, but dramatic performances too.

No Demand for Salmon.

IN a summary of the proceedings of the House of Commons on the eventful night when MR. GLADSTONE announced the resignation of the Ministry, it was not surprising to read at the close, that "No attention was paid to an entreaty from MR. DILLWYN that he might be permitted to carry his Salmon Fisheries Bill a formal stage on." Members had other fish to fry. Official men had other fishes (and loaves) to look after.

Something Bright in the Future.

MATERFAMILIAS, still mourning over her coal merchant's account, is most anxious that Parliament should not be dissolved before it has passed "the Fires Bill," which she was glad to see had been found so interesting by the House of Commons that they read it a second time.

Another Way.

SOMEBODY is advertising a preparation which, among other merits, is warranted to keep a lady's hand free from chaps. *Punch* knows another way to effect this. Let her dress in the present fashion, and have it known, that she has no money. Chaps, if they are sensible chaps, will let her hand alone very severely.



A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Young Wife. "JOINED THE JUNIOR PANTHEON?" O, ALFRED, YOU SAID WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, YOU'D NEVER CARE TO BELONG TO ANOTHER CLUB!"

Alfred. YES, MY DARLING; BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU, THE NEXT THANKSGIVING DAY, TO HAVE A GOOD WINDOW AND FIRST-RATE LUNCH!!"

URBI ET ORBI.

THERE is an Old Gentleman sits on a Hill,
(By the last Roman mail, he was sitting there still—
There's but one Hill now, where once were seven)—
And he calls himself the Vicegerent of Heaven.
Thence, East and West, and South, and North,
Much *brutum fulmen* he thunders forth,
At Princes and Peoples, and Kingdoms and Kings,
Lay-thought, Light, Reason, and other things,
Which stand in this Old Gentleman's way,
And pooh-pooh his infallible say!

For this Old Gentleman flatters himself
He locks all Truth on his cupboard-shelf;
And keeps the keys of Heaven and Hell,
And conscience of Kings and Nations as well;
That whithersoever, *Ex-Cathedrā*,
His will may point, there lies the way;
That whence'er he says "Thus it is," 'tis thus,
Singing, "*Semper, ubique, ab omnibus*";
And so this Old Gentleman sits on his Hill,
In the teeth of the times proclaiming his will.

But much as this Old Gentleman may
Atop of his Hill have it all his own way.
'Tis not the less true that, beyond his Hill,
Light still is light, and Reason still
Is reason, what'er this Old Gentleman's will!
That Kings decline to Priests to yield,
And narrow the fence of the old Church field;
That more and more The Church's fight
With the State is a strife twixt dark and light;
And though all's not light that for light is shown,
None wish to change even half-light for none.

DEAD OR DORMANT?

CONCURRENT Endowment how perfectly fair:
Let Catholic teachers with Protestant share;
In its own Orbit each University move,
Or run, each by each, in a parallel groove.

Concurrent Endowment, how well it works, lo!
On Germany cast but a glance if you'd know.
'Twould answer still better in Ireland, there's hope,
Where his Bishops are still more devout than the Pope.

Concerning Endowment, imagine a claim,
As matter of right, to a Catholic's name,
Contested; the differing Doctors between
Could the question be tried in the Court of the QUEEN?

O, no! Not for CULLEN! Before the Pope's throne
On that point appeal could be carried alone.
Concurrent Endowment in Ireland implies
Therein Jurisdiction Concurrent, likewise.

We here have no BISMARCK to handle the reins,
And short and sharp pull up your Ultramontanes.
Such shocking intolerance we never could bear,
So Liberal JOHN BULL is, and so *doctrinaire*.

Mind, you, *mio BEN*, to democracy did,
The last time in office, concession outbid.
When next, can we trust your assurance that you
Won't outbid concession to Popery, too?

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We learn that at a ball given at Washington to celebrate the PRESIDENT's "inauguration," as the penny-a-liners term it—

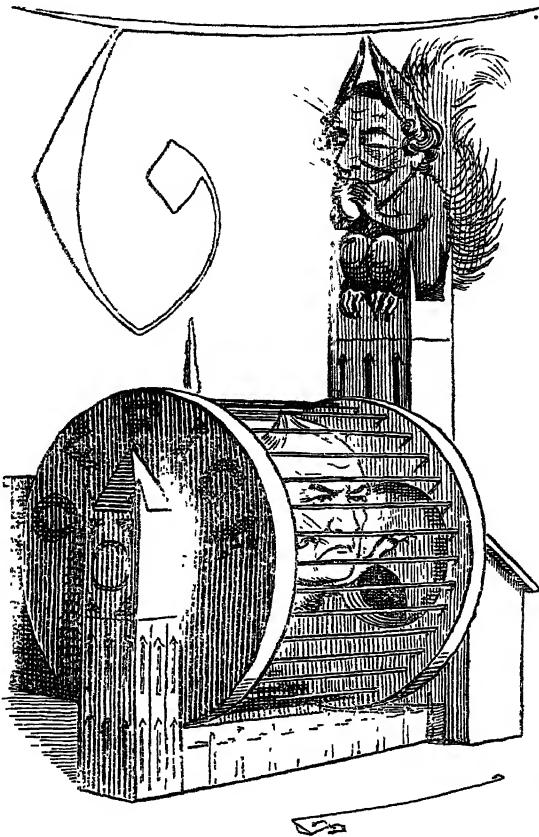
"Ladies danced in bonnets and furs. Gentlemen wore hats and overcoats even at the supper-table. Bitter blasts blew through the flags and draperies, and drove most of the company home long before the chilly night was over."

A cool reception this, a joker might remark: but it must be past a joke when Jack Frost thus makes himself a Master of the Ceremonies, and turns a pleasant dance into a perfect snow-ball. One would wish, if one were present, that one had the wand of *Harlequin* to make a change of scene; or it would be better still, perhaps, if in such a frozen ball-room one could suddenly turn *Clown*, and bring in a hot poker.

Once this Old Gentleman saw, around,
Naught but bowed heads, uncrowned and crowned:
But, one by one, the crowned heads have dropped off,
Some with a sigh, and some with a scoff,
Till now, about the Old Gentleman's chair,
The deuce a head with a crown is there!
But an epicene crowd of skirmish-fighters,
In petticoats, priests' birettas, and mitres,
Each mumbling his hocus-pocus charm,
With his conjuring-books beneath his arm;
Of Fathers and Casuists large provision,
All in the latest Jesuit edition;
Some, plain Roman calf, without letters, confined in,
And some, in Ritualist half-binding:
But the bolder their hocus-pocus tricks,
The greater the poor Old Gentleman's fix!

For all the brisker they bid him ban,
The less the Old Gentleman feels he can;
And the louder they make their old lion roar,
Echo but mocks him, more and more;
Till, at each new peal of Vatican thunder,
Says Europe, "What old scold's that, I wonder?"
Of late, they thought a bolt had struck,
And kneeled to give thanks for a stroke of luck,
When, by the blast of the Pope's brass band,
At wave of CULLEN's staff of command,
An ill-built Liberal wall was brought down,
In an avalanche, on GLADSTONE's crown.
But, bless the Old Gentleman, if he dreams
That *that* will forward his Vatican schemes!
Rather twixt them and us 'twill fix
A higher fence of good English bricks,
Than the six feet of ill-set Irish stone,
Which, all things considered, is better o'erthrown.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE, "stepping into his place from behind the SPEAKER'S chair" (this is very important, and we hope, dear Madam, that you will remember it, for no step in MR. GLADSTONE's career should be unnoticed), made a short speech.

He had been passing Sunday in the country. He might have said, but did not, that he had been

"At Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of naughty Shrewsbury and love."

While in that alcove he received an intimation from the QUEEN to the effect that MR. DISRAELI would not make a new Ministry. HER MAJESTY graciously inquired, therefore, whether MR. GLADSTONE would resume office, and to this he replied that he would, and also that he would ascertain from his late colleagues how far they were disposed to do the same. He proposed that the House should again adjourn until the Thursday, in order to give him time to make arrangements. "For there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form," as *Lady Blarney* says; or is it *Miss Skeggs*? The moral is the same.

MR. DISRAELI said that he should be silent. That is, he would defer explanations. But he begged that it might be distinctly understood that he had at once informed HER MAJESTY that he was ready to make a very good Ministry, but that he could not work with the present House of Commons.

MR. GLADSTONE repeated that it was not until Sunday that he had abandoned the expectation that MR. DISRAELI would make a Ministry.

Then we all went away. Mr. Punch, whose every act must be interesting to you, Madam, proceeded to dine with the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House. The banquet was served in the Long Parlour, which has been re-decorated, with taste and splendour, by MESSRS. GILLOW, and the menu was perfect. As, however, the season was that of Lent, Mr. Punch of course felt bound to restrain his somewhat Epicurean tendencies, and he confined himself to one plate of *tortue*, two of *tortue claire*, some *filets de truite à la Tartare*, some whitebait, some *timbale d'écrevisses*, a few *mauviettes* out of a lovely *pouding*, some *jambon au vin*, a slice of *dindonneau piqué*, some Marrow-Pudding, which the Scotch bard has worthily celebrated as

"My winsome Marrow,"

some *pouding à la Nesselrode*, and some *anchois en canapé* (this is a very pretty way of putting it, but the *canapé* is toast), with a few other trifles. He compliments MESSRS. KING & BRYMER on the elegance of the feast, and he gratefully thanks the LORD MAYOR for having discouraged something, and encouraged something else, to which things (the party not having been an official one) Mr. Punch's sense of propriety prevents his making further allusion; but those who are in the habit of "sitting at good men's feasts" will easily be able to say what it is the greatest bore to have, and what to lack.

RANQUILLISE yourself, Madam, the comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* has been played and withdrawn, and the Westminster Manager has announced *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Mr. Punch had some thought of stopping here, and leaving those lines as his *Essence* for the Week. But you are kind enough to say, and wise enough to know that it is good for you to hear him talk, and therefore he will expound the story of the Retirement and Return of MR. GLADSTONE at a little more length, and with some of Mr. Punch's accustomed felicities of illustration.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 17th of March, Saint Patrick's Day, the Lords met, but EARL GRANVILLE got rid of them in twenty minutes, asking them to come again on the Thursday. The DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX entirely approved this course.

Now, Madam, are you familiar with COWPER'S poems? If not, pray become so. But you almost indignantly reply that of course you are. Very good. Then you recollect a passage in *Retirement*? The patriot statesman resolves to leave office and go into the country.

"'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,"

("Bays" means horses, but MR. GLADSTONE most likely took the G. W. R.)

"Which whirl away from business and debate
The disengaged Atlas of the State."

("Self-made men" will please to understand that "Atlas" does not mean a book of maps. There are none at the Treasury—though plenty at the Foreign Office,—and, if there were, MR. GLADSTONE would not think it right to take them out of town with him.)

Well, the country stagnation—miscalled repose—soon begins to pall upon the brilliant man of the world, and

"He feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst for his renounced employs,
Blames his own indolence, observes, tho' late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking State;
Flies to the *levée*, and, received with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place."

MR. GLADSTONE certainly had not much time to get tired of the country, but the rest of the story is sufficiently applicable, and, Madam, whether a quotation exactly fits or not is of no consequence. It is the poet's fault if he has not written with accuracy, it is your business to show that you have read the poet, and have a Macaulayish memory.

Thursday.—There were Ministerial explanations in the Lords, but you do not want the story twice over, and the Leaders in the Commons were much more explanatory than the aristocrats.

Quoth MR. GLADSTONE. We will resume our offices. (*Cheers.*) I did not quite understand MR. DISRAELI's written reply to the QUEEN, and I wrote this to HER MAJESTY. On Friday evening I was satisfied that he had unconditionally refused office. But I drew up a paper on the subject, which I sent to the QUEEN, who gave it to him. He forwarded his answer to HER MAJESTY on Sunday evening. [After church, we hope.] When I received it, I saw that it was unequivocal.

Now MR. GLADSTONE, it seems, holds that an Opposition has no right to give a fatal vote, unless prepared to take the place of the men put out. This view he, being desirous to put MR. DISRAELI in the wrong, presented to the QUEEN. But MR. DISRAELI is particularly ready with an answer, and he responded vigorously to MR. GLADSTONE, in another paper sent to HER MAJESTY. Mr. Punch, as the QUEEN's private and personal friend, begs leave to intimate that it is too bad of these two gentlemen to trouble the QUEEN with their views. Let them fight matters out in the House, and not at Windsor.

The PREMIER did not disguise the fact that he had desired rest, and thought that he had earned it. Also he admitted that the fortunes of a Revived Government were not very good. Touching this he quoted *Horace*, *Liber iii. Carmen v.*

"Neque amissos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco;
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus."

You understand every thing, Madam, and need not to be told (yet we tell you) HORACE'S meaning is that when wool has been once dyed, no washing thereof will entirely restore its delicate whiteness. The quotation in itself was happy, but does MR. GLADSTONE wish his Administration to be known as the "Washed-Out Ministry"?

He distinctly declared that he had no intention of dissolving early, or at any particular time. He should proceed with business on the old principles, and he trusted to have the confidence and support of the House.

MR. DISRAELI spoke at great length. He had something to do besides make explanations. He had to talk to the Nation. He had to show what humiliations and torturings he should have had to undergo had he taken office with a hostile majority of 88 to 90. There was no common bond, he said, between him and the Irish, who had enabled him to defeat the Government. Nor did he

see his way to a dissolution. What was he to dissolve upon? A dissolution would not have been justified. Nor was he bound to take office. An Opposition could not have a matured policy to be ready at a moment's notice, when an accident might defeat a Ministry. He had already tried the experiment of governing with a minority, and he was not going to do it again. The Government, however, had had no business to resign. They knew that they meant to sacrifice educational interests to the Romish hierarchy, and they had expected the votes of all the Catholic Members. However, MR. GLADSTONE had made it a question of honour; that had been vindicated, and now let him return to his work. Then the Leader of Opposition pronounced an encomium on the Tory party, which, he said, held the most satisfactory position it had filled since the time of MR. Pitt and LORD GRENVILLE. Financial questions were all settled, but now all our institutions were menaced—the rights of the Crown, the existence of an aristocracy, of the Church, of Property in Land, and these will become great and burning questions. Then will come the time for a great, intelligent, and organised Party to step forward as the guardian of National Interests.

After this there was some small talk, and the House was Counted Out early. And, to parody good old CHAUCER, Madam, though we are sure you never read the original,—

" Thus BENJAMIN his WILLIAM doth defy,
But WILLIAM is once more set up on high;
And PADDY's priests lament the mended breach :
That tale is done. Heaven save us all and each ! "

Friday.—The Lords wisely stayed at home, out of the way of the

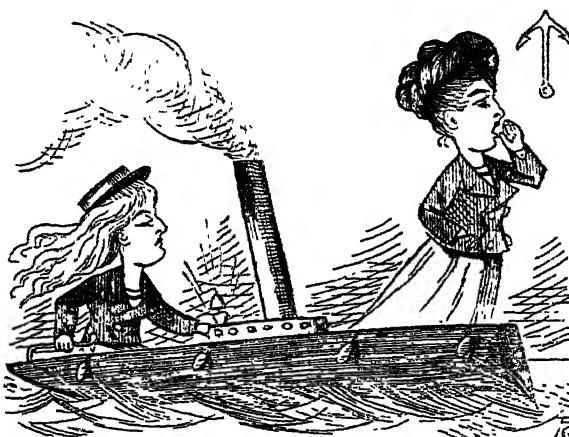
savage March wind;—we admire CANON KINGSLEY to excess, but the encouragement he has given to this abominable blast would make us remonstrate with him, but that it has got into our throat and deprived us of the power of objurgation. His health, in a cup of fine old gruel.

In the Commons, MR. GATHORNE HARDY moved a Resolution about the Geneva Arbitrators' interpretation of the Three Rules, of which he wishes HER MAJESTY's disapprobation to be declared to all nations in general, and America in particular.

Now touching that Geneva decision *Mr. Punch* has no desire to say anything unpleasant. The business is done, and let us have done with the business. But it is known in Society that very high authority does not hesitate to say very unpleasant things indeed on the subject. Your "finger to your nose"—we beg pardon—"your lip, thus," Madam, for the present.

The question was debated at great length, and with ability. MR. FORSTER said that the vote would be one of censure on the Arbitrators, and he did not think that course would be dignified. Moreover, we were not bound, for the future, by anything the Arbitrators had said in excess of their Commission. Some strong men spoke, and, in the end, MR. GLADSTONE undertook that when other nations were asked to accept the Rules, they should be "disengaged from recitals." Rather a dull story, dear Madam, and the House relieved its mind by some fierce little divisions, on Supply. We sat till nearly two, though, and then fled away into the darkness and the winds, like KEATS' Lovers on the Eve of St. Agnes.

BLUE RIBBONS.



THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the greatest event of the year after, or rather, before the Budget and the Derby, will be rowed on Saturday afternoon, the 29th inst., a week earlier than usual, for solid reasons connected with the time of high-water at London Bridge, which the Editor of the *Nautical Almanack* will be happy to explain to any one who may favour him with a call on the following Tuesday.

The Vice-Chancellors, Heads of Houses, Doctors, Proctors, Professors, and other eminent dignitaries of the two Universities, escorted by a guard of honour composed of gentlemen *in statu pupillari*, will take their places in the seats set apart for them by the Thames Conservancy, punctually at the hour appointed by Convocation, wet or dry. The Creweian oration, in accordance with ancient custom, will then be delivered by a member of the Oxford crew. (N.B. No Collection.)

Immediately afterwards, the Vice-Chancellors will drop their handkerchiefs, and the struggle will commence.

The two boats are teak-built, lined with satin-wood, and registered at Lloyd's as A 1. One of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House will act as Starter, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY will officiate as Judge, and the JUDGE OF THE ADMIRALTY COURT will be present as Umpire. The result of the race will be proclaimed from Hammersmith Bridge by Blue Mantle. The course will be the same as usual—riding, driving, or steaming down, lurching, laughing, flirting, betting, cheering, steering, afternoon tea, dining, dancing, glancing, and going home when it is time to return.

The Railway arrangements for the day may be known on personal application at the different Booking-offices and the Board of Trade, and by reading the placards displayed at the various Stations north of the Thames and south of the Trent. Special trains may be engaged by those willing to pay for them.

During their stay in London and the suburbs, the following places of amusement will be thrown open to the two University crews, *free of charge*, on showing their colours and certificate of matriculation—the British Museum, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the Law Courts, and the Royal Exchange. If the crews can arrange to visit Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in company, a reduction will be made in the usual scale of charges. Application to be made to the Verger in residence.

All persons intending to be present at the race, who are not thoroughly well acquainted with aquatic sports, are urgently recommended to give their nights and days to the study of the sporting papers, so that they may be able to distinguish one end of the boat (either Oxford or Cambridge, it makes no difference)

from the other, to explain the use and construction of the new "patent sliding seats," and avoid the lamentable error of confounding the coxswain with the stroke. They should also dismiss from their minds all prejudices in favour of one University over the other—shunning any such conspicuous symbol of partisanship as a broad band of blue ribbon round their hats—and generally strive to conduct themselves as Britons, who for many centuries past have been in the invariable habit of ruling the waves.

No prophecy, prediction, or other vaticination will be hazarded here as to the result of the race, the choice being so very restricted, lying between but two opposing parties. Oxford may win, if Victory should once more smile on the Dark Blue, or the success of Cambridge may be a mathematical certainty if Fortune again prefers the lighter shade in ribbons, silks, and other materials for ladies' dresses; or both may claim a triumph if the race should prove a dead heat. But one thing is clear, that, allowing for accidents, the best men are sure to win; and if anyone is not satisfied with this significant hint, let him be at Corney Reach or the Soap Works during business hours between now and then, and watch the course of events with the acumen of a Judge, the impartiality of a critic, and the field-glass of any respectable optician.

Genuine Irish Grievance.

AN Irish grievance, which may be felt, although it has not been expressed, is a form of oath which, peculiarly constituted as the national mind of Ireland is, compels a large proportion of the jurors of that country very frequently to incur the disrepute, in prejudiced British opinion, of committing perjury. They have to swear that they will "a true verdict give, according to the evidence." Justice to Ireland clearly requires that, in the Irish juryman's oath, for "according to the evidence" should be substituted "according to the religion of the parties concerned and the direction of your Priest."

Prosperity on Paper.

UNDER the able management of our CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the Revenue amounts to the amazing total of £76,000,000. Happy we. What a prodigiously wealthy nation! Perish individuals. A surplus of nearly five millions sterling for us all, and a coal and meat famine for every one.

A SLOVEN'S PLEA.

COMFORT before ostentation. Your outward appearance necessarily affects the consciousness only of other people; but by no reasoning whatsoever can you dismiss bodily sensations from your own.



TOWN MOUSE AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

Unsophisticated Cousin. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, JACK?"

Jack. "O, I MEAN TO BE A SOLDIER; AND YOU SHALL BE MY NURSE."

Unsophisticated Cousin. "WELL, BUT SOLDIERS DON'T HAVE NURSES, JACK!"

Jack. "O, DON'T THEY, JUST! THAT SHOWS YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE PARKS! WHY, I DON'T THINK I EVER SAW A SOLDIER WITHOUT ONE!"

THE WILD BIRDS' PETITION.

We wild birds all, both great and small,
Whose names are hereto appended,
To the Commons of Britain present, under-written,
Our prayer they will have amended
The Wild Birds' Act, that from fiction to fact
Its working may be extended.

Though, measured by inches, we tits and finches
The Birds' Lower House may sit in,
If you reckon our notes by the size of our throats,
You'll find they by no means fit in:
Think how much and how long we have cheered with
our song

The Commons of Great Britain!

If larks and linnets, with whose field-spinnets
Not even a BABBAGE e'er meddled,—
If blackbirds and thrushes, MOZARTS of the bushes,
By roughs for pence now peddled,
Are not as deserving of Law's preserving
As the birds in your statute scheduled,—

If starlings and sparrows of bows and arrows,
Guns, and nets, must still go in danger—
Of the numerous tits, if no species fits,
To apprehension a stranger—
If no close-time gives these to take the ease
Of the fearless feathered ranger,—
If, spite of the aid of PALISSY's maid,
And the *Gazza Ladra*'s pleading,
The magpie bold be left out in the cold,
And the jay left to lie bleeding,

For his blue-wings' bloom, not himself to plume,
But the hats of blondes unheeding—

If the youthful rook have no right to look
For protection from transportation
Into pigeon-pie, but still must lie
In risk of that transmutation;—
If the raven be left, on the charge of theft,
To promiscuous condemnation—

When snipe, swan, and duck, have had the luck
To be placed beneath law's ægis,
Why the Act should cease this side wild-geese,
We ask Her Majesty's lieges?
With none of us meddle, or all of us schedule,
Or our *status quo* change *in pejus*.

Don't call your Act an accomplished fact;
Its merits to mockery dwindle;
And those who framed it, should ne'er have claimed it
As ground the hearts to kindle
Of the feathered throng into grateful song,
For what is but a sham and swindle!

'Gainst which mockery hollow, we whose names here
follow,
Hereto our claw-marks lay,

Beseeching you hear, with attentive ear,
What herein we sing and say—
And we, your petitioners, field-musicianers,
Will ever gratefully pray.

[Here follow the signatures of many millions of larks, linnets, blackbirds, tits, mistletoe-thrushes, song-thrushes, rooks, ravens, magpies, jays, &c., &c., omitted from the Schedule of the Wild Birds' Protection Act, which came into operation Saturday, March 15.]



“WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.”

DOCTOR PUNCH. “WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE! NO BONES ARE BROKEN, BUT YOU’VE HAD A SHAKE; AND YOU MUST BE *VERY CAUTIOUS* FOR SOME TIME TO COME.”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Queen's, and, in reporting as usual to the Editor, draws the attention of the public to a distinguished sporting character in the drama of "Old London."



Y Sir, I represented You, the other night at the Queen's. Let me advise lovers of the genuine old melodramatic school of art to see *Old London*. *Dick Wrastell* is played by Miss Hodson as prettily as though, con-

found him, he were a lad of most unquestionable morality. Never was there such a fascinating, worthless, charming, unprincipled, amiable, wicked, dutiful, cruel scamp. Miss Hodson's *Dick* is a sort of *Aladdin Jack Sheppard Prince Hal Paul Clifford*, all rolled into one: indeed in the French original *Jack* was discovered to be the heir to the Throne, and was only pardoned on condition of abandoning his claim. The Old Mint on fire is very effective, and Old London Bridge, one of the best "sets" seen for a long time, and an exciting situation into the bargain.

But what especially took my fancy, as your Representative, and what ought to draw to the Queen's all old and young London, all middle-aged London, and particularly all patrons of pigeon-shooting, sportsmen, and members of the Gun Club is the astonishing pistol-practice of *Velvet Grawl* the villain.

The object of this weak-headed person's life—he evidently being of a sporting turn—was, as I gathered from his actions, to shoot little *Dicky Wrastell*, whom he appears to have considered, perhaps being misled by the name, as a little Dicky-bird. From morning to night the aim, literally the aim of his existence, was to catch the unwary *Dick* alone if possible, or, failing that, to have a shot at him in company; his chief point being to get within two feet of him anywhere, an easy shooting distance, which you might think would have rendered the chance of his hitting him somewhere extremely probable. Revolvers not having been invented in those days, *Grawl*, I am sorry to say, must have suffered considerable inconvenience from the necessity of having to provide himself with, at least, six pistols, in order to get half-a-dozen shots; and, at seven for six-pence, I am bound to say he would have made the fortune of any one speculating in the hire of firearms ready-loaded. These weapons were craftily bestowed about his person, much as, I suppose, not being strictly in the secret, a conjuror conceals the fish-bowl, cannon-ball, and canaries in a cage, which he is presently going to produce from under his handkerchief. But a conjuror thus furnished cannot sit down. Now these pistols of the make of *GEORGE THE FIRST'S* time were not light elegant little pea-shooters, a dozen of which could be carried in a lady's reticule. No, they were things so constructed as to render even momentary forgetfulness of their presence in your tailcoat pocket almost impossible, and interfered with the set of your clothes as awkwardly as a parcel containing a pair of boots. Like all true lovers of sport, *Velvet Grawl* could evidently put up with these inconveniences, provided that the sport itself occasionally came in his way: and only once did I see *Velvet Grawl* take a chair, and that was in *Sir Randolph's* study,

whether he had come without his weapons, at least I suppose he must have forgotten them and didn't like to ask if he might send a servant for them, from their not being employed by him, when a glorious opportunity offered itself, for a fair certainty, at three inches. Such a chance, thought I, you won't have again, my friend. He did though, or very nearly: but all through this scene he was scowling and muttering to himself, probably confounding his ill-luck which had made him forget his pistols just when they would have come in so handy, reminding me of the sentiments of a gentleman, who, after mature debate with himself as to whether he should walk out, with, or without his umbrella, decides for the latter, and is caught in a pelting shower. I've got no sort of doubt that *Grawl* said to himself before he left his own house, "Now, let me see, shall I want my pistols or shall I not? I might meet *Dick* on the way, and have a shot, but it isn't very likely. So on the whole I'll consider this an off-day, and perhaps, as I am going to pay a visit, it will be more comfortable." So he left them behind him. He was soon to be compensated, however, for his oversight, for, in the very next scene but one, he had a regular field-day of it. This came off "in a cellar of the 'Magpie and Stump.'" Here *Velvet Grawl* was perfectly reckless with pistols. The cellar was as light as a Belgravian Drawing-room on a ball-night, with a fair sprinkling of company, who were evidently accustomed to *Grawl*, and were prepared to humour his little ways of bringing out pistols and having a pot-shot or two at anybody who might offer himself as a tempting mark.

The reason of this general toleration of his peculiar foible was soon apparent to the meanest capacity.

Whatever *Velvet Grawl's* original intentions may have been, he was, practically, perfectly harmless when trusted with loaded pistols—that is, under certain conditions. Only give him a fair-sized person, in a moderately conspicuous dress, placed in a good strong light—broad daylight preferred—and within a foot of the muzzle of his weapon, and as sure as is a falling stone to obey the laws of gravitation, so certain was *Velvet Grawl* to miss the most obvious shot. It was a thousand pounds to a bread-crumb in favour of the person at whom he aimed. No Life Insurance Company of the period would have refused *Dick Wrastell* on the sworn testimony of any friend that *Velvet Grawl* was going to shoot at him from all quarters, in all places, at any hour from 10 to 3, and every day in the year. "He here!" exclaimed *Velvet Grawl*, when, on seeing *Dick* in the cellar, he was quite unable to repress his sporting instinct, and lunged out a pistol to have a good steady shot at him. *Old Nollekins* baulked him, however—a proceeding which had the character of obtrusive friendliness, as it was really quite unnecessary, and certainly called for no gratitude on the part of *Dick*, who, with regard to *Velvet Grawl* and pistol-shooting, might well say, "My dear friend, let him go on; it pleases him, and it doesn't hurt me."

Presently *Dick* stood close at *Grawl's* elbow, and he never had such a chance of a dead-shot as now, but for *Dick's* unfairly interfering with the free action of his wrist. After this *Grawl* was quiet for a few minutes, when suddenly the old uncontrollable desire seized him, and exclaiming, "This time—now, at least, he shall not escape me," or words to that effect, with which he generally prefaced his various misses, he levelled a pistol at *Dick*, which was, however, gently taken from him and laid on the table. He yielded it without even the mildest protest, and thereby Your Representative, Sir, was certain that he only did not complain of the removal of his playthings because he knew well enough "there were more where that came from"—namely, his pocket.

My divination was correct. Within five minutes he had hauled out another, a larger and more terrible weapon, that might have done some service on a swivel on the poop of an Elizabethan man-of-war, and there being this time no obstacle in the road, he blazed away at *Dick* to his heart's content. "Now," said I to myself, "if he misses him this time he couldn't hit the Great Pyramid at six inches." Sir, *Velvet Grawl* could not hit the Pyramid at one inch distance. After this feeble exhibition, *Dick*, as might be expected, was more alive than ever, and, taking up the old pistol, from the table he pointed it at *Grawl*, who lost the presence of as much mind as he had ever possessed, forgot his store of weapons, and crediting *Dick* with a better eye for a mark than himself, obeyed that young gentleman's command, and descended by a trap-door into another cellar below this cellar, suggesting that even in this deepest depth there was a deeper still.

In the Fourth Act he rushed down to Battersea with pistols, and a bludgeon, which convinced me that repeated disappointments in shooting had affected his brain, and I should not have been surprised had I on the next opportunity seen him trying to take aim with a walking-stick, or attempting to load a kitchen poker.

I believe, now, that this bludgeon was, after all, only taken up in a moment of weakness and self-distrust, or, in a lucid interval: either supposition being dependent upon the view adopted of *Velvet Grawl's* idiosyncrasy. He discarded the bludgeon when he went



REASONABLE REQUEST.

SCENE—Hounds running; men pulling up, and hesitating at stone wall.

Very Young Lady (on clever Cob). "WILL THOSE WHO DO NOT MEAN TO JUMP GET OUT OF THE WAY FOR THOSE WHO DO?"

out on the river in a little boat with *Sir Randolph*, and once more took to his pistols.

Never, never, was there such a chance as now! *Dick's* boat had smashed, and *Dick* himself, in his white shirt-sleeves, was standing in the angle of a buttress of old London Bridge, and sheltered from *Grawl* by the side of the bridge itself.

Never had this undaunted sportsman such an opportunity to distinguish himself as now! I should not have bet on *Dick* now, nor would a Company have risked his premium. Why? Because *Grawl*, in a boat, on the further side of the archway away from his victim, was compelled, by *Dick's* position in the angle, to shoot at him from round the corner. Need I say that he missed again, and again. Then he went away. I was anxious for his re-appearance, as I began to be fearful lest continued failure might end in hopeless dejection, when he would probably renounce pistol-shooting for ever, and join the Society of Friends.

No. In another quarter of an hour he was out again, blazing away; and where do you think? Why, of all places in the world, on Hampstead Heath! Now here was a fair field, and no favour! I was startled to find that a dense London fog had settled on this suburban elevation.

Yes, now at last I trembled for the lives of such of KING GEORGE's subjects as business, or pleasure, might have brought into this locality.

There were, as it happened, numbers of people about on this foggy day, including vague members of the British army—deserters, perhaps, or out for a few leisure hours with the donkeys, and I shuddered, for never during the whole play, even when shooting round a right-angled corner, had *Velvet Grawl* been so truly dangerous as now. What damage might not such a man do with a pistol, in a fog! And so, alas! it turned out. *Grawl* was quite in his element, and having made up his mind that somebody in the fog was the object of his hitherto unrequited attentions, he made the usual speech about "this time he shall not escape me," and fired—bang!—with the usual result, as far as *Dick* was concerned, inasmuch as he did escape him, but with an unusual result as far as the sport went, as the bullet had taken deadly effect on

Nollekins, between whom and *Dick* (for whom *Grawl* had mistaken him) there was about as much resemblance, physically, as between the Norfolk Giant and a Norfolk biffin. When *Grawl* returned (the fog having cleared off), to find that he had not made the bag he had intended, he lost all heart, and surrendered himself to the constables, by whom I trust he was led off gently to Bethlehem Hospital, where, doubtless, he would be easily kept quiet by amusing him with Lowther Arcade toy-pistols, with which he could pop at the keepers from morning to night.

Indeed, Sir, as representing You, I have not been so thoroughly interested in any recent performance as this. *Vive Velvet Grawl!* I shouldn't like to be out shooting with him, on a moor, in a Scotch mist.

O, my sporting friends, see *Grawl*, enjoy his bad shots, and applaud the genuine hit as heartily as did YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

HIPPO-MAGNETISM.

It is well to call the art of inducing sleep, sleep-waking, and other abnormal conditions of mind and body, Mesmerism, from the name of its inventor, MESMER, rather than Animal Magnetism. This latter denomination is best restricted to denote the magnetic influence exerted by the lower animals. The most remarkable instance of Animal Magnetism in this sense is presented by that noble animal, the Horse. The attraction which this quadruped acts on mankind withal far exceeds the strongest that any other creature has for our species. Almost all men, of what character soever, are more or less attracted by the horse; but among them it is notorious that the majority consists of persons whose character the horse's influence appears to lower exceedingly. Is there an analogy between Animal Magnetism, emanating from the horse, and frictional electricity in respect of induction? A body positively electrified induces, you know, a state of negative electricity on another near it. Is the Noble Animal, by a corresponding magnetic action, apt to induce upon ostlers, grooms, jockeys, betting men, and even gentlemen so-called about him, a negation of nobility?



"PICTURE-SUNDAY."

(It is very difficult to know exactly the right thing to say to an Artist about his Pictures. We recommend unlimited praise; but do not enter into details.)

"O, MR. ROBINSON! YOUR PICTURES ARE QUITE TOO MORE THAN LOVELY! SURELY YOU ARE THE GREATEST ARTIST THAT EVER LIVED! ARE YOU NOT? CANDIDLY!"

"WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THERE WAS MICHAEL ANGELO, YOU KNOW, AND HOGARTH, AND—AND—"

"O, YOUR PICTURES HAVE ALL THE INEFFABLE REFINEMENT AND PURITY OF HOGARTH, ALL THE IRRESISTIBLE HUMOUR OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND—AND—SOMETHING QUITE YOUR OWN, WHICH I HAVE NEVER PERCEIVED IN THE WORKS OF EITHER OF THOSE MASTERS!"

ULTRAMONTANE HISTORY.

GIVEN, a Catholic University of Ireland a hundred years hence, with a Professorship of Modern History, what are the students in that seat of learning likely to be taught to make out of the following telegram from Berne, preserved, peradventure, in some historical record?—

"The Government of Berne have resolved to suspend all the Catholic Clergy who refuse to obey its decrees for carrying out the decision of the diocesan conference at Basle."

Is it not possible that this statement will be quoted as attesting the fact of a persecution, A.D. 1873, in Switzerland as cruel as any endured by the Christians of the Roman empire under Nero and DIOCLETIAN? Will the Catholic undergraduates not be taught, accordingly, and that in perfect good faith on their teachers' part, that the Government of Berne, in announcing their intention to suspend the Catholic Clergy above referred to, threatened to hang them? The foregoing telegram goes on to say that ninety-seven Curés, having declared that they would pay no respect to orders issued by the civil authorities relative to ecclesiastical matters, had all been "temporarily suspended." Can you not imagine that this will be taken and explained to signify that the ninety-seven Catholic martyrs were all of them hanged by the neck, but not till they were

dead, having been cut down while yet alive, &c., &c., as the Protestant English miscreants under JAMES THE FIRST served B.B. GUY FAWKES and GARNET?

To the Scientific World.

It seems that there is a state of oxygen gas which possesses "a flavour of lobsters," but, unfortunately, it has the drawback of being injurious, otherwise, in such dear times as ours, lovers of these crustacea might have been glad to inhale it as a substitute for their favourite shell-fish. Now that they are so costly, cannot some chemist discover a cheap and harmless gas which has a flavour of oysters?

A Family Affair.

In view of the scarcity of coals, the *Gardeners' Magazine* proposes the cultivation of trees for fuel. This, doubtless, is a promising speculation, and it may, perhaps, pay Posterity. But whose Posterity? Before planting an estate for Posterity, one would like to be quite sure that the property would be preserved for Posterity by the perpetuity of entail.

AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

Most people said, "How nice is The Ministerial Crisis!" Though that event Of Government Appeared incipient phthisis.

Its happy operation Retarded legislation A whole week's space; A week of grace To this poor Prig-ruled Nation.

Prove true the fond impression, 'Twill short have cut the Session! This liberty Awhile will be Protected from aggression.

Whose further prosecution, Stop, speedy Dissolution. The right men send A House to mend Which needs reconstitution.

THE SCHOOL OF THE STAKE.

At the late Liverpool Catholic Club Dinner, the Papal Archbishop made a speech, in which he said that

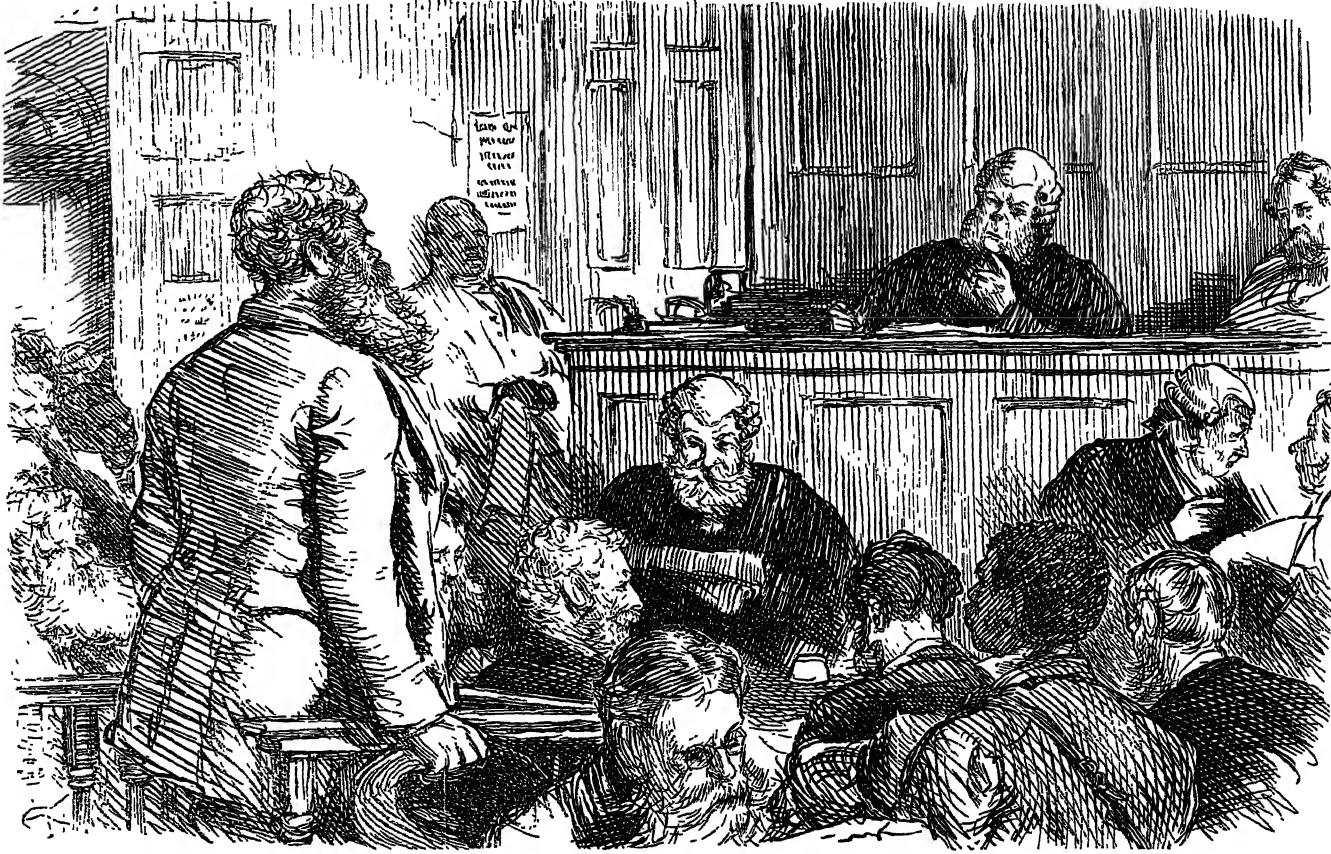
"The great question of education was of all the most burning question, and at the general election it behoved Catholics to unite and to take distinct political action on it."

No; the question has not yet arrived at the extremity of burning. But that is not the fault of those of whom the zeal is so excessive that they refuse to tolerate mixed education. It appears not at all unlikely that, by uniting, and taking distinct action on the question which their Primate calls "burning," could his followers succeed in obtaining a parliamentary majority, we should have that question settled by re-enactment of the statute *De Heretico comburendo*.

Chemistry of Law Reform.

THERE is talk about a contemplated "fusion of Law with Equity." Perhaps, if this be effected, the resulting amalgam will be innocent, or even salutary. Such is sometimes the case with a compound the constituents of which are deadly poisons.

CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL.—WHEN is a blundering schoolboy like a fraudulent shopkeeper?—When he makes a false quantity.



"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

SCENE—*District Court in a Colony.*

Scotch Judge (with a very marked Pug-Nose). "WEEL, NOO, SIR, IF YE GAE ALONG THE RO'D IN QUESTION, QWERE 'LL YE GANG TAE?"

Scotch Witness (deliberately). "THAT A' DEPENDS, YER HONOUR, ON HOW FAR YE GAE!"

Judge (snappishly). "YE UNDERSTAN' VARA WEEL, SIR. IF YE FOLLER YER NOSE, MUN, QWHERE 'LL YE GANG TILL?"

Witness (after a pause). "AH'VE ALWAYS HEER'ED IT SAID, YER HONOUR, THAT IF YE FOLLER YER NÓSE TOO FAR, IT'LL TAK' YE T' THE MOON!"

Judge. "STEP DOON, SIR!"—(In an angry aside).—"THE MON'S A FU'L!"

A DAY OF REST FOR ALL.

THE National Sunday League, under the presidency of LORD AMBERLEY, at the Horns Tavern, Kennington, the other day, resolved on sending a petition to the House of Commons for the opening of Museums and other similar institutions on Sunday afternoons. LORD AMBERLEY made a suggestive remark:—

"He would yield to no one in his desire that one day out of the seven should be observed as a day of rest, but he did not admit it to be an absolute necessity that every person should rest on the same day."

To every thinking and unprejudiced mind this, surely, must appear a very just observation. Our fellow-subjects include Jews and Mahometans. Do they enjoy freedom of conscience when, whilst their own religions, compel them to rest, respectively, on Friday and Saturday, our own Sabbatarian law compels them to rest on Sunday too? Against opening Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays the only serious objection that can be alleged, the interference with the Sabbath of officials employed to attend in them, would be obviated by the employment of a few supernumerary Mussulmans or Hebrews. Both the Children of Israel and the Votaries of Mahomet would be glad enough to be engaged in a service that would be no hard labour for a Christian even, needing to earn an honest penny. If diversity of creed is an evil, it is allowed to be a necessary one in a land of liberty; then make the best of it. Since we have Jews and Mahometans in our midst, we might as well utilise them, during our Sunday's rest, to their own advantage as well as for the benefit of the Christian community. In the same manner Secularists also might be turned to some purpose, and also withheld from temptation to do worse than work, and at the same time get to spend their time in doing about the least possible amount of work, on Sundays.

THE SPANISH KALENDS.

We learn from a paragraph in the *Times*:—

"No date is at present fixed for resuming the official inquiry before the Police Magistrate at Greenwich respecting the loss of the *Northfleet*, and it is expected that nothing further will be done until the case of the *Murillo* is disposed of by the Spanish Government."

Considering our experience in the case of the *Tornado*, to say nothing of the present state of things in Spain, this is a "long look-out" with a vengeance!

Punch's prayer is, may the owners who are waiting for "the Spanish," get their money—with deferred interest. If they do, what swinging damages they will get!

Legislation for the Counter.

The *Times* remarks that our European neighbours tell us that we must meet the Ultramontanes with "rigid counter legislation." Has our legislation, in general, for some time past, been anything else? The principle on which it has been mainly directed by a Government of severe economists, who subordinate all other considerations to those of finance, is surely both counter and rigid to the uttermost extreme.

Something Left Out.

At the close of his speech on the night of the Ministerial explanation, MR. DISRAELI referred to certain "great and 'burning' questions," but with strange forgetfulness omitted to mention one of the most serious of all—Coal.



CIRCUITOUS.

Passenger. "QUITE THE SORT OF WEATHER FOR YOUR BUSINESS, THESE APRIL SHOWERS, I SUPPOSE!"

Red-Faced Driver. "No, SIR, GI' ME FAIR WEATHER; 'CAUSE IF IT AIN'T FAIR, NO ONE GETS UP OUTSIDE, AND IF THERE AIN'T NO ONE TO GET UP OUTSIDE, THERE AINT NO ONE TO SAY 'COACHMAN, GET YOURSELF SOMETHING WARM TO DRINK!'"

GENTLEMEN AT LARGE.

PROFESSORS and Practitioners of Psychological Medicine. A practical question, Gentlemen, of some importance in your line, seems suggested by some particulars in connection with a case of Mysterious Disappearance, mentioned in the *Post*, under heading of "The Kidnapped Solicitor," as follows, with variations merely nominal.

"MR. STARKINS, the solicitor, whose supposed kidnapping so much disturbed the public mind, is at present under the care of Dr. DASH, of Oldport. It does not appear, however, that Mr. S. is suffering, or has been suffering, from hallucination. His mind is perfectly clear and collected, and if it be affected with any mysterious form of insanity, it can only be of that strange kind happily little known in England, and called by German and Russian physicians 'wander-madness.' It is now ascertained that while Mr. S. was writing the letters giving an account of his abduction to the 'loathsome den,' somewhere in the East-end of London, he was pleasantly passing his time in Southampton."

The friends of Mr. S., when they had once caught him, might as well have looked after him. But—

"After Mr. S. had been only four days with his friends, following his return from the 'loathsome den,' he disappeared again on Thursday the 13th inst. This time, fortunately, his friends at once communicated with the police, and he was traced by MR. SUPERINTENDENT BROWN, of Oldport, to a lodging-house at Ditchmouth. Looking in through a crack in the door, he saw the missing solicitor seated at a table, with a bottle of sherry on either side of him, a long clay pipe in his mouth, spectacles on his nose, and in his hand a newspaper, which he was quietly perusing. He was very carefully dressed, and seemed quite at his ease."

It was subsequently found that this erratic gentleman at large had been "making arrangements to proceed to Jersey." He seems distinctly to have asked himself the question—

SERENADE FOR A CITIZEN.

Celebrated in Connection with the Trans-Continental Railway.

FIVE years 'prisonment! FREMONT,
Will it hurt you? Guess it won't.
'Cause you can imprisoned be
Nohow but in effigy.
What is that for him that collars
Seven hundred thousand dollars?
You may laugh, for, whilst you win,
You are out of gaol; not in.
Wish that I was in your place.
Would a blush o'erspread my face?
No, Sir, but a smile serene.
I should wear a lofty mien.
Far above the thought of shame,
Conscious of a world-wide fame,
Glorying in my inmost heart,
Knowing I was voted smart,
Named "remarkable" among
Our first men by every tongue.
In my absence I could bear
Any judgment: shouldn't care.
Foreigners might sentence me
To the stocks or pillory.
Whip or brand to me were nought,
Sure that I could not be caught,
I should, no fear lying under,
All the more enjoy my plunder.

A Professional Remonstrance.

TEMPLE BLACKSTONE, whose briefs are not overwhelming, grumbles at being obliged to mix coke with his Wallsend; but the aggravation of short weight in his last supply of coal has forced from him the indignant Commentary that Coke is bad enough, but that Coke upon Little-Ton is beyond all endurance.

AGED, BUT AFFABLE.

A LADY asked MR. SCRUDGELLS if he liked children. "Don't know, Ma'am," answered that crabbed old gentleman; "never tried 'em: am not an Ogre." On another occasion, SCRUDGELLS remarked that infants were not innocents. "Quite the reverse," said SCRUDGELLS. "A baby is a crying evil."

"Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?"

There appears to have been a certain method in his "wander-madness;" for in the meanwhile, pending reference to his family:

"The superintendent and the solicitor accidentally met in the street. The latter knew at once the business of the former, and said, 'How on earth did you find me out here?'"

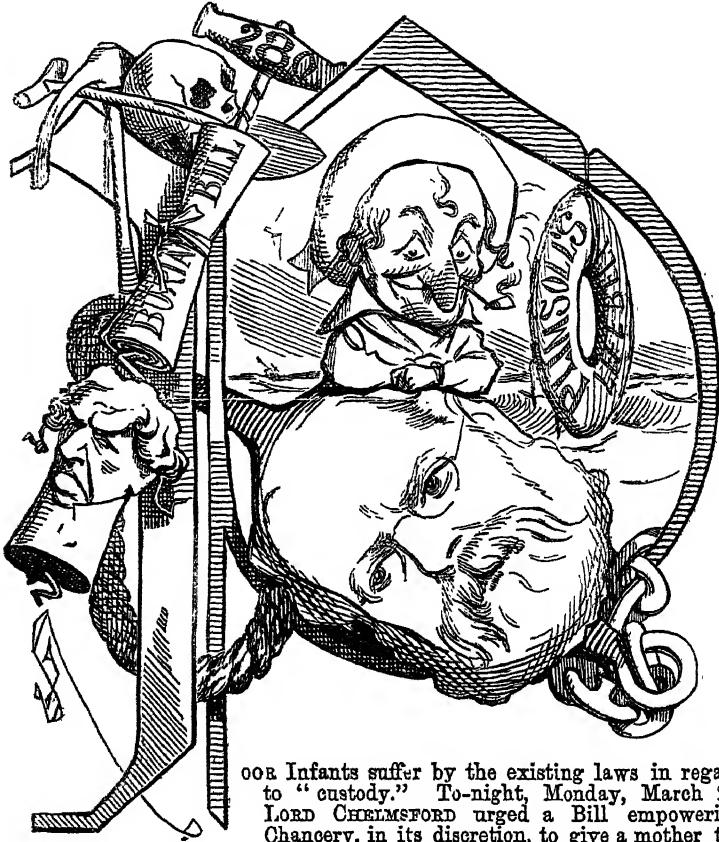
It is pleasant to be enabled to add that—

"MR. S. states that he is very glad to find himself at home once more."

Let us hope that his friends, if they rely on this statement, will not find themselves deluded. It is also to be wished that they may prove equal to the task of taking care of him. But now, if a case such as his were put under professional hands, how would they handle it? Everybody knows what an improvement has been wrought in the treatment, once customary, of common raving, rampant, roaring, dancing madness. The simply soothing system has supplanted the regimen which, mainly consisting of bread and water, included whipping-cheer *ad libitum*. There still occur cases, however, of madness, wherein it may be questioned whether, even now, recourse might not with advantage occasionally be had to that combination of lowering measures with stimulant. Perhaps, in "wander-madness," of which the symptoms are mingled with the degree of lucidity exemplified in the above instance, considerable success might be achieved by the moderate and judicious administration of "Tickletoby."

But there are two sides to every picture, though nobody ever looks at the other side, except the Cataloguer at the R. A. Travellers, glorified as heroes, brave dangers, endure privations, and sacrifice money which at least every Philistine thinks nobody in his senses could. Must we not, therefore, beware of being landed in a conclusion which would bid us prescribe "Tickletoby" for a Livingstone?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OB Infants suffer by the existing laws in regard to "custody." To-night, Monday, March 24, LORD CHELMFORD urged a Bill empowering Chancery, in its discretion, to give a mother the custody of children under sixteen; and supporting

deeds of separation, whereby bad husbands give up children to wives. All in the right direction. We cannot pay too much respect to the interest of the young. *Maxima debetur pueru Revalenta—here pueris*, though wrong, would be more appropriate.

In the Commons MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE thanked MR. PLIMSOLL for giving him such information as had induced him to cause a vessel called the *Parga* to be surveyed. She had been declared unseaworthy, and orders had been given to prevent her going to sea. This is well. Touching her name, the word recalls to *Mr. Punch* a most valiant and furious poem which he read in the early days of GEORGE THE FOURTH. In this the treatment of *Parga* by the British was made the subject of awful invective. He well remembers that it began thus:—

"O Parga! Parga! land of many wrongs,
Land bowed beneath th' oppressor's iron rod,
Methinks even now I hear thy dirge-like songs.
I hear and shudder. Can it be, O God?"

Unless *Mr. Punch* mistakes, *Parga*, which is in Albania, held out against ALL PASHA, and we had a good deal to do with its surrender to that tyrant. Anybody who likes can look up the history—we shan't. We never read anything that tells against our beloved country.

MR. GLADSTONE said that we were not going to pay the Alabama money until it should be due—months hence.

The gallant SIR SAMUEL BAKER's expedition for the purpose of putting down Slavery in Africa, was represented as having met with misfortunes, and there is some satisfaction in learning that the Khedivé has sent some soldiers to the aid of BAKER PASHA.

MR. GÖSCHEN gave us the Navy Estimates. They are nearly Ten Millions, and exceed last year's by about £340,000. But who cares about the money? Look here. We have got twelve ships, so strong that all the rest of the nations of the world, together, cannot produce a force that can fight us. In addition, we have another splendid fleet.

So, after a short debate, the Commons voted 60,000 men and boys, and £2,629,000 for wages.

Some day the time may come when, in the beautiful words of the Laureate, we shall be

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Controlling, by obeying, Nature's powers,
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At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow—once—in Heaven.
We know her woof, her texture. She is given.
In the dull catalogue of common things—
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There was only one Transit of Venus which commands itself to the lover of poetry—when she passed before Aeneas.

"Veraque incessu patuit Dax."

"And by her radiant walk the Queen of Love is known."
Dryden.

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And to Veeshnoo replied,
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Thus sweetly, Madam, does *Mr. Punch* blend with stern politics gentle archaeology and placid poesy.

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“ When a youngster up I grew,
Saw one day a Grand Review,
Colours flying
Set me dying
To embark in a life so new.”

And then mark our gallant young friend’s *élan* (not an elk) in the hour of battle:—

“ Charge !” our gallant leaders cry,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder!
Foes knock under :
Then hooray for a vic-to-ry !”

You don’t get such poetry as that now-a-days, Madam.

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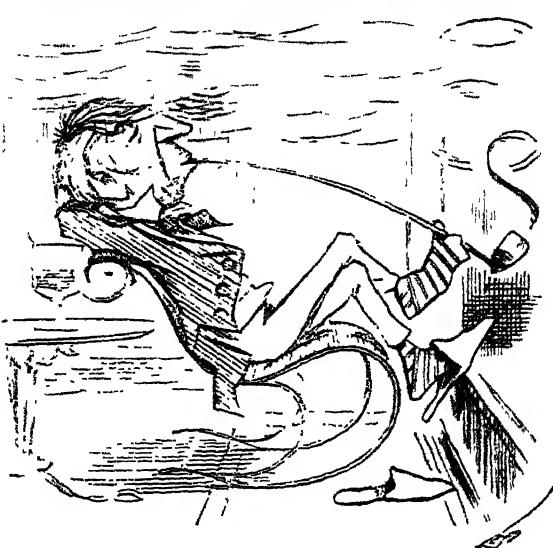
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Nor might, if I committed suicide,
Not be worse off thereafter than before.

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CAN a year remarkable for its hideous fashions be remembered as a Year of Grace ?

JONATHAN’S LESSON TO JOHN.



THE time has been folks chaffed JOHN BRIGHT
On his itch for Americanising ;
When he painted Columbia, no shadow, all light,
Effete JOHN BULL surprising,
With a babe in her arms, Young JONATHAN hight,
On pure Democracy’s milk, to the might

Of an infant Giant arising.
But some things, perhaps, we have seen of late,
Have left us Young JONATHAN’s model state,
On the whole, less disposed to imitate,
And less in the mood for prizing—

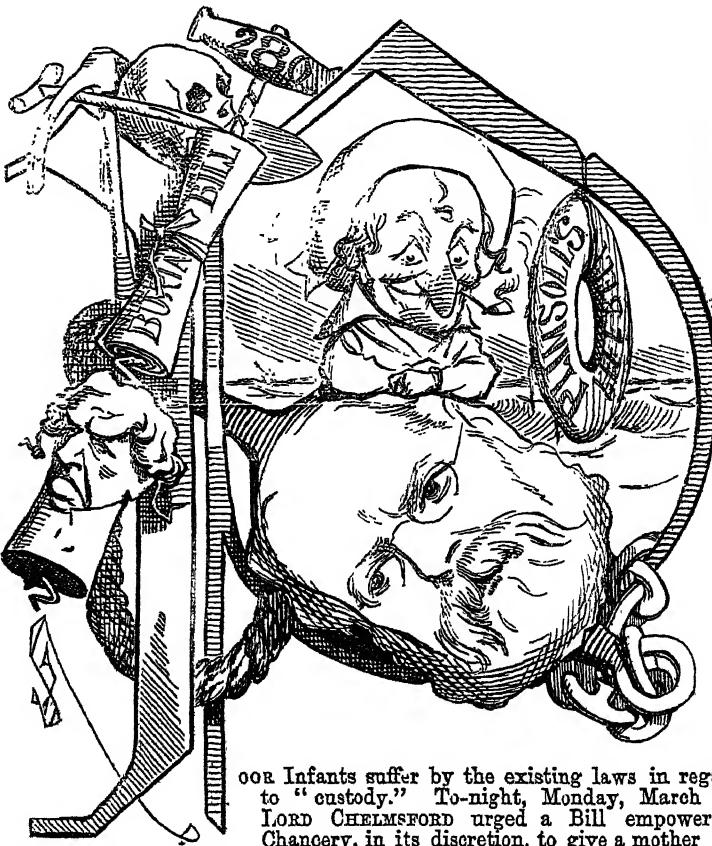
As the scandals and shames of the Tammany Ring,
The lobbying and log-rolling ;
Corners and wire-pullers in full swing,
The votes of dead-heads polling :
The millions of dollars paid to bring
Representative rascals their papers to fling
The ballooning urns by the shoal in :
And the general confession that, tried by the test
Of character, Congress stands confess
A place whither JONATHAN’s worst, for his best
In too much force, have stole in.

But in one thing JONATHAN stands revealed
Of his cousin JOHN the master—
In raising the crops of rougery’s field,
To bigger growth and faster,
Till a harvest, undreamt of once, ‘twill yield
To his bold hand who the sickle may wield,
As well as the seed’s broad-caster.
He’ll sink his thousands his millions to sack,
As knowing such seed brings increase in its track,
And the bigger the rogue the broader the back—
Not so much for the scourge as the plaster.

Let this effete old Europe go on
With petty robbing and reiving,
Teach, New World JONATHAN, Old World JOHN,
Thy grander style of thieving !
When he would filch a single stone,
Square miles with diamonds broad-cast sown,
Salt thou, for flats’ deceiving :
Where he at his one forged flimsy would stick,
With a hundred thousand do thou the trick,
And the Bank of England’s own pocket pick—
The swindlers’ sublime achieving !

How short the old World of the new one falls,
So prove, to the end of the chapter :
That not only Old England’s lakes and falls
By Young America’s eapt are :
The jobs of thy senatorial halls,
Thy rings, thy corners, thy crises, thy calls,
In a larger aether wrapt are ;
And last, not least, thy swindles rise
To a grandeur that dazles Old-World eyes,
And Lords of industrial enterprise
Make those who, as rogues, here trapped are !

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



or Infants suffer by the existing laws in regard to "custody." To-night, Monday, March 24, LORD CHELMSFORD urged a Bill empowering Chancery, in its discretion, to give a mother the custody of children under sixteen; and supporting

deeds of separation, whereby bad husbands give up children to wives. All in the right direction. We cannot pay too much respect to the interest of the young. *Maxima debetur pueru Revalenta—here pueris, though wrong, would be more appropriate.*

In the Commons MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE thanked MR. PLIMSOLL for giving him such information as had induced him to cause a vessel called the *Parga* to be surveyed. She had been declared unseaworthy, and orders had been given to prevent her going to sea. This is well. Touching her name, the word recalls to *Mr. Punch* a most valiant and furious poem which he read in the early days of GEORGE THE FOURTH. In this the treatment of Parga by the British was made the subject of awful invective. He well remembers that it began thus:—

"O Parga! Parga! land of many wrongs,
Land bowed beneath th' oppressor's iron rod,
Methinks even now I hear thy dirge-like songs.
I hear and shudder. Can it be, O God?"

Unless *Mr. Punch* mistakes, Parga, which is in Albania, held out against ALI PASHA, and we had a good deal to do with its surrender to that tyrant. Anybody who likes can look up the history—we shan't. We never read anything that tells against our beloved country.

MR. GLADSTONE said that we were not going to pay the Alabama money until it should be due—months hence.

The gallant SIR SAMUEL BAKER's expedition for the purpose of putting down Slavery in Africa, was represented as having met with misfortunes, and there is some satisfaction in learning that the Khedivé has sent some soldiers to the aid of BAKER PASHA.

MR. GÖSCHEN gave us the Navy Estimates. They are nearly Ten Millions, and exceed last year's by about £340,000. But who cares about the money? Look here. We have got twelve ships, so strong that all the rest of the nations of the world, together, cannot produce a force that can fight us. In addition, we have another splendid fleet.

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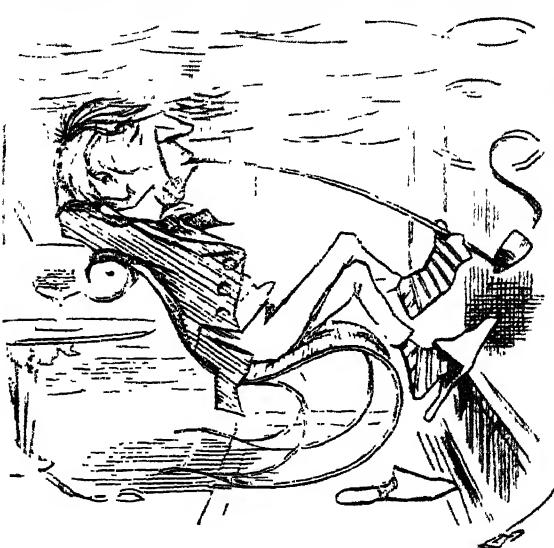
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The lobbying and log-rolling;
Corners and wire-pullers in full swing,
The votes of dead-heads polling:
The millions of dollars paid to bring
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The balloting urns by the shoal in:
And the general confession that, tried by the test
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In too much force, have stole in.

But in one thing JONATHAN stands revealed
Of his cousin JOHN the master—

In raising the crops of rougery’s field,
To bigger growth and faster,
Till a harvest, undreamt of once, ‘twill yield
To his bold hand who the sickle may wield,
As well as the seed’s broad-caster.
He’ll sink his thousands his millions to sack,
As knowing such seed brings increase in its track,
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Salt thou, for flats’ deceiving:
Where he at his one forged flimsy would stick,
With a hundred thousand do thou the trick,
And the Bank of England’s own pocket pick—
The swindlers’ sublime achieving!

How short the old World of the new one falls,
So prove, to the end of the chapter;
That not only Old England’s lakes and falls

By Young America’s eapt are:
The jobs of thy senatorial halls,

Thy rings, thy corners, thy crises, thy calls,
In a larger ether wrapt are;

And last, not least, thy swindles rise
To a grandeur that dazzles Old-World eyes,
And Lords of industrial enterprise
Make those who, as rogues, here trapped are!



A SMART YOUTH.

Cousin Millicent (with smothered indignation). "GOOD-BYE, ROBERT! AND SINCE IT SEEMS YOU FOUND NOTHING FITTER THAN MY FAVOURITE BIT OF JAPANESE ENAMEL TO DROP YOUR CIGAR ASHES IN, LAST NIGHT, PERHAPS YOU'LL ACCEPT IT AS A GIFT! IT HAS NO FURTHER VALUE FOR ME, AFTER SUCH DESECRATION!"

Cousin Robert. "THA-ANKS, MILICENT! AND IF THAT'S THE WAY ARTICLES OF PRICELESS VALUE ARE DISPOSED OF IN YOUR BRANCH OF THE FAMILY, I CAN ONLY REGRET I DIDN'T MAKE AN ASH-PAN OF YOUR HAND!"

A SONG OF SPRING.

By a Cockney Poet.

All hail, thou jocund time of year,
To Cockneys and cock-robbins dear!
All hail, thou flowery, showery season,
When throstles, mating, perch the trees on :
When sparrows on the house-tops sit,
And court their loves with cheery twit:
While Opera songsters tune their throats,
Exchanging for our gold their notes!

Now Nature her new dress receives,
And dinner-tables spread their leaves;
Asparagus again one sees,
And early ducklings, served with peas;
Again the crisp whitebait we crunch,
And chops of lambkin blithely munch;
Salmon again our shops afford,
And plovers' eggs adorn the board;
While for one day at least our sons
May stuff themselves with hot cross buns!

See now the swells begin to show
Their horsemanship in Rotten Row :
See now the Drive is thronged once more,
And idlers lounge there as of yore :
See now fair April fills Mayfair,
And gives new life to Grosvenor Square.
See now what crowds flock to the Zoo,
Where Master Hippo is on view.
See daffodils, and daisies pied
In bloom, and buttercups beside ;
See now the thorn, and e'en the rose
Signs of returning Spring disclose :

See now the lilac large in bud ;
While costermongers, splashed with mud,
The product of the passing showers,
Cry "Here's yer all a blowing flowers!"
Or wake the echoes of the groves*
With "Hornaments for yer fire-stoves!"

* Westbourne Grove, Lisson Grove, Camden Grove, &c.

SUITRESS AND SUED.

It is very seldom that Man is sued by Woman; except at Law. That, however, happens not at all unfrequently; and there has lately been rather a glut of breach of promise of marriage cases, in more than one instance, with exacerbation of damages awarded to a fair plaintiff for laceration of feelings occasioned by failure to secure a husband who would have had to keep her, although at the same time regarding her as an encumbrance, and certain to make her miserable for life. In the reports of these pleasing trials, letters which have passed between the parties to them are usually published. Some of these contain verses, generally doggerel as to metre, and for the rest nonsense. It is very remarkable that none of this poetry is ever the composition of the plaintiff. The author of it is invariably the fool, that is to say the defendant, who had the folly, first, to fall in love with an unsuitable object, and, secondly, to put his folly on record in suitable strains. In these cases the pursuer, as the Scotch well call her, is not only too clever to be capable of writing such stuff as that, but likewise too cool by many degrees to be susceptible of the sentiment which inspired it.

A PROFESSIONAL PUNSTER.—SIR BONES SAWYER was asked if he had seen the *Cataract of the Ganges* at Drury Lane. He said no, and added, "Why don't they couch it?"



A DEPLORABLE SCEPTIC.

SIRRY GAMP. "QUITE RIGHT TO REFUGE THE MONEY, MY PRECIOUS BORSEY, BUT I WAS SORRY TO READ YOUR LANGUIDGE TO THAT DEAR LORD STANHOPE ABOUT TROY, AND ACHILLES, AND 'OMER, WHICH IT'S WELL BEKNOWN I STUDIES 'IM DAY AND NIGHT!"

BONEY PHO. "BOTHER YOUR 'OMERS, AND YOUR ACHILLESES, AND YOUR TROYS! I DON'T BELIEVE AS THERE WAS EVER NO SUCH PERSONS!"

[“Mr. Lowe's refusal to subsidise a pilgrimage for discovering the graves of Achilles and Hector, betrayed a deep and deplorable scepticism as to the historical accuracy of Homer.”—*Times*.]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the British Museum. Important to Visitors from the Country.

Heathen Deity approached by a majestic flight of steps. I felt that I had come to worship Something or Somebody, and there were the pigeons wandering about consequentially awaiting their purchase by enthusiastic devotees, and picking up such crumbs as were thrown to them by the students returning from mild luncheons at a neighbouring pastry-cook's.

On such classic ground did I feel myself, that, had I seen elderly gentlemen in *togas* ascending and descending those steps, I do not think I should have been in the least surprised: on the contrary, I was astonished at their absence.

At the Inns of Court the Members dining in hall are obliged to don a sort of academic gown, just to give a learned Tone to the festivity. This custom, in *togas*, ought to be adopted by the authorities of the British Museum; a notice could be easily stuck up over the Porter's Lodge, informing the public that "*Togas, gratis*, must be obtained within, without which no one will be allowed to enter the Museum."

The unclassically-minded could watch the proceedings from outside, poking their noses through the railings, and evincing the same kind of interest as is shown daily by the crowd who watch the sports of the Bluecoat Boys, who, many old ladies believe, are the sons of the prisoners in Newgate, condemned to wear yellow stockings and cloth petticoats, and confined behind these bars, within view of the passers-by, for no fault of their own.

I noticed that the houses in the streets leading towards this centre of attraction seemed to have caught something of its style and character, being more and more classical the nearer they approach the Museum, and increasing, proportionately, in the primness of their respectability.

The walks and grass in front of the Museum look as though they had been lathered and shaved every morning regularly, so clean and smug is their appearance. There are a number of vacant pedestals, suggestive of there having been a considerable row among the officials as to "who should have a statue." I do not know how these things are managed, but I suppose the names of various eminent statues are proposed and seconded for a Committee's election. These meetings must be, consequently, scenes of great excitement, requiring, to insure the success of a candidate, much preparatory diplomacy. I can imagine a proposer, very anxious about his statue getting in, and even going so far as to say to a probable oppositionist, "I won't pull your statue if you won't pull mine!"

It would be interesting on such occasions, too, to hear the objections made to the character of many of the proposed candidates. However, this is loitering. Let us enter.

"Scenes of my childhood!" I exclaimed to myself, "once more I behold you!" After many roving years, how sweet it is to come

to a place of public entertainment where you can go in and see everything without paying anything!"

Here, first of all, is the usual prisoner in the dock to receive your stick or umbrella. In return you receive a medal, or an antique coin, numbered. There is no temptation to even the most dishonest to leave his umbrella or stick, and walk off with the coin.

The next curiosity, after this mark of respect and esteem presented to you by the prisoner in the dock, is a board announcing "The Christy Collection." As I had been often emphatically assured, by those who ought to have known, that the Christy Collection never, never, *never* will (like the Britons in "Rule, Britannia") perform out of St. James's Hall, I was obliged to look upon this announcement as a specimen of a curious joke made by the Committee. I fancied, as I looked warily around, that the policemen, the catalogue sellers, the two officials in a corner, and another vague person in a chocolate livery, were all in the sell, and were only watching my movements, pretending, of course, to be thoroughly uninterested, in order that they might not lose the chance of hearing me ask one of their party for further information about this board, when, on my uttering the word "Christy," they would, I've no doubt, have broken into a tremendous guffaw, and exclaimed, "O, you April fool!"

My reticence sold them. I ascended the staircase chuckling and pluming myself, as an old bird well may, on not having been caught with this remarkably inappropriate chaff.

The First Landing.—This is not an incidental allusion to WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, nor does it mean that you go about the British Museum, as about Venice, in a boat. It simply means the head of the staircase, whence you obtain a view in perspective, like what you see in VAN DER HOOG's pictures, of a few rooms full of inanimate curiosities, the farther one presenting the terrific effect of gigantic blackbeetles pausing in a vain attempt to swarm up a kitchen wall.

My object, to which I have not hitherto alluded, was to see the fossil ante-diluvian monsters, whose address is—British Museum, North Gallery, Upper Floor.

For, I have a Theory, worthy of the Laughing Philosopher. It is this: Geologists have omitted one period. The Oolitic, the Mesozoic, &c., are all very well in their way, but they are inexpressive terms, I hold, compared with what I am now about to propose for the benefit of Science generally, and this Museum in particular. I would include two or three "periods" in one term, viz., The Pantomime Period. Why these gigantic creatures are the very models for Drury Lane property-room at Christmas time; and when some of the learned have opined that no man could have been their contemporary, have they forgotten the men with Large Heads and Goggle Eyes, who only appear in the Pantomime Period, the remnant of some oral tradition of the Past. Then came the Transformation Scene; then followed more gradually, in due course, civilisation, just as the realms of Fairy Land are closed in by the brilliantly-coloured shop-fronts of JOHN DOUGH, Baker, PIKE, Fishmonger, and SWIPSS, Publican. Oblige me by considering this as we sit in

Room the First, which I here name The Alderman's Room, it being apparently full of Turtle—Real and Moak. Let us digest this first of all. The voice of the Turtle is heard in the Grove. After such a getting up-stairs, let us sit awhile and lovingly regard a Tremendous Turtle, of the evidently Pantomime Period, big enough to have dined, or to have dined on, six Aldermen. Alas! an extinct species.

LINES ON LADY DAY.

HERE again is Lady Day.
I have got my rent to pay.
How the Quarters roll away!

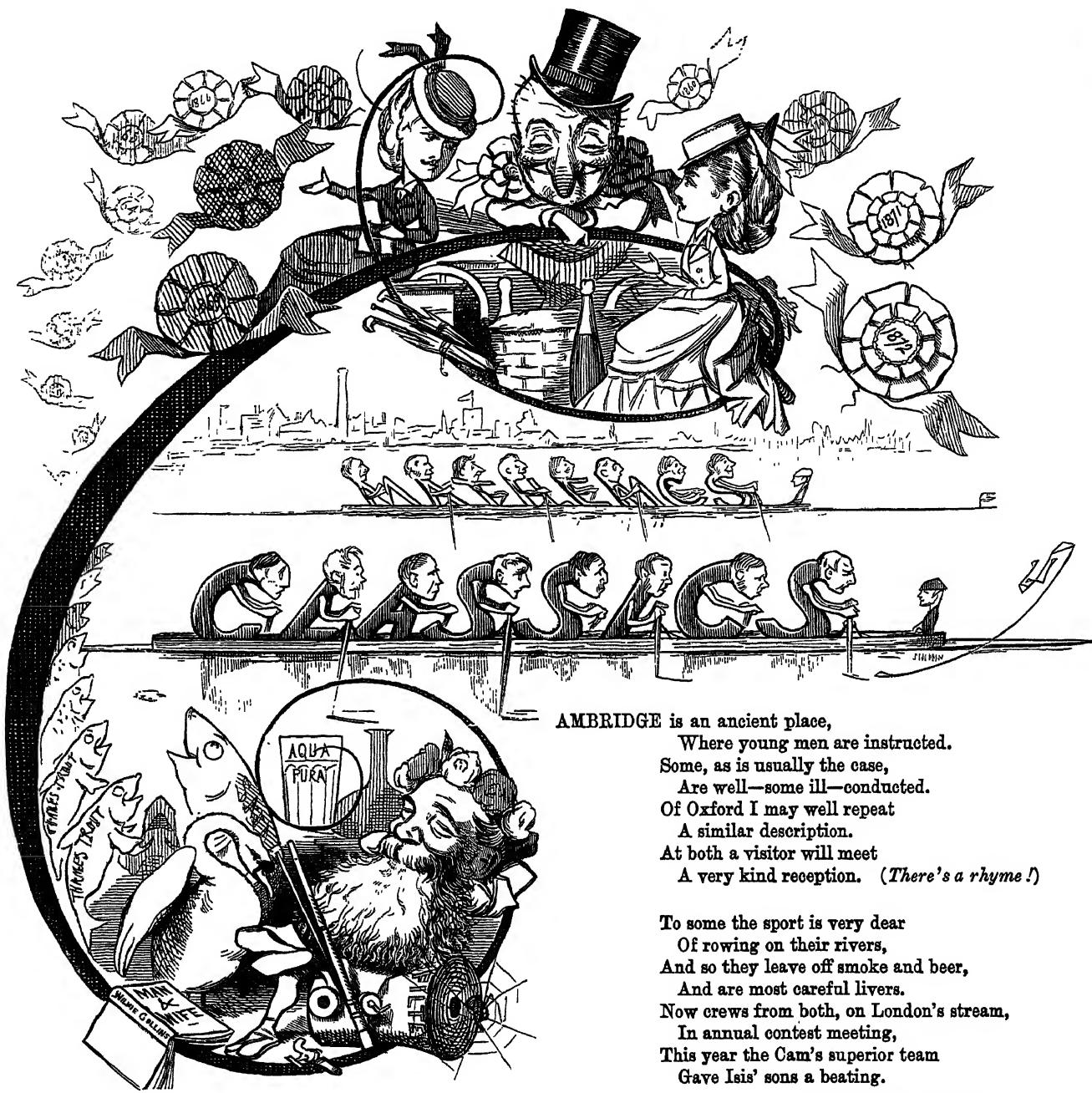
Lady Day is fair this year.
Wind East; hazy; mild, but queer.
Sunshine bright, though hardly clear.

Lady Day! Will March go by,
And the ground have not got dry
Ere that Taurus pipe his eye?

Lady Day; the dust is due.
Down with mine's what I must do.
Up will March with his dust too?

Dust in March; it is a thing
Worth the ransom of a King.
None has yet been paid this Spring.

April, if he break no rules,
Soon will puddles bring, and pools.
Lady Day! Next week All Fools!



AMBRIDGE is an ancient place,
Where young men are instructed.
Some, as is usually the case,
Are well—some ill—conducted.
Of Oxford I may well repeat
A similar description.
At both a visitor will meet
A very kind reception. (*There's a rhyme!*)

To some the sport is very dear
Of rowing on their rivers,
And so they leave off smoke and beer,
And are most careful livers.
Now crews from both, on London's stream,
In annual contest meeting,
This year the Cam's superior team
Gave Isis' sons a beating.

A PRIZE AND PROSE POET.

PROHIBITION FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

SINCE the loss of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, the other day, in the House of Lords, a considerable number of our contemporaries have rejoiced over its rejection, and eulogised its opponents. They have, however, omitted to notice two chief points in which the claims of those parties to commendation are remarkable. Not any Journalist or Reviewer has pointed out, firstly, that the Bill for legalising marriage with the sister of a deceased wife was permissive and not compulsory; so that it was not as though those who opposed it did so because it threatened to make them and others of their way of thinking liable to be obliged to marry their deceased wives' sisters against their wills, and therefore that their opposition to it proceeded from a purely disinterested and benevolent desire to regulate the conduct of other people. Secondly, that the permission to contract a marriage forbidden by the British Law, though not by that of Nature, and not only legal in many foreign countries but customary without any the slightest detriment to Society, would have been the removal of an existing restriction on personal liberty; a thing never

to be thought of by the majority, who are not aggrieved by it, so long as it is implored only by a weak minority, and to be conceded not until those who demand it are numerous and formidable; but then always, of course.

EAGLE AND GOOSE.

IT seems to be a question whether the United States Government will allow the "Three Rules" under which the Geneva Award was given against us to the amount of between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000 to bind them, prospectively, in the same sense as that in which we consented to let it retrospectively bind us, so letting ourselves in for payment of all that money. But the money is not paid yet; or, at least, if it is not, my Lords of the Treasury, had you not better wait before you do pay it, until you know whether or not the Yankees mean to agree that what has been sauce for the British Goose shall, in like circumstances, be held and taken to be condiment also for the American Eagle?



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

"Now, JESSIE, SAY YOUR PRAYERS LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"
"MAMMA, DEAR! WHY MAYNT I KNEEL DOWN, AND HOLD MY TONGUE, AS
PAPA DOES?"

COAL AND CHAMPAGNE.

MR. DICKENSON, Her Majesty's Inspector of Mines for East and South Lancashire, in his evidence before the Coal Committee, in answer to a question by MR. MUNDELLA, stated that he had heard that the colliers do "indulge in the luxury of drinking champagne," and believed that it does happen occasionally. Some time ago newspapers announced that an American chemist had succeeded in making champagne out of petroleum. He very likely did contrive to make an effervescent fluid, worthy at least of the name of "fizz," which is said to be that under which the colliers drink something which goes down for the above-mentioned wine. There is no petroleum in our British coal-mines, otherwise perhaps champagne might be cheaper for those striking sons of toil, who would then occasionally "strike it" in addition to their strikes for higher wages.

If the "fizz" which the colliers sometimes indulge in were really genuine PÂTIÉ JOUET, or MOËT and CHANDON, it might be apprehended that there would soon occur a rise in the price of champagne as well as in that of coals; but rhubarb is cheap, at whatever price "fizz" may be vended to its probably indiscriminate consumers. It is sad to think that those poor men are very likely done when they spend half-a-guinea out of their hard earnings on stuff that may not be worth sixpence a bottle. Yet the painful suspicion which one cannot help feeling on that point may possibly be unfounded, and the beverage which has replaced beer among those good fellows may really be the genuine growth of the French wine-growing districts, *premier cru*. If that is so, well. To a species of malt liquor the denomination of Cooper is applied. In like manner, let that product of the juice of the grape which has hitherto borne the title of Champagne be called Collier.

HORTICULTURE AND HYMEN.—"As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it." "I shan't," replied the youthful bridegroom, to whom this observation was addressed by an aged relative. "I'm a gardener."

ODE ON ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Lo, here we are again;
Yea, quotha, marry.
And we'll be merry men,
By the LORD HARRY.

Why, so; an thou wouldest woo,
Ne'er shilly-shally;
Nay, prithee, fie, go-to!
Tush, tilly-vally!

Fond youth was ever free,
While maids were bonny.
Sing, O the apple-tree!
Hey ninny nonny!

What boots to cudgel pate?
When brains be addle?
Some, that o'erleap the gate,
Keep not the saddle.

We be a goodly train;
Who list may mingle.
Tut, an thou bear a brain,
Make thy bells jingle!

Join us all you that bet;
All you that borrow.
When ye run into debt,
Snap thumbs at sorrow.

All you that have, on hope,
Ta'en shares in bubbles—
Heigho!—an ell of rope
Ends all fools' troubles.

All you that think to wed,
Lacking the penny—
This cap for one fool's head
Fits you, if any.

You that do Quacks let thrust
Pills in your gizzards;
You that in "mediums" trust,
Witches and wizards.

Leagues that love street-parade,
Here's ostentation!
Good Templars, please you aid
Our demonstration.

Foresters, join our throng,
Likewise Odd Fellows.
Old Rose shall be our song:
We'll burn the bellows.

All you that never grow
Wiser, if sadder,
Come, each with coxcomb, ho!
Bauble and bladder.

No fear that you 'll be shent;
Come, willy-nilly.
"All right," says Jack-a-Lent.
Whoop, silly Billy!

CULTURE OF NATIVE WORTH.

A JOURNAL of Caen (Calvados) announces the formation of oyster-beds, on an extensive scale, at Coursenilles and Marennes. The oysters laid down in them are natives of Portugal, having been imported from the mouth of the Tagus to the number of some hundred thousand. An English contemporary reproduces this information under the title of "Oyster Culture." This is a branch of Culture which, to every man of taste, must command itself especially, and, barring idiosyncrasy in that respect, is one of which the prosecution cannot but be highly satisfactory to MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD. It may be remarked that Oyster Culture necessarily effects a development of Sweetness, although the relation of the mollusc to mud altogether prevents it from being accompanied by that of Light.

FRENCH PROVERB.—*Telle est la vie, or Baga-telle est la vie.*

STRIKE FOR LOWER WAGES.

THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY thinks he has discovered the real way of effectually promoting temperance amongst the Working Classes.

Opening a Bazaar, the other day, in aid of some Baptist schools, his Lordship made a speech, wherein, referring to those classes, he observed that:—

"There never was a time when efforts in support of temperance were more needed. He could not help thinking that the state of things had become so formidable that one hardly knew how best to cope with it."

A Permissive Prohibitory, or any other Liquor Law, does not appear to have commended itself to the Noble Lord's judgment as a panacea for the excess which he ascribes to the Working Man. No; but—

"Of one thing, however, he was sure, and it was that no effectual good could be done until we had planted in the minds of the people a spirit of self-control."

The spirit once planted could be watered if necessary; and the result, of course, would not be grog. But how to plant it? Hear, and mind that it is LORD SHAFESBURY who speaks, and not a cynical buffoon:—

"What had been the result of that enormous increase of wages which had lately taken place in nearly every class of Working Men? He remembered, thirty years ago, there was a Committee appointed by the House of Commons in connection with the principle of combination, and Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON laid it down as a truth that high wages were the curse of the Working Men. He (LORD SHAFESBURY) could not help thinking the statement a 'correct one.'"

To plant the spirit of self-control, then, in the minds of the People (with a great P, as, by a mistake,

it is not spelt in the above-quoted report), the way would obviously be, if LORD SHAFESBURY is right as to both the fact and cause of their intemperance, simply to lower their wages to the requisite standard. For, as his Lordship said,—

"Of course, where economy and prudence were practised, the condition of

the Working Man should be improved by higher wages; but there were recklessness and improvidence. The sudden increase of money had been productive of the greatest possible mischief, and so long as these habits continued he could not but think that an increase of wages was a positive infliction to the Working Man, his wife, and his children."



"A JOB'S COMFORTER."

Irish Ex-Major. "SO, ME BOY, YOU'RE GOING TO INDIA! UNHEALTHY PLACE, YOU KNOW! THE LAST STATION I WAS AT, COFF'NS WERE ISSUED WITH ANNUAL CLOTHIN' TO THE MEN, AND KEPT AS NECESSARIES IN STORE; AND, BEDAD, I HAD A FRIEND WHO WAS ON FIRING PARTY OVER A MAN OF HIS COMPANY IN THE MORNING, AND WHO FIRED OVER HIMSELF IN THE EVENING, SOR!!!"

On the Square.

"AN American," says the *New York Herald*, "has discovered the means of squaring a circle." We might doubt this, but that Americans are thought to have squared a triangle—not far from the Lake of Geneva.

Wrongful Impression.

"YOU are wrong, my dear SIMPLETONIUS, in supposing the Irish to be Cannibals from the mere fact of their having 'the broth of a boy so frequently in their mouths.' * * *

Extract from some elegant Correspondence.

AN OLD FOGY TO MR. PUNCH.



YES, fifty years ago, dear friend, I was younger than I am now. It is a fact, and that fact was borne in upon me on the last night on which MR. CHATTERTON gave us the *Cataract of the Ganges*, originally produced by his predecessor, MR. ELLISTON. It boots not to say what induced me to visit Drury Lane Theatre on that night.

I merely wished to please my nieces, JESSIE and MARIA. Perhaps I wished to escape from a friend who had menaced me with a call that evening. Perhaps I only wished to see what I had seen a piece twice, with an interval of fifty years between the performances. 'Tis no matter. I went to the play.

I think the revival was a mistake, but I am an elderly fellow, and I should probably say it of any revival. I fancy, however, that neither the story nor the structure of the old

THE THAMES AND THE NILE.

SIR J. KARSLAKE, at the Mansion House, proposing the health of LORD MAYOR, as host to the University Boat Crews, gave his oration a chance:-

"Thanking the LORD MAYOR on the part of the assembled guests for his magnificent hospitality, he said he had taken a wise course in inviting the London and Cambridge crews, for he had kept them out of the 'Wicked World' and far away from the 'Happy Land.'"

Of course SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW was equal to the occasion:-

"He could not assume that his invitation had kept any of the young gentlemen from entering the 'Wicked World,' but he hoped he was not wrong in saying that they had found the Egyptian Hall a 'Happy Land,' to which they would return some future day."

The next Lord Mayor may safely try the experiment by inviting the crew. Never could have been an inclination to return to the flesh-tis of Egypt experienced more strongly than by the guests who took of those served up at the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House.

PUMPS v. PILLAR-POSTS.

LONDON letter-writers ought to be obliged to MR. W. J. WILSON, warning them, through the *Times*, of a risk to their letters, we'll be bound to say, they never thought of:-

"Scattered over the parish of St. Marylebone," writes MR. WILSON, "and probably in other parts of the metropolis, there are several old-fashioned iron pumps, the handles of which have been removed, leaving a hole which looks much like the opening of a letter-box. In these many persons place their letters. As it is not impossible that letters of importance may be lying in some of these hiding-places, surely it is evident that a search be at once made, and that something be done to prevent such mistakes in future?"

melodrama suited a modern audience, and that what were gorgeous splendours in ELLISTON's days are now but the ordinary accessories of a show. Still, there was a great deal of glitter and colour.

But when I got home, and the girls had had their soda-water, and I had been left to mine (slightly fortified), I dreamed a dream. I beheld myself in my gay and graceful youth, as I appeared reading the playbill, on my visit to the theatre to see ELLISTON's piece. With the aid of a talented young friend, I have sketched myself as I sat in my chair the other night, and as I looked in 1823. Accept the work. "Look on this picture and on that." I do not know what moral to append. People do get old, if they live long enough, and old men do not dress as they did when boys. I think the garb of our young fellows, now-a-days, much more becoming than was mine in '23, and they will agree with me. But let them remember that, if they live, they will be Old Fogies in 1923; and let them believe that the Old Fogies of the present day have some memories of an Arcadia that was not to be despised. "We have heard the chimes at midnight."

Yours, uncomplainingly,

VIII.

P.S.—JESSIE and MARIA declare that no girl of any day could have made herself such a fright as the above. I see no fright; but I see what I saw and loved fifty years ago.

Reparation at Rome.

A SOLEMN religious service was performed the other day at St. Peter's, "in reparation," says the *Osservatore Romano*, "of the execrable blasphemies," which certain journals continually "vomit out." Ostensibly for a charitable purpose, two lectures on the sun and other celestial bodies were lately delivered in the great hall of the Cancellaria Palace by the learned Jesuit astronomer, FATHER SECCHI. Were these discourses intended "in reparation" of the "execrable" treatment to which the Holy See, in error, subjected GALILEO?

All Mr. Punch can say is, that any one so depositing letters must be even a greater pump than that which he thus turns into a pillar-post. But the writer suggests that the Post Office ought to shut up the pumps. What next? Is the Post Office responsible for acts of idiots who can't tell an old pump from a new pillar? We don't want to be too much Governed. "Folly is but the speck in Freedom's eye."

HYPERCRITICISM.

A DISCERNING article in the *Saturday Review*, on LORD ORMATHWAITE'S *Lessons of the French Revolution*, contains the following remark relative to the author of that considerable performance:-

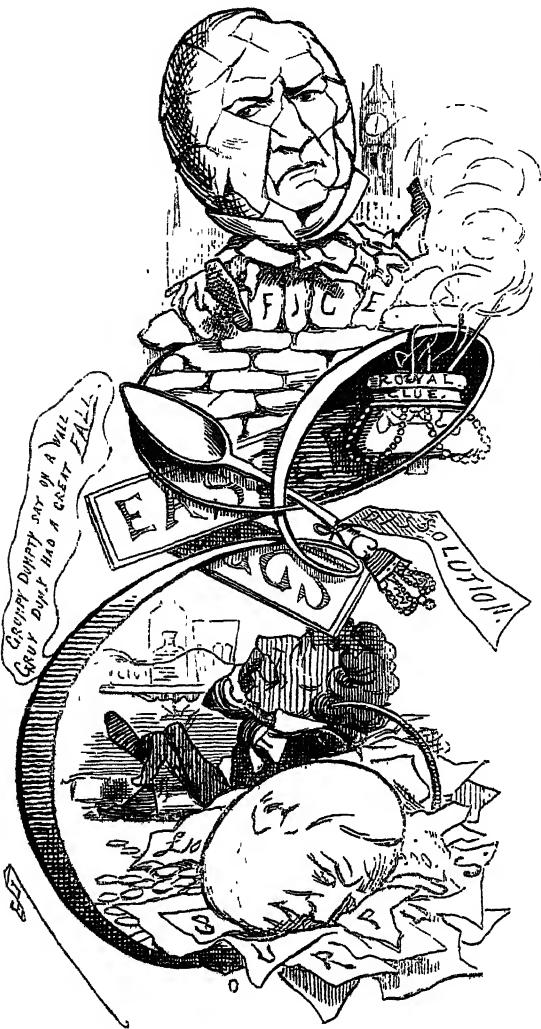
"LORD ORMATHWAITE, for example, is a believer in the British Constitution, and for the good old-fashioned reason that it is an admirable mixture of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy. He regards a Constitution, that is, as a kind of chemical product, which should be judiciously compounded by a legislator, as a chemist makes gunpowder out of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal."

To make the simile perfect, however, gunpowder should, in point of fact, be a compound of substances chemically combined, as in the various fulminates, instead of being a merely mechanical mixture. But, as an illustration, it will do well enough for all that; only an ass might observe that, whereas gunpowder is made to the end that it may go off, the British Constitution can have been compounded only on purpose to go on.

ONE SIDE OF THE MEAT QUESTION.

It has been denied, *à propos* of abattoirs, that a well-conducted slaughter-house is a nuisance. But what would cattle, if they were not dumb animals, say to that?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



very few passengers, considering the vast number they carry. But there are other things beside accidents to be considered. The railways charge what they like, and make their own arrangements, and quarrel among themselves, regardless of public convenience. When public complaint is raised, the Companies never condescend to reply, and on the whole the gigantic anomalous monopoly will be all the better for regulation. It was only the other day that *Mr. Punch* wanted to go to the Crystal Palace, and when he got to the High Level station, Victoria, he found that there was no train for an hour and forty-two minutes. Do we live in the nineteenth century, Madam? Are we Britons? Are we descendants of the men who won Cressy and Agincourt, who wrested Magna Charta from the tyrant John, who hurled from his forfeited throne the tyrant JAMES? We believe these are the questions which it is proper to ask when anything displeases us?

Tuesday.—The Judicature Bill was sent to a Select Committee, on the ground that it is too full of detail to be dealt with by the House. Everybody was very polite to **LORD SELBORNE**, and **LORD SELBORNE** was very polite to everybody—but we hope business is meant.

“ Graced as he is with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured in the House of Lords,
Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.”

(or at least he might have if he liked), his Lordship will find he needs all he knows to get the Judicature Bill through both Houses this Session.

LORD JOHN MANNEES presented a petition from some Leicestershire gables in favour of “the Claimant.” Let 'em go and thatch Groby pool with pancakes, as their idiotic proverb says.

In reference to the Budget (there's a splendid surplus, Madam, and Drink has produced a very large part of it—**Mr. Lowe** will probably say, with the wild fellow in *Barnaby Rudge*, “I drink to the drink”), **MR. GLADSTONE** stated that no resolution would be proposed on the following Monday, binding the House with reference to the future taxation of the year. This, Madam, was held to mean a good deal.

“ Folks are not always generous and well-bred,
But **GLADSTONE** is—meant truly what he said.”

MR. FOWLER moved that the Indian Budget should be taken early in the Session, so that it might be discussed. An amendment, referring the matter to the Select Committee on India, was carried by 130 to 89. Madam, you have much general information. *Who* was “the base Indian that threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe?” (*Othello*, Act v. s. 2.) A Defamation Bill was thrown out, but never mind, Madam, *Mr. Punch* intends still to

“ Bear without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.”

By the way, dear Madam, we have heard of a blunder that is as good as wit. A lady of the Malaprop order threatened to summon another lady for Definition of Character. Isn't it good?

Wednesday.—**MR. CHARLEY** promoted a Bill with a meritorious object. This was to afford certain new protection to young persons of the gentler sex. There was some rather sharp debate, but the Bill was read a Second Time.

There is a Bill to restrict private slaughter-houses. It is sturdily opposed, on feeble grounds, but (a spiteful person would say and therefore) **MR. BRUCE** joined in the opposition, but conceded a Committee on the Meat Supply of London.

An Irish Member raised a point of form in order to hinder **MR. FAWCETT** from bringing in his Dublin University Bill, and for that time succeeded.

Thursday.—In the Commons, a petition like that already mentioned (about **CLAIMANT-CASTRO**) was presented from some ninnies of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. We inform the Dorset folk that we believe the **CLAIMANT** to be as much akin to the **TICHBORNE**s as Lenson Hill is to Pilsen-Pin; and the Hampshire folk, that **Manners** makes a man, quo' **WILLIAM OF WICKHAM**, and that they would show better manners in not insulting their Queen's Government by implying that it means to convict **CASTRO** in any unfair manner.

It was an important matter, and worthy to be mentioned in the Imperial Parliament, that a char-woman who took away some broken meat from **LORD GRANVILLE**'s, and was given in charge for taking it in one of his Lordship's napkins, which she pawned, was discharged, larcenous intent not being proved, but she was declared not to be without blame. Question was asked by the **HONOURABLE WILLIAM LOWTHEE**, Conservative member for Westmoreland, and answered by the **RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY AUSTIN BRUCE**, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

But then we had some fun. The other night the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote as followeth:—

“ The scene of Friday night showed how lamentably **MR. GLADSTONE**'s sense of propriety has been perverted, by his fretful irritation at a rebuke the more painful because it was felt to be merited. It was not surprising that the Irish Ultramontane Members should resort to every quibble discoverable in the technicalities of the law of Parliament to delay or defeat a measure like **MR. FAWCETT**'s, which cuts the ground from under their venal agitations, and their traffic in noisy disloyalty.”

This is mildness itself compared to the furious onslaughts of the Papal organs in Ireland against the supporters of the Education Bill; but then, as no person in his proper senses cares a farthing for any amount of howling by the Irish Papal press, whereas a journal of culture hits hard, we cannot complain that the Pope's men are incensed. “Ultramontane,” Madam, means “beyond the mountains;” that is, the Alps, and is a word applied to the men who take the priestly view of Papal authority.

MR. MUNSTER, a very young Member, who had that day taken his seat after prolonged travel, moved that the **P.M.G.** had been guilty of breach of privilege.

MR. DISRAELI made mirth of the proposal, and said that before attacking the liberty of the Press, he should like some more information. Were there any Ultramontane Members in the House, and who were they?

But your Irishmen of the present day have small sense of humour, and **MR. DISRAELI** caused them to wax angrier. So the **ATTORNEY-GENERAL** had to contend

that the newspaper had not attacked the Ultramontanes in their Parliamentary capacity. He did not make much of this plea, however, for an obvious reason; and, after some more excitement, MR. GLADSTONE was obliged to put an end to the nonsense by appealing to the Mover, "whose experience in Parliament had not been long accumulating," not to go to a vote. The charge, of course, was unfounded, — let the consciousness of that fact be enough. SIR JOHN EDMONDE (one of the most sensible and gentlemanly of the Irish Members) described this as a handsome statement, and thus flung oil on the troubled Hibernian waters. The Motion was withdrawn. We don't think the worse of a young Member for being a little passionate, but at school we were taught that passion should take advice. The *Pall Mall Gazette* subsequently stated that its language had been too ungracious, that by Venus it had not meant peculiarly corrupt, but that—

"Nothing must be taken to imply that we think the Ultramontane Members have not resorted to parliamentary quibbling for the defeat of MR. FAWCETT's Bill; or that there is no noisy disloyalty in Ireland to influence elections; or that the votes of certain Members are not at the disposal of a priestly party whose one aim is not the good of the State, but the prosperity of their own Church. This we do not think, and can make no apology for saying so."

MR. FAWCETT did bring in his Dublin Bill. It is limited to the doing away with the Test that excludes the Catholic, and we are curious to know on what ground the Catholics will oppose it. Perhaps because it does not impose a Test to exclude the Protestant.

Friday.—My Lords rose for their Easter holidays.

SIR GEORGE JENKINSON, in a lucid manner, pointed out the great advantage that would arise from a railway between the Mediterranean and the head of the Persian Gulf. *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,* replied MR. LOWE. If we interfere to promote the object, Turkey will infallibly let us in for the cost, and, said MR. Dodson, the making seven hundred miles of rail through a howling wilderness, infested by howling savages, is not precisely a joke. Yet we shall probably see such a project accomplished. The House was Counted Out while SEEJEANT SIMON was recounting the sufferings of MR. JENCKEN, who was atrociously ill-treated by some wretches in Spain, and to whom the Spanish Government will make no compensation. Ha! there was a time when the mention of JENCKEN'S, or, rather, JENKINS' Ears, roused a flame not easily extinguished. But the House, in 1873, had no Ears for JENCKEN.

MATRIMONIAL MIXED PUNCH.

UNDER the heading of "Mixed Marriages," in a letter to the *Times*, "ONE MUCH INTERESTED" inquires what remedy is to be found for a grievance consisting in the refusal of Roman Catholic Priests, by order of ARCHBISHOP MANNING, to celebrate mixed marriages between couples who decline promising to be contented with the Roman Catholic ceremony, and not have the Protestant performed either before it or after. The remedy is simply to do either without the Roman Catholic marriage or without the Protestant, whichever the parties intending to marry value the less. People who do not hesitate to mix their marriages, can hardly be more particular about their denomination than people accustomed to mix their liquors are about their drink. For the former, one religious marriage ceremony ought to be as good as another, if only legal. They have no right to complain of DR. MANNING. He has professional reasons for the office he has given his priests as to officiating at weddings. This is a land of at least religious liberty, and he and his clergy are a free hierarchy in a so far free State. Any other Dissenting minister than the titular Archbiishop would be quite as much within his right if he were to take the same line in regard to mixed marriages as that ecclesiastic's, and risk the result of a secession from Ebenezer.

In the meantime, MR. MIAUL, and the rest of you, beloved representatives and constituents of the said Ebenezer, and also of Little Bethel, Salem, and so on, must you not admit that the respectable British Public at large is furnished with at least one great convenience in an Establishment whose Parsons are bound to marry all comers provided there be no just cause or impediment why those persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony? As far as these reverend gentlemen are concerned, you are entirely at liberty to mix your marriages as much as ever you please, and as many of you are blessed with pretty daughters, and, not a few, moreover, have something to settle on them, it may be as well to add that there are, doubtless, many eligible young Churchmen who would gladly afford you plenty of opportunities of enjoying your blessed freedom in that particular.

SHROUDS AND SPECTRES.—Among the "Fashions for April," *Le Follet* announces "medium textures." Are these to be worn at séances for "Spirit Photographs?"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.



MY DEAR MR. ROBINSON BROWN,
You gentlemen (as you call yourselves) are always making fun or saying dreadful things of us poor English ladies, because, you say, we don't know how to dress ourselves becomingly and prettily. Our taste is hideously vulgar, you tell us, in such matters; and even gallant Mr. Punch is sometimes impolite enough to make a

funny picture just to show what frights we look. Then you bid us take a lesson from our friends across the Channel, for you say that Frenchwomen are models of good judgment in the matter of their raiment. Well, *c'était autrefois peut-être*; but they have changed all that, I fancy, since the EMPRESS left them. At any rate, see what a writer says now of the Judgment of Paris in its fashionable costume:

"The polychrome cacophony of a fashionable Paris *salon* is intolerable to an educated eye. Yellows, pinks, blues, purples, sea-greens, Metternich-greens, gooseberry-purples (*sic!*), and other equally decided hues jar and wrangle like an assembly of viragoes."

Have politics, I wonder, any influence on the fashions? May the polychrome cacophony now current in French drawing-rooms be regarded as resulting from the varied party-colours displayed in the Assembly? Can the jarring and the wrangling of the horribly discordant hues in Paris evening dresses be occasioned by the jarring and the wrangling at Versailles?

Leaving you in your own profundity of wisdom to solve these knotty problems, I would ask what Mrs. Brown thinks of this further sample of French taste:

"Formerly it was considered not the thing to combine the plumage of an ostrich, the products of a greenhouse, and the contents of a jeweler's shop in the same head. Any *belle Parisienne* disposed to make such a display, may now indulge her fancy without the risk of being laughed at."

There, Sir! Now you have your *models* of good taste all complete. Now you may behold your beautiful French ladies in all their *native loveliness* and elegance of costume: their sea-green skirts, with yellow bows, pink sashes, and gooseberry-purple paniers, and their pyramids of ostrich plumes and primroses, and peonies perhaps, and pearls, and emeralds, and rubies, and cornelians on their heads. And I trust that, with this pretty little picture fresh before your mental eyes, you will spare poor English ladies from both your scathing sarcasm and your scariifying wit.

With my best love to dear Mrs. Brown, believe me

Yours sincerely,
JULIANA JONES.

To the Careless.

THIS is an attractive advertisement:—
MAN and WIFE: Man thorough In-door Servant (understands hunting things).

Gentlemen who "never know where they've put" whatever it may be, would find this In-door Servant invaluable.



DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Edwin (to his Angelina). "WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, MY VERY OWN, WITH YOU, I COULD WANDER AMONG THESE HEAVENLY HILLS AND DALES FOR EVER!"

Angelina (to her Edwin). "AND SO COULD I WITH YOU, MY VERIEST OWN!! FOR EVER, AND EVER, AND EVER!!!"

Angelina's Sister (to herself). "O DEAR ME! WHAT A TROTTING UP AND DOWN IT ALL IS, TO BE SURE!"

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM!

A CHEER, a lusty cheer ! Six-and-seventy millions clear ! boys.
Sure never such a revenue by State was raised before.
In face of such prosperity, a *fico* for the fear, boys,
Of days when *BULL*'s black diamond-fields their finds shall yield
no more !

In spite of strikes and struggles of Capital and Labour,
How hammers ring, and forges roar, looms whizz, and shuttles fly !
In Competition's social game of beggar-me-my-neighbour,
JOHN BULL has never won so much, and never played so high.

But what's this song that, sad and strong, I hear a blackbird
singing—
How, more than loom and shuttle, and more than forge and mine,
'Tis the Tavern and the Ginshop these millions in are bringing,—
That more in drink, than wealth or work, *JOHN BULL* may boast
to shine :

That the *sqz-root* of our revenue lies deep in sin and sorrow,
And feeds a fruit as fatal as Java's Upas-tree ;
That the best part of our surplus from our swinishness we borrow,
And pay some twenty millions into beasts transformed to be.

'Tis for burials and for bridals *Lowe* his surplus-fee is craving,
That he may raise his balances beyond experience high,
By the millions paid to bury soul, sense, strength, speech, and
saving,

And to wed a horse's labour to the pleasures of a sty !
Let parsons fight o'er vestments—ecclesiastical dressy men !—
A fig for Churches ! *BULL* proclaims his faith in spirits deep—
That national prosperity, like a museum specimen,
May most safely be committed to Alcohol to keep.

Our test's the Spirit-Level, the Wittler, and Exciseman !
And if the one should mark *JOHN BULL* low on the social scale,

And the others, having got *JOHN* down, should keep him down,
their prize, man,

As a set-off to the mischief, reckon up the money's tale.

And let's thank the British toper's "spontaneous taxation,"

Not only for the millions that o'erswell the Exchequer's due,
But for the superfluity, through this most favoured nation,
Of sorrow, sin, and suffering—which have *their* surplus, too.

THE POLICE ON A NEW FOOTING.

ALARMISTS we are not, and would not write a word to frighten a cat, if we could help it, and much less an old lady. Still we cannot help remarking that burglaries of late have been frequent in the suburbs, and pupils of *Bill Sikes* have broken the peace of even Kensington. It is small fault of the police if the thieves have not been caught : for how can a policeman, heavy-booted as he is, expect to catch a nimble robber, whose business is to run at the slightest sound of danger ? The tramp of the Bobbeian boots may readily be recognised full half a mile away ; and *Bill Sikes* has ample time to put his crowbar in his pocket, and vanish round the corner, ere the Peeler, *pede claudio*, can manage to come up to him. The heavy boots are, no doubt, useful in their way ; for instance, say for kicking to the station a ruffianly wife-beater. Still we cannot help opining it would add to the safety of our streets, if a Light Brigade of Bubbies were established for night service, and furnished with goloshes.

"Sing, Birdie, Sing!"

A YOUNG Lady Correspondent suggests that under the Wild Birds Act the poor dear blackbirds and thrushes are protected. Nobody must kill a robin. Anybody may kill a blackbird. Not so, if he is stealing our cherries, for then he is a robbin'. Very good, dear *We hope ALFRED* thinks you as clever as we do.



"THE GREAT SELF-TAXED."

WORKING-MAN. "HI!—GOV'NOR!—LOOK HERE! WE'RE TH' PEOPLE S'MAKES TH' SHURPLSH—NOW WHAR A' YOU AN' OUR WILLIAM GOIN' T'DO FOR TH' PEOPLE I SH'LKE T'KNOW?"

"And pay some £20,000,000 into beasts transformed to be." (*Vide Poem, opposite.*)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A further report on the British Museum, from Birds to Beetles.



a sham entrance on the side of its nest in in creditors. The name of this last is the San Geronimo Swallow; in English the Jeremy Diddler Swallow. The Tailor-bird is also exhibited, with, of course, his little bill. I have no doubt he is occasionally much bothered by the San Geronimo's devices.

The Rooms are dangerous to such as walk unevenly, or with a rolling gait, on account of the glass cases built up against the walls, and the islands of more glass cases, in the midst of channels requiring careful navigation.

The guardian of this department has, I noticed, a martial bearing, and marches up and down shouldering what appeared to me to be a billiard cue, as though he were playing at soldiers. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "he is playing at soldiers. And why not? It is a harmless recreation, and he must otherwise find life here a trifle monotonous among the Reptiles, the Batrachia, and the Radiated Animals."

I came upon him five times during the morning, and he was still marching about with the billiard cue. A happy and placid existence, all among the stuffed exotics, with plenty of food for the imagination out of meal-times, and full liberty to fancy himself whatever he pleases as long as he doesn't break any of the glass cases with that billiard cue. I thought once that I would ask him a question suggested by the collections; it was this, "Why is a Tortoise like a Bee?" I was prepared with the answer; something about both making combs. On consideration, I was afraid this would ruffle his perfect serenity, induce melancholy, and cause him to be discontented with his lot; so I kept it to myself, and smiling upon him benignly (when his back was turned), murmured, "Play on at soldiers, I would not disturb thee for the world. Right about face! March! Farewell, brave soldier!" and then I betook myself to the Toads, the Frogs, the Efts, and the Horned Toads of Brazil.

What would the unlearned in such matters make of the "Siren of Carolina"? It sounds like the name of a black Soprano. The name is an attraction. I mean, were your Representative informed, by an excited person, that by going *at once* to the British Museum, he could, for nothing, see "The Siren of Carolina," he would jump at the offer, and run all the way there to catch her before she left. But, stay! Impetuous Reader, pause! Friends at a distance will please accept the following intimation, and save themselves some anxiety and trouble:-

The Siren of Carolina is a sort of an eel with front legs. That's all. Like a Soprano, however, it is gifted with lungs, and, like a nigger in the "Christy Collection," it has "gills."

The humour of the nomenclature is really immense, and the compilers of the Guide to the British Museum must have had many a mirthful hour, after dinner, when making up their book in anticipation of the series of glorious sels which they were concocting for the public.

The Siren, above-mentioned, is not a bad one in its way. It is, perhaps, outdone by the *Salamander of Japan*. Now, Sirs, I constitute myself a Committee of Inquiry, and I call into court before me, four skilled witnesses, Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, who has written the Drury Lane Pantomimes for any number of years past; Mr. DIX-

WYNKYN, who makes the masks; MR. BEVFBLEY, who paints the scenes; and MR. CHATELTON, who is a specially Benedict Providence to the Renters, and a recognised caterer for Christmas, and I ask them, *singulatum*, "What, Sir, would be your idea of a Salamander of Japan?"

What would they individually and collectively answer? Why, that he was the very fellow for the opening of a Pantomime; that he might be trusted with some good lines to say; that he would be dressed in red, with tinsel on his eyelids and spangles all over him; that he would be attended by the Sprites Flame, Firefly, Snapdragon, attired in costumes stitched with gun-cotton, and accompanied by Guards armed with Lucifer Matches warranted to strike on every one's box but their own; that his Palace would be in the Glowing Caverns of the Fiery Phlegethon; and that throughout the first scenes this Salamander of Japan would be the patron of the savage old Tycoon who wished to part the pair of Japanese Lovers whom his hereditary antagonist, The Fairy of the Flowing Fountain would of course protect. And the public, one and all, would, hearing this description, cry aloud, "Hear! Hear!! Hear!!! Yes. That's the Salamander of Japan!"

And what is it at the British Museum? Why, *an amphibious animal*, to whom the sight of a fire would be instantaneous death. Were any respectable Manager to attempt to palm this creature off on the public as a Salamander in a Christmas Pantomime, my four witnesses, above-mentioned, agree with me that such an imposition would end in the benches being torn up, the Manager called for and pelted, and, in fact, and literally, it would be an effect that would "bring down the House."

Room 2.—On tables 7 and 8 are laid out the *Sea Pancakes*. Whence this division might be termed the Shrove Tuesday Room. The Guide-Book says of these Pancakes that they are "so depressed"—I should think so, being dried up, and stuck in a glass-case. Why, to look at them, without even a fossil lemon and sugar, and to think of a fossilised indigestion, and how well ordered was everything for the "*Capacious Mouth*" in the Aldermanic Period of the world's existence, is enough to make one melancholy. The Catalogue (it is just to finish the quotation) continues—"So depressed that there scarcely appears to be any room for their internal organs." And on this I must remark, that it is a pity to see British Museum Cataloguers become, by their occupation, so narrow-minded as to reduce everything in creation to their own notion of arrangement. Because the Museum is divided into rooms, is that any reason for a wretched Sea Pancake to be so divided? Why should a Sea Pancake have a room for an organ inside it? Or rooms for organs? Could they prove the poor depressed creature to have been a Musical Sea Pancake, there would have been some excuse for their remark. I cannot quit this department without drawing attention to the varieties of beetles from South America, some of them being nearly as big as lobsters, and as vicious-looking as a villain of the deepest dye in a malo-drama. The kitchen of a South American house must be a pleasant sight at twelve o'clock at night for the master of the house, who, returning home late with a latchkey, and not liking to arouse the servants, descends to the basement to see what there may be cold for supper, and to tap the beer. The Domestic Black Beetle "in his thousands" is quite an agreeable companion compared with the "*Gigantic Goliath*," and the horned genera of this species. Goliath I see, however, is a native of Africa, where I trust some woolly-headed DAVID may soon stamp him out. Seeing these beetles, I am very grateful for being an Englishman. Beadledom is preferable to Beetledom. Brazil, I observe, is a great place for beetles, or, I should say, a place for great beetles.

Happy Thought.—Don't go to Brazil.

The Museum is not done in a day, nor is an account of it polished off in one number. I will conclude my visit next week.

In the evening I refreshed myself with *Tricoche et Cacolet* at the New Royalty. Rather strong: but the ladies laughed. And so, as the poet says—But I have not time to find out which poet, or what he says; and so I am for ever

"Avant, pendant, et après,"

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

The Wednesday Pops.

ON Wednesday evening, during the season, there is generally a concert, besides other music, going on. On Wednesdays, also, the House of Commons is usually engaged in discussing a liquor law, or some other preposterous measure, proposed by an honourable fanatic. Shouts of "Sing!" are sometimes heard on these occasions, but nobody attempts to, and thus the harmony of the evening is undisturbed. Though quavers are absent from Wednesday's debate, the attention of the House is so often devoted to a crotchet, that Wednesday might as well be called Crotchet Day in the House of Commons.



"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

Charles. "WELL, JAMES, I suppose as you'll be able to take it easy this season, now that your oldest young lady's turned off?"

James. "Ah! but there's the youngest a comin' out; so we're much as we was."

APRIL THE FIRST.

A Fragment. Showing how All Fools' Day was solemnly kept by MASTERS TOMMY MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD in the house of their beloved Tutor, MR. BARLOW.

At six o'clock in the morning of April the First, TOMMY and HARRY rapped loudly at the door of their beloved Tutor's bedroom, which they were unable to open, owing to MR. BARLOW having taken the precaution, overnight, of turning the key on the inside.

He was dreaming of an auction, whereat he was engaged in bidding for a brass-plate with his name on it, when, with the third blow of the hammer, he awoke to the consciousness of his being summoned by a knocking which was now repeated with increased violence.

"How strange," murmured MR. BARLOW, drowsily, to himself, "are auricular delusions!" And he was about to give himself up, once more, to slumber, when a terrific blow, severely trying the strength of the panels, caused him to sit upright in bed, and demand the reason for such an unwonted display of energy.

"I protest, Sir," said MASTER TOMMY from outside, while HARRY could scarcely restrain the exuberance of his mirth by stuffing a pocket-handkerchief into his mouth. "I protest, Sir, that I would rather have died than that you should have been disturbed in your repose, which, as you have often taught us, is so necessary alike to the health both of mind and body. And, indeed, I would not now call upon you to leave your warm and comfortable couch, but that my father—"

"Who," thought MR. BARLOW to himself, "is a very wealthy man?"

"is here," continued TOMMY, "and most anxious to see you on business of the very last importance. He is now sitting in the library with a cheque-book before him, and says that if you are unable to join him forthwith, the loss will be, he regrets to say, yours, as he must quit this house within the next two minutes."

"Tell your honoured parent, my dear TOMMY," exclaimed MR. BARLOW, "that he shall not be delayed one instant longer than

is absolutely necessary for my compliance with the ordinary requirements of that society of which he is so admirable an ornament."

So saying, he stepped from his bed, and, in less than one minute and a half, was descending the stairs to the library, the door of which was slightly ajar.

Though not yet entirely in command of all his senses, MR. BARLOW was careful to press his hair down tidily with both hands, rub his eyes, and cause his features to assume that benign smile which so well became him.

These preliminaries being settled, he addressed himself in a hearty tone to MR. MERTON, whom he supposed to be within, previous to pushing open the door.

"My dear MR. MERTON —" began the beloved tutor of TOMMY and HARRY, as he entered the room, when, suddenly, the contents of a pail of cold water, craftily suspended by hooks, and balanced between the cornice of the door-post and the top of the door, were, by the movement of the latter, emptied on MR. BARLOW's head, with such force as to deprive him for a while of breath, and to render him unable to ascertain clearly what was before him.

On partially recovering from the shock, he saw what appeared to him to be a boy standing by the table; and entertaining no doubt but that he had been the object of some innocent frolic on the part of his fond pupils, he rushed forward, and grasped the boy by the collar, who, offering no resistance, fell to the ground, carrying along with him MR. BARLOW, whose feet, having caught in the centre of a system of strings, which were attached to every article of more or less weight and value in the room, brought to the ground all the crockery, the glasses, the books, the china ornaments, the ink-bottles, the water-jars, the inkstands, and some recently framed pictures, with one overwhelming and appalling crash.

Scarcely had MR. BARLOW discovered that the boy he was labouring was only an ingeniously contrived dummy, before the voices of his two beloved pupils were heard at the door.

"Indeed, Sir," cried HARRY, "I think you are an April Fool."

"I vow and protest, Sir," said TOMMY, "that in this matter I am of the same opinion as HARRY. And, truly, your present position



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Useful Sister (to Ornamental Sister, who has been bewailing the dulness of her existence for the last hour). "BELLA, YOU'RE THE MOST EGOTISTICAL CREATURE I EVER MET IN MY LIFE!"

Bella (who always gets out of everything with a joke). "WELL, JANE? IF I AM EGOTISTICAL, AT ALL EVENTS IT'S ONLY ABOUT MYSELF!"

reminds me of *The Greenlander and the April Fool*, which story, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed—”

At this moment, however, the Butler, who having been startled by the prodigious noise, had approached quietly, took the young gentlemen gently but firmly by the collar, and before they were aware of his intention brought them into the room.

MR. BARLOW, having slowly risen, now locked the door; and while proceeding to open a safe labelled, in large characters, *Birch's Sweets and Sugar Canes*, thus addressed his young friends:—

“The Festival of ‘All Fools’ Day’ is celebrated, or, to keep pace with the humour of the day, I should say *sell-ebrated*, in various ways.”

“O, Sir, please——”

“Youth must have its fling, and its whack.” Here MR. BARLOW produced a brand new birch, tied round with violet riband (for MR. BARLOW was acquainted with the ecclesiastical colour of the Lenten season), and then continued, “I am indeed unacquainted with the anecdote you have just named, MASTER TOMMY, but I will forthwith illustrate, strikingly, another, concerning Greenland, which is called *The Rod and the Rising Wales*. BINKS,” to the Butler, “prepare the block for the first cut.”

* * * * *

Here we imitate MR. BARLOW’s example, and draw a veil. Thus was April the First kept in the Happy Home of the Beloved Tutor of SANDFORD and MERTON.

CURIOUS NON-COINCIDENCE.

PRINCE BISMARCK celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday on Tuesday last week. So BISMARCK, you see, was born on the First of April. Do you know what day it is? All Fools; and BISMARCK, certainly, is not one of them.

THE MOSAIC IRISHMAN.

AIR—“*The Minstrel Boy.*”

THE words ye spake, BISHOP VAUGHAN, is as threue
As the clock beneath the steeple.
The Irishman is the modern Jew;
And ourselves, bedad, The People.

The fact’s as plain as in DERMOT’S face
The eyes, and lips, and nose is.
The devil a doubt about the race.
Sure, O’BEILIN might be O’Moses.

There’s Egypt beyond the green Red Sea
That ye call St. George’s Channel.
And a thrife of Dan in our midst have we,
The kin of our Champion DAN’L.

Bricks and mortar, in PHARAOH’S land,
Our children have borne their backs on,
Among the Philistines; understand,
The base and the brutal Saxon.

The harp, once borne by the Minstrel Boy,
To the ranks of death behind him,
Was the same KING DAVID did employ
When his tuneful thoughts inclined him.

I’d like to know from a Hebrew root
If ye don’t derive “Shillelagh.”
And is not SHADRACH a name, to boot.
That would fit a spouse for SHELAH?

There’s lots of links to make up the chain
In that same concatenation.
O’SCULLIVAN is but SOLOMONS, plain,
With a thrife of alteration.

An Irish lad is a Maccabee
That ‘ud fight for his faith like fury.
And all allow that an Irishry
Is the likes of an illigant Jewry.

Maybe that we don’t yet cry “Ol’ Clo!”
About in the tone of sorrow;
Nor lend much at cent-per-cent, although
There’s a few of us that borrow.

But o’er the face of the Earth we roam,
The Missioners of piety,
For order famed like we are all at home;
And we tache mankind sobriety.

PIOUS PUFFERS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with the Card of a certain Association for the sale of Tea. He has no objection to make to the statements of the advertisers, but he thinks this paragraph suggestive:—

“Our Tea is offered to all who wish to buy it at 2s. per lb.; but for the present, Local Preachers only will be allowed the Discount for selling it. If they take the matter up heartily, the Privilege will be continued to them exclusively.”

Punch wishes he had seen this before the first debate on the Burials Bill. He would have sent it to one of the orators, who could have used it against the measure. A Local Preacher who heartily pushes the sale of tea is not likely to be pedantically observant of what the carnal world calls good taste. We can imagine such a Vessel dismissing a funeral concourse thus: “And now retire, brethren and sisters, to meditation and moderate refreshment, for which latter purpose I humbly represent unto you that there is nothing better, in this vale of tears, than the excellent Tea which I can supply at two shillings.” Perhaps some M.P. who intends to speak on the next stage of the Bill will register this Memorandum.

Minute Tithes.

AN award of a small rent-charge on newly cultivated market-gardens, made by the Tithe Commissioners, has been announced under the heading of “Market Garden Tithe.” Antiquity may be quoted for this tribute, of whose payment certain parties in Palestine once made a pretence of merit. Under the head of Garden Tithe, our modern Sabbatarians might, like their predecessors, pay tithe on mint, anise, and cummin. Only some of them are Nonconformists, who would not pay any tithe whatsoever if they could help it.



OUR RESERVES.

Captain of Rural Corps (calling over the Roll). "GEORGE HODGE!" (No answer.) "GEORGE HODGE!—WHERE ON EARTH'S GEORGE HODGE?"
Voice from the Ranks. "PLEASE, SIR, HE'S TURNED DISSENTER, AND SAYS FIGHTING'S WICKED."

RIDDLE FROM RUSSIA.

It is, of course, complimentary to us English that the "highly cultivated Russians" should condescend to recognise our language at all. We are too proud of their deigning to use any of our barbarous jargon to think of complaining that, when they advertise in English, they do not take much trouble over a "nice derangement of epitaphs." Here is an advertisement sent to us from the St. Petersburg *Exchange News*. It has appeared four times without any correction, so we suppose it is understood in Russia:—

LAND-HOLDER.

28 year, to have thirty thousand ruble Circumstances, immobility, to wish Feenter spiritual marriage, land-holder miss, orthodox confession, of faith to have circumstances immobility, although a half designation. To address Adding photographic card: Orel poste-restant M. S.

After giving to this announcement our most deliberate study, we seem to arrive at the conclusion that the writer is a young landed proprietor, with an inalienable income, who wishes to make a brilliant marriage with a young lady of the orthodox Greek persuasion, who has also an inalienable income, although this latter is a secondary consideration. But why he has taken so much pains with his Dictionary, and why he advertises at all in what he supposes to be English, we do not understand. If he will explain in a similar charming style, our columns shall be as open to him as Khiva is to the arms of his Czar.

"A Short Life and (not) a Merry one."

(*Apropos of M. GRÉVY's resignation of the Presidency of the Assemblée Nationale.*)

SUCH an Assembly can scarce last long,
Now even GRÉVY finds their sauce too strong.

UNIVERSITY FAOURS.

OXFORD and Cambridge each denotes her Crew,
This with a light, that with a darker blue.
Our damsels, too, those several colours wear;
For ribbons any pretext serves the Fair.
But man may mark, and ask the reason why,
They nearly all the Cambridge ensign fly.

Do Cantabs, then, Oxonians much excel
In person, manners, mind, magnetic spell?
Or can it be that girls at large adore
The Classics less, the Mathematics more?
Such questions may philosophers perplex;
Ah, versed too little with the gentler sex,
Thou verdant Sage! Compare those rival blues;
With dress and wearer, both, connote their hues.
Into thy mind this truth will then be borne:
The more becoming 'tis that's mostly worn.

The French Game of War.

THE DUC D'AUMALE, on his reception at the French Academy the other evening, made a speech in which he said, "Poor France, pick up thy broken sword, labour, and take heart." The son of the KING OF THE FRENCH has known, as they phrase it, how to talk to his country. "Pick up thy broken sword" is good, but would not the picture suggested by that advice have been improved upon in significance if the apostrophe had been, "Poor France, pick up thy broken drum"?

CHEMISTRY FOR THE CZAR.

"WHAT are the Russians to do with Khiva when they have got it?" asks the *Times*. Well; perhaps they will decompose the Khanate of Khiva, and precipitate the Khan.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.
GREAT SENSATION FOR THE AQUARIUM—COIFFURE OCTOPUS.

LIGHT IN LOW LIFE.

SCIENTIFIC sages, for some time, were sure that BYRON made a mistake in *Manfred*, where the Spirit of Ocean sings:—

“In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the sea-snake hath life.
Where the mermaid is decking.
Her green hair with shells;
Like the storm on the surface,
Came the sound of thy spells.”

Their Sapiences held that, out of soundings, as soundings then were, there could be no life at the bottom of the sea. Since then, however, the sea has been sounded full fathom two thousand, and more, and living creatures have been detected in its bed, which may therefore be compared to many a one in a marine lodging house. To be sure, the explorers have not caught the sea-serpent yet, nor dredged up a mermaid, but they have discovered lots of other wonderful forms of seafaring animal life. Among these some are furnished with eyes, and the question is how do they see with them? Certainly another poet than the noble one above quoted avers, anonymously, that:—

“The sun's perpendicular height
Illumined the depths of the sea.”

But, although in this statement also poetry may turn out to coincide with matter-of-fact, one does not see how any fish can do so with a mile and a half of water between them and the sun. Far-darting Apollo can hardly be supposed capable of shooting his beams such a long way as down to the deepest recesses of Neptune. Yet the inhabitants of these regions rejoice not only in eyes, but also in vivid colours—like you, dears. DR. C. WYVILLE THOMSON, in his recent work, *The Depths of the Sea*, suggests that the submarine light may, below a certain depth, be afforded to the population by one another, many of them being phosphorescent. If that is so, then these radiant denizens of the deep, which lighten the darkness of Davy Jones's locker, are your true *radiata*; these, look you, zoologists, are your genuine star-fishes.

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

THE Gentleman who resided Over a Week in Bond Street, is now lodgings Over a Wax-chandler's in the same quarter.

A STATUE FOR LOWE.

SHALL our ROBERT have a statue?
If so, we must agree
What the style, cost, and materials
Of that monument should be.
First, the work must please our AYRTON,
So it must not be a job;
Then for cost, we must insist on
Our bob's-worth for our BOB.

For material—precious metals,
Of course we must discard:
E'en true bronze would come expensive,
And AYRTON screweth hard.
And I hardly fancy marble
For such a work would do,
Unless a new cheese-Parian
In Attic quarries grew.

Alabaster, in our climate,
Would hardly last as long
As Bob's fame, in joint-keeping
Of his Budgets, and our song:
Perhaps of all materials,
Brass must fittest be confest—
Not the true *Es Corinthiaca*,
But one mixed of worst and best.

As for style—we must discover
A kind of golden mean,
Where the modern free and easy,
Blent with the old classic 's seen.
But of sentiment, or ideal,
Not a trace the work must show;
AYRTON would hold it wicked
To waste High Art on LOWE.

Then for treatment, some would tell you,
That, considered by the card,
As Bob treats deputations,
It could not be too hard:
Nor could it, if the treatment
Of Bob's statue modelled be,
On the treatment Clerks and Writers
Get from Bob's own Treasurie.

But *Punch*'s pet-designer
Long since the statue planned:
On a basis of old Budgets,
With a save-all in its hand.
In which—for useful purpose—
As utility's the go,
We might candle-ends stick nightily.
And, as street-lamp, light up LOWE!

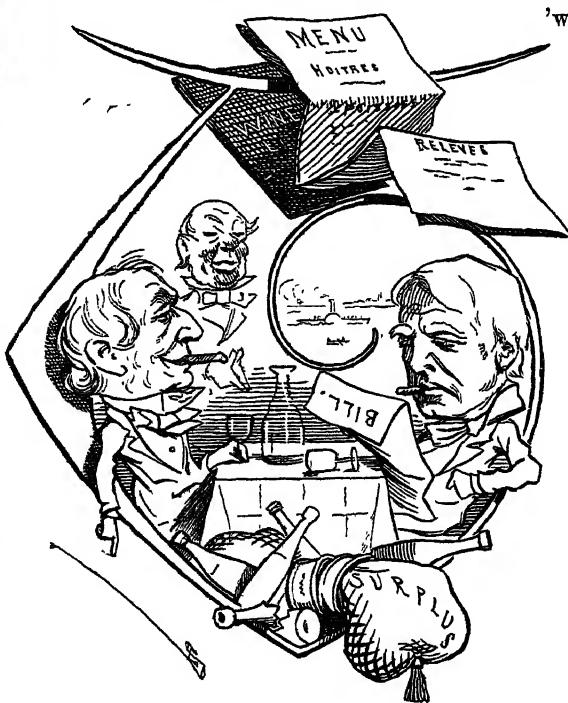
His form must stand defiant,
In act a cheese to pare:
With his sharp, shrewd tongue in action,
And his pen drawn keen and bare.
And every one that sees it
From afar, must cry—“That's LOWE!”

And in his smile sardonic,
Instinctively, read “No.”
If, as usual, on the pedestal,
Four *bas-reliefs* appear,
In one, I'd have LOWE making
Five quarters of a year:
In another, BULL from Income-tax
Respite to ask should go—
“*Bas-relief*” you may call it,
Who ask that boon from LOWE!

In the third, I would show ROBERT
In MAT ARNOLD's mantle dight;
And on it this inscription,
“Sweetness, behold, and Light.”
One hand from sugar taking
Half a farthing in the pound;
One behind, a match-box hiding,
With “*Lucellum ex Luce*” crowned.

In the fourth, I'd have the subject
That this week's Cartoon has hit—
Bob, his “conscience money” dropping
Into JOHN BULL's letter-slit:
With look and gesture, saying,
“This penny back to earn,
Say, Income-tax Assessors,
How oft your screw must turn?”

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MR. GLADSTONE said that the Crown Lawyers saw nothing illegal in the subscription, and therefore that it would not be interfered with. Well, we allowed GARIBALDI to obtain arms and money here in order to place VICTOR EMMANUEL where he now is, and we suppose that the same rule must apply, especially as we do not even recognise the Spanish Republic. But if Spain were not a weak Power, we might hear a little more on this subject.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE was, shall we say, a little explosive?—no, only a little impressive, in his declaration that the Board of Trade had no favouritism which would prevent certain of MR. PLIMSOUL's accusations from being fully investigated.

MR. AYTON made an observation which *Mr. Punch*—not that gentleman's most devoted admirer—records with pleasure. In reference to some Mosaics in the Central Hall, MR. AYTON said that the artist received £150 for his design, while the mere mechanics who carried it out received £500. He did not call this encouragement of Art; and in reference to Frescoes, he had determined not to go on with them, desiring to have works of Art, and not revivals of the works of a semi-barbarous period of decoration. It is clear that the *Ædile* has been thinking over these matters, and that some correct ideas are beginning to dawn on his mind.

In reply to complaint by MR. G. BENTINCK about Counts Out, MR. GLADSTONE said that he was not in the House on the preceding Friday, as he was unable to leave his bed all day. At this the Liberals broke into loud cheering. They reminded *Mr. Punch* of what *Cousin Phoenix* said about the duty, in his days, of cheering whenever MR. PITTS's name was mentioned, and about the House being ready to applaud if a Member had announced that MR. PITTS had tumbled down in a fit in the lobby.

MR. C. BENTINCK mentioned that MR. CHADWICK had Counted Out the House from spite. But he immediately withdrew the un-Parliamentary word, and substituted "Retaliation," which, being a word of six syllables, was of course more soothing to the feelings than a word of one. There is a singularly hidden virtue in polysyllables, and, indeed, in all redundancy of expression. Tell a man that he is a stupid ass, and he does not, as a rule, look much pleased; but tell him that he appears to you to fail in the power of exactitude in appreciating the question at issue, and he smiles, as if you had done him a favour. MR. C. BENTINCK also observed that the Opposition always Counted Out with great judgment, but the Ministerialists did not; a remark not received with unanimous plaudits.

But then, Madam, we got at the Budget for 1873. MR. LOWE did not make a very effective speech. Some said that he was not in good form, having been incensed with his colleagues for not letting him pay off all the *Alabama* money. Be this as it may, he spoke briefly—little over the hour—and was a good deal bothered with his figures. His points were these:—

1. Unexampled prosperity, in spite of Continental troubles, Strikes, a bad Harvest, and High Prices.
2. We have a surplus of £5,895,000.
3. He hoped we should never have to pay another sum of £3,200,000 in gold, by referring questions to arbitration.
4. We shall pay only one half of that sum out of the revenue of the year,

WAS Monday, April 7.—
Master Slender cried "Mum" when the supposed *Mistress Ann Page* was to cry "Budget;" but his experiment was not so successful as to induce the House of Commons to imitate it to-night. Although MR. LOWE was to proclaim Budget, the House was so far from being Mum that it asked two columns of questions before it would allow the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to get at business.

One query was to the point, and it was raised by MR. STAPLETON, who quietly demanded whether (recollecting American unpleasantness) British subjects were not to be prevented from raising money to promote the cause of CHARLES THE SEVENTH in Spain.

- and the rest, without new taxation by Exchequer Bonds, if finances are unlucky.
5. He takes off half the Sugar Duty, after May 8th.
6. He takes One Penny off the Income-tax. Here he probably Winked at his Private Mind, and murmured something about Surcharges, which enable him very well to afford a slight expenditure of Conscience Money. Our Income-tax is now to be Three Pence, which, he added, yields quite as much as when SIR ROBERT PEEL laid it on, at Seven Pence, in 1842.
. He exempts from Taxation Hotel Servants and those "of persons who deal in intoxicating liquors." It must be allowed that the latter have been his generous Benefactors, and from his point of view ought to be rewarded.
. Thus, he reduces the surplus to £291,000.
. During the year he will pay the Americans their Three Millions odd, reduce The Debt by £6,000,000, and relieve taxation by £2,885,000.

There was the usual provisional comment. The Agriculturists complained that nothing was done for them. But, if signs are to be trusted,—

"Yes, honest Farmer, you may trust our rhyme;
Something will follow—at a fitting time."

SIR WILFRID LAWSON made a very fair protest against any rejoicing at our having Drunk ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty. We have done it, though. SIR WALTER SCOTT quotes—

"O the parish, the parish, the parish,
O the parish of bonny Glenfell!
They've hangit the Minister, stickit the Precentor,
Burnt the Church, and drunk the Bell."

He "thinks he should like to have known something of these meritorious people." We have not degenerated.

Warnings were given, from several quarters, against the present system of assessing the Income-tax.

MR. LOWE said that the country was still on the full tide of prosperity.

Resolutions in favour of portions of the scheme were agreed to, and the House rose for the holidays, until the 21st.

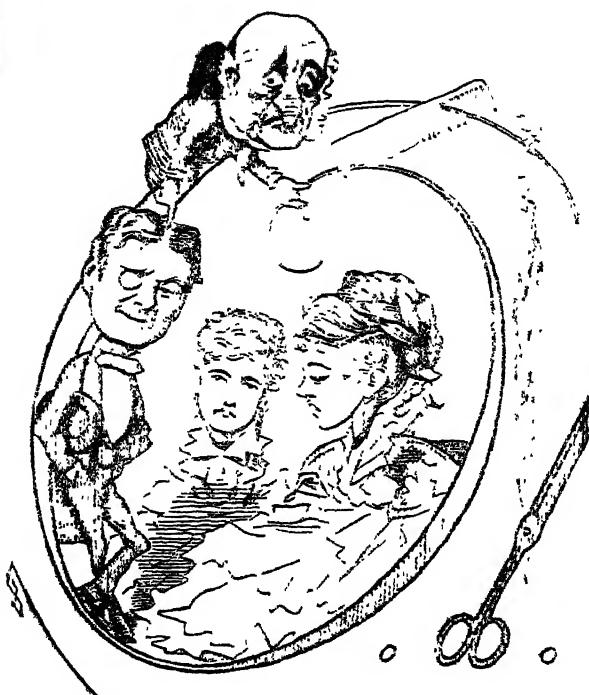
Touching the weather at this season, Madam, *Mr. Punch* would make a Shakspearian remark or two. *Mercutio* accuses *Benvolio* of "falling out with a Tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter." Gentlemen never fall out with tailors, except when they make bad clothes, or want to be paid. But any tailor, or other person, who put on new garments before this present Easter, must have been an idiot. *Pandarus* says that if *Cressida* were not his relative "she would seem as fair to him on Friday as *Helen* on Sunday." All the ladies whom *Mr. Punch* beheld on Good Friday looked pinched and reproachful, thanks to the East Wind, and things were not mended on Easter Sunday. Posterity may like to know that the general condition of the English mind at this period of history was that of unadulterated Sulki-ness—a reflection of the skies.

TEMPLARS GRAND AND PETTY.

A MYSTERIOUS and august transaction was solemnized on the evening of Monday last week at the Freemason's New Hall, in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was no less than the fusion of the English and Irish Orders of the Knights Templar of the most Ancient and Honourable Community of Freemasons. The PRINCE OF WALES, as head of the Order, presided, and the proceedings concluded with a banquet, whereat, of course, the usual loyal toasts were drunk in the usual generous liquors. It is, however, hardly necessary to mention this circumstance for the purpose of preventing any mistake about the fusion of the Knights Templar, which would involve the confusion of that Order with the Association whose Members modestly style themselves Good Templars, for the sake of a distinction which of course they do not mean to be invidious, but perhaps consider to be insufficiently apparent from deportment, language, and costume.

SERVANT MAID'S SONG (*to her Policeman*).—Aria:
"ROBERT, toi que j'aime!"

THE KITCHEN AND THE NURSERY.



like to scrub her kitchen floor. We have now a glut of Governesses and a dearth of Cooks, and we fear there is no likelihood of the former class combining and going out on strike. Yet this would be a strike which we should see with real

pleasure, if it could fairly be maintained to a successful end. Meanwhile, Cooks might be hired more cheaply if there were less demand for them, and this young ladies, in due time, have in their power to decrease. If young ladies would but learn the noble art of cookery, they might yearly save their parents some considerable outgoing, and might, on marriage, spare their husbands the expense of hiring high-priced Cooks. South Kensington is now affording them the means of acquiring the art in question, and Mr. Punch earnestly recommends them to join the Provisional Classes.

A MODERATE MONSTER.

ANARCHY progresses at a quiet pace. At a meeting of delegates representing above a hundred of the London Trades' Societies, held on Wednesday last week, at the Bell, Old Bailey, it was resolved to hold a "Monster Demonstration of the Trades of London, in support of the total repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and to protest against all special legislation for Trades' Unionists, and the application of the law of conspiracy as laid down by JUDGE BAXTER in the recent trial of the gas-stokers." The Trades' Unionists, when they propose to unite in a Monster Demonstration, appear to accept the name of "the Many-headed Monster." The self-styled Monster designs to roar at the Government and Legislature "in Hyde Park, or some other suitable place, on a day to be named." Saint Monday, perhaps, would best suit the Striking Classes, who largely keep that festival.

But your Monster will rear you as gently as any sucking dove. The Striking Men are comparatively reasonable in their demands. Merely to ask for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act is moderate as times go. It is almost a wonder the Monster does not demand the repeal of the Criminal Law altogether, and roar "No Punishment!"

THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

DRESSING in a desperate hurry to dine with most punctual and particular people, mislaying your studs, failing in several attempts at a symmetrical arrangement of your tie, compelled after many postponements to wear your new boots which prove to be tight across the instep, missing the train, and having to wait twelve minutes for another; and at last entering the PUCKERINGS' drawing-room to find everybody assembled, and to be made uncomfortably certain by unmistakeable looks and the immediate announcement of dinner, that it is for you and you alone that host and hostess, guests and cook, have all been impatiently and indignantly waiting.

Being selected to lead into the dining-room MISS CAMILLA BRUMBY, the energetic Secretary of the Female Domination League, who wears spectacles (slightly tinted), and exhibits marked peculiarities in the fashion of her dress and the arrangement of her hair; while EVA TERRINGTON, whose expected presence at the party has been your main inducement to face the fog and the thaw, is conducted by a wealthy and widowed ironmaster to a chair at the extreme end of the table, and on the same side of it as yourself.

Somewhat sated with MISS BRUMBY's views on the struggle between Capital and Labour, and the attitude Russia is assuming in Central Asia, finding, when you turn to the lady on your left, that it is MRS. CYRIL BONCASTLE an enthusiastic admirer of the REV. LOFTUS PALESTORAFT, to whose fantastic proceedings at St. Jerome's you are diametrically opposed.

Sitting next the lady of the house—one in which the dishes are not handed round—and being expected to manage a small turbot for a large party, and afterwards to deal with a popular turkey—your inability to carve even the simplest joint being a matter of ludicrous notoriety in your own domestic circle.

Turning somewhat sharply round when the servant offers you a sweet in the composition of which cream largely predominates, and thereby causing a deposit of the whole contents of the dish in the new blue silk lap of your rather stiff neighbour.

Having directly opposite to you at table the lady who returned all your letters and presents last winter, and whom you have not met since that well-remembered day, when she suggested that it would be better for you not to come again to Upper Cheveley Street.

Dining with the PINCHAMS, and, in ignorance or forgetfulness of the established fact that the quality of their wines is more than doubtful, going through a course of experimental chemistry with their sherry, hock, champagne, and claret, in a fruitless search for some liquid which will not embitter your to-morrow.

Dining in company with your doctor, who has lately put you on a

strict regimen, and knowing that there is hardly a thing on the table which he has not forbidden you to touch.

Being a highly nervous man, and choking, or having to talk to a deaf stranger, or becoming aware that your artificial teeth are every instant growing more and more insecure.

Being the only man of the party who does not hunt, and having to listen, after dinner, when the ladies are gone, to narratives of capital days with the South Yorkshire or M.E. WENTWORTH GAMSTON'S Hounds, particularly on that memorable occasion when they found in Toddington Gorse, and, after a splendid run of an hour and forty-five minutes, killed in LORD SAXONDALE's shrubberies.

Going up into the drawing-room, and being induced to take a hand at whist, when you are conscious that you are a most indifferent player, and never remember what cards are out after the first two rounds. Finding that your partner is a lady who knows the game almost as well as CAVENDISH himself, but has all her *finesse* spoiled by your blunders; while your opponents—one of them a man you have not spoken to for years—are both accomplished performers, and win every rubber, and all your, and, what is far worse, all MISS PENDLEHAM's silver.

Turning the corner of your street, and seeing a fire-engine and a mob in the middle of the road, and discovering, after a brief interval of suspense, that the engine and the mob are before your own door, and that it is your own kitchen chimney which is throwing out soot and sparks at 5:45 P.M.—eight persons, including a newly-married couple, being expected to dinner at 6:30.

Inviting several friends to come and help you to eat a haunch of venison which LORD DARTMOOR has been good enough to send you; and being informed by your cook, on the morning of the day appointed for the feast, that the venison is not fit to appear at table.

Having made your adieux to your host and hostess, to be told by the servant in the hall that it is a pouring wet night, and that there is not a cab to be got anywhere. Walking home in the rain, and discovering, when you reach your lodgings, that you have forgotten your latch-key, and standing for ten minutes on the door-step, until the domestic can be roused to let you in.

Derangement of the digestive organs.

Patients and Pay.

"PREVENTION," said a Sanitary Reformer, "is better than cure." The Medical Man to whom this observation was addressed, smiled, and replied, "That may be all very true in theory, but the reverse is what we always find to be the case in Practice."



RATIOCINATION.

"MAMMA! DON'T FORGET TO ASK PAPA ABOUT GOING TO BRIGHTON FOR A FORTNIGHT!"
 "HUSH, DEAR! I'M AFRAID IT WON'T DO! YOU KNOW HOW DREADFULLY THE SEA-SIDE UPSETS PAPA FOR THE FIRST WEEK ALWAYS!"
 "YES; BUT PAPA NEEDN'T COME DOWN TILL THE SECOND WEEK, YOU KNOW!"

BIG WORK AND LITTLE.

(*Mr. Punch's Last Treasury Minute.*)

A NASMYTH'S steam-hammer serves equally well
 To weld a great anchor, or crack a nut's shell;
 And the Elephant's trunk the same credit will win,
 Set to pull up an oak, or to pick up a pin.
 But whatever the work by our Treasury done,
 Of such double duties, it aims but at one:
 It fulfils its small function, to pare and to pinch,
 See each candle burnt out to its uttermost inch;
 See each cheese to its horniest bottom pared down,
 And no service so close-shaved as that of the Crown.
 But to show BULL the way hard-earned millions to spare,
 To see that the national books are kept square,
 On Treasury hammer and trunk never call,
 Or you'll find that their worth is—just nothing at all!

For the more penny-wisdom our Treasury shows,
 On a scale more superb its pound-foolishness grows;
 And the closer its grip of the coppers, we see,
 The gold through its fingers run all the more free.
 On a penny unvouch'd in its audit 'tis down,
 But out of eight thousand* lets BULL be done brown;
 On the waste of red tape strictest checks 'twill impose,
 But seen hundreds of thousands ta'en under its nose;
 Of assize prosecutions it cuts down the cost,
 That rogues may go free, and Crown-verdicts be lost:
 To big jobs opes the door, knocking small on the head;
 And one sincere lops, to make two in its stead;
 Cool Treasury trunk! It can pick up our pins—
 But for rending our oaks, ask when that work begins—
 And the Treasury, invited to blush, only grins!

* See the case of the £8000 deficit in the Science and Art Department.

+ See the case now pending of unauthorized appropriations of upwards of £700,000, by the Post-Office, for purchase and extension.

THE PEOPLE AT PENANCE.

EXCEPTION has been taken by thoughtful Churchmen to the enjoyment of Good Friday by the Masses as a holiday, instead of its proper observance as a fast. This fault, however, is not found with the People by any one who has ever mingled with them on that anniversary at any place of public amusement or recreation open to them. They resort to every such place, the Crystal Palace for example, in their thousands, and so many thousands that they crowd it almost to suffocation, and quite to such an extent as to render one another, as well as everybody else, extremely uncomfortable. Thus, in effect, they observe Good Friday, practically, as a day of real penance; and the truth is that they are chargeable with uncanonical behaviour only in making Easter Monday, and Whit Monday, days of the same penitential endurance too. What austerities can equal the mutual punishment which, on those two days, the People are accustomed to undergo of their own accord, jammed together, pushing, squeezing, jostling each other, and treading on each other's toes, whilst utterly incapacitated from enjoying anything they see at the British Museum and National Gallery?

Faustus Emendatus.

Margaret (with daisy in her hand, to FAUST).
 Let me alone. (*Picks off petals one by one.*)

Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, ploughboy, thief.
 There!

[*Exit FAUST, disgusted.*

HERALDRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE now general adoption of Armorial Bearings promises to give rise to an agitation against the existing duty thereon. A cry about to be raised in concert with that of "A Free Breakfast Table!" will perhaps be "A Free Scutcheon!"



CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"ACKNOWLEDGMENT REQUESTED IN THE TIMES."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

All among the Minerals—a Word on Vegetables—Hints and Suggestions for a new Guide to the British Museum, adapted to the meanest capacity.



CHEASING the Vegetables (Botanical Department) for another time, when Asparagus shall be cheaper and better, I made for the Minerals.

One word on Asparagus. Imagine what must have been the primitive Gigantic Asparagus of the Great Antediluvian Pantomimic Period! Asparagus grew, then, in forests. The song would have been—

Woodman, spare that Asparagus!
Touch not its blooming top.
Protect it from the sparrow, 'Gus,
Until we've got a crop.

"'Gus,'" in the third line is supposed to be the Woodman's name. *Figures vous* the Asparagus grown to fit the mouth of the single-eyed Polyphemus! But to proceed.

It is a little startling to a Representative Person of nervous temperament to find oneself suddenly among the "Arsenic Group," a term that might be applied, with much propriety, to two or three groups of figures in MADAME TUSSAUD's Chamber of Horrors. But here it is a harmless party under a glass case, which you would pass without noticing but for the appalling name in the catalogue.

My attention was attracted by the specimens of the Rhombohedral, and the Oblique or Clinorhombic Systems—the latter sounding like one of Touchstone's divisions of lying. The Oblique or Clinorhombic System is one, alas! in favour with many who might be put under glass cases and labelled as fossilised Humbugs of the nineteenth century. But this is to be moral not mineral, so, as the Showman says, "On we goes again," using our pocket-handkerchiefs, and not breathing on the glass cases.

The ninth case brought me to a standstill, for I had been wandering. But now, as the poet says,

"I ceased to wander,
And began to ponder."

on the marvellous Minerals under my very nose—beneath my very eyes. Description fails me: the Catalogue comes to my aid:—

"Case 9.—*Molybdenite* (MoS_2) and *Realgar* (As_2S_3) are severally bismuth and arsenic disulphides; the former is a rhombohedral, the latter an oblique Mineral."

To all friends from the country seeing the sights of Lunnon the above will be a piece of really useful information.

Then follows a charmingly picturesque bit—"Here is included *Lawrite*, the rare ruthenium sulphide."

It sounds like a character in a Fairy Ballet, as, indeed, do almost all the names. They would come in admirably in a Mineral Kingdom Scene.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Molybdenite (A Lovely Creature) M'DLE. FANDANGO.

Realgar (Her Lover: a troubadour) . . . M. TIPTOE.

Lawrite (The Rare Ruthenium Sylphide). M'DLE. HENRIETTA D'OR.

There you have it, or rather there I have it all before me. And the specimens of *Pronsite* and *Pyragyrite* (with Pyragyrations) should be the Sprites and Tumblers of the entertainment.

I recognise, however, the truth of what I have said before; namely,

that this is not the spirit wherein to visit the British Museum. Let us be serious. Lead on, I follow, with further suggestions for a new Guide to the Collections.

Division III. Cases 13, 14, Sect. i. This looks like a reference to a book of Legal Precedents. It isn't. It is simply to draw the visitors' attention to "Compounds of the Halogen Elements."

"The Salts in this division are represented," the book informs me, "by certain fluorides."

On inspection I found the salts to be genuine Old Salts. I shouldn't like to call an Old Salt a Double Fluoride. Let somebody else try it first and report progress. It can be attempted on the beach at Brighton.

In Case 18 (i) will be seen the "Spinel Group," which, from the name, one would have thought represented the backbone of the collection. Considered from this point of view it is weak.

Case 20. The Tin Stone. Most interesting, if you can find it. I couldn't. I contented myself with the information, in the Guide Book, that "*Its pellucid varieties are gems*," and that "*the Dull green is the Jargoon*," whereon my friend WAGG remarked that the Jargon was uncommonly dull.

Case 21. In the same series is the Rutile. As this mineral is of no great use to anybody in its present form, it doesn't combine the *Rutile* with the *Dulce*. To which joke of WAGG's Mr. TOOLE, in *Don Giovanni* might say, "Pah!" Apropos of *Don G.*, I recommend any one scientifically interested in the Terpsichorean Art to go and see the Dancing Quakers. To enjoy this thoroughly a happy day should have been spent at the British Museum.

In the *Fourth Division*—this sounds like a military variety, but, again, it isn't—Walk up, walk up, and see *The Dolomite* and *The Ankerite!* The latter being a sort of Mineral Hermit without any legs.

The Female Minerals are represented by the Silicates. Here I made a discovery of the greatest interest to all admirers of the works of MR. WILKIE COLLINS. In Case 46 (i)—and I give the direction clearly in case you should otherwise miss it—I came upon "*The Moonstone*." I cannot say I was surprised to find this among the Minerals, as I had always ranked MR. COLLINS'S novels among the gems. *Suivez moi, s. v. p.* Here is "*Gypsum*." It is a Cambridge Mineral. The name is composed of two words, *Gyp*, "a server," and *sum*, "I am." The meaning being, I am a useful mineral.

Case 57.—Here you will find, if no one has removed it since I was there, and I didn't, the Haidingirite, the Erinite, the Uranite, the Antunite, the Leadhillite, and the Lagulite. And, strange to say, at my elbow, looking into the case, was an unmistakable specimen of the Israelite. He was humming, nasally, the air of MR. FREDERICK CLAY'S popular song, *Nobody's Nose like my Nose*.

In the same case were "*splendid Specimens of Apatite*." This settled me. It was one o'clock, and I had long felt a craving. So I determined upon taking "a splendid specimen" of *my Appetite* to a neighbouring Restaurant's.

Happening at this moment to refer to the Catalogue, I found that the Guide to the Mineral Department was signed by MR. MASKELYNE.

It now occurred to me (memory being roused into action by the aforesaid splendid Appetite) that I had long promised myself a visit to MESSRS. MASKELYNE & COOK (and, were the latter a woman-cook, their entertainment might be called Maskelyne and Feminine), at St. James's Hall. Thither I repaired, and refreshed exhausted nature. Then I went to see how MESSRS. MASKELYNE & COOK do all the Spiritualist tricks without any of the charlatan humbug. The Cabinet and Box are very clever, and defy every ordinary eye. Neither of mine is an ordinary eye, and I should like (or rather I shouldn't) to hear anybody say that "black's the white of it" (N.B. This was a *mot* of other days), but my eyes were defied, and I retired with some dignity. After all, Sir, who wants to know how things are done? Life's too short for Inquisitiveness, a fact I could wish you, Sir, to bear in mind, when you put queries to your Representative as to his next intentions.

This digression took me far away from the Fossils, to which I am obliged, contrary to my intention, but in chivalrous fulfilment of my promise, to return in my next. As before, so now,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Harmony in the Church.

The arrival of a new Curate is always an interesting event in the Annals of a Parish, and to the ladies of his congregation it can never be a matter of indifference whether he is married or single, and likely to be an agreeable acquisition to Society. But it is seldom that a parish is so exceptionally favoured as one in the immediate neighbourhood of London, which has just secured the services of a reverend gentleman, who is described as a "musical bachelor." Of the popularity of this new Curate with a large and interesting section of his flock, no one, with any experience of Scenes of Clerical Life, can have the slightest doubt.



THE NEXT ELECTION.

Ethel. "PAPA, YOU MUST VOTE FOR MR. MUNTEBANK, OR WE SHALL NOT GET INVITATIONS TO THE BALLS AT LORD HIGHROPE'S, HIS UNCLE, YOU KNOW!"

POETRY AND PROSPECTUS.

MR. MILTON had an ear for sonorous names. He was the author of certain lines which will be recollected by most of our young men and girls who mingle in dances and pic-nics:—

" And all who since, baptised or infidel,
Josted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Danasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond."

MR. PILGARLIC has received the Prospectus of a Joint Stock Company, containing in each of the subjoined paragraphs a string of names which may be contrasted with the above in *Paradise Lost*, as being, if perhaps as imposing as those, not quite so euphonious:—

" This Company has been established for the purpose of developing, under improved management, the valuable Nicolajevski Colliery, close to the Grushevka Station of the Voronezh-Rostoff Railway, and also for acquiring and working 12 other mining areas, situate at Vladimersky, near the Sulin Station on the same Railway, which passes through the property."

" Both properties are in direct communication by Railway with Moscow, Riasan, Tamboff, Saratoff, Voronezh, and Rostoff, and the principal ports of the Sea of Azoff and the Black Sea, namely, Taganrog, Sebastopol, and Odessa; also by the River Don and the Volga-Don Railway with the River Volga and the Caspian Sea."

The names of places above enumerated certainly seem to MR. PILGARLIC somewhat more to the purpose than those of Noblemen, and other ornamental persons, which sometimes figure on lists of Directors. Be that as it may, the foregoing prosaic parallel to MILTON's poetry is but one out of innumerable communications of the same kind for which MR. PILGARLIC is indebted to unknown friends, who can possess no more information respecting him than what they may have gleaned from a professional Directory. Thence, probably, they have surmised that he may, in the course of years, have amassed some small savings, which he would be glad to invest so as to secure the highest possible interest for their amount. He has no particular reason for doubting that the advertisers offer him "a sweet boon." But before MR. PILGARLIC could invest even the smallest sum at his command in any speculation whatsoever, he

would require to know all about it. This condition cannot exist. He can, therefore, in any case, only gaze with smiling admiration on the nicely ruled spaces of the form of application for shares, so conveniently arranged by his kind benefactors that would be, to facilitate that petition, which he is invited to fill up and sign. He begs to thank them all for keeping him in waste paper, and thus supplying his Vestal with the means of lighting the fire, and himself with those of igniting his tobacco, &c. But he has to complain that some of the prospectus-paper does not burn long enough, and to suggest that it should be a little thicker. Companies generally are requested to notice this intimation.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE SADDLE.

THE successful attempt which has been lately made at Astley's (with the reverence of our youth we stick to the old name), to place a "page of English history" on the boards and in the sawdust, has set us thinking of the pages and more exalted personages that might be similarly treated by our clever hippodramatists. How easy it would be, for instance, to set SHAKSPEARE in the saddle, and adapt his plays to the Astleian pomp and circumstance. Good Mr. and Mrs. Page, and Robin, *Falstaff's* "skirted page," occur to us at once among the pages to be mounted; and if Sir John himself were to appear on horseback, half the town would flock to see him in his acts of equitation.

Since the Battle of Bridgnorth has proved a great attraction, why should not the Battle, say, of Shrewsbury, be shown in a like manner? *Falstaff's* ragged troop might be mounted upon screws to make them look more comical, and the fight between the Prince and Hotspur would be sure to bring the house down, if it were fought on horseback. Indeed the play of *Henry the Fourth* abounds with points for hippodramatists. For instance, take the famous passage describing how young Harry, with his beaver up, vaulted to his seat like feathered Mercury,

" To witch the world with noble horsemanship."

See what a splendid opportunity this gives for what the playbills



A VOCATION.

"WELL, MY FINE FELOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YO'U?"

"O, SIR, PLEASE, SIR, I'M A MODEL, SIR! YOR COULD GIVE ME A SITT'N, SIR!"

"GIVE YOU A SITTING! H'm! HAH! HAVE YOU GOT A GOOD CHEST AND ARMS?"

"O, SIR! PLEASE, SIR! I DON'T SIT FOR THE FIGGER, SIR! ONLY THE FACE AN' ED, SIR!"

call a rapid transformation act. You can imagine the Prince turning a few summersaults to show his skill in vaulting, and then throwing off his armour and appearing dressed as Mercury, and finally performing on his fiery untamed Pegasus a rapid act of horsemanship, in a brilliant suit of spangles.

There are many other scenes in the historic plays of SHAKESPEARE which are peculiarly adapted to the saddle and the sawdust. Of course in hippodramas much depends upon the mounting, still the audience at times condescends to hear the speeches, and SHAKESPEARE's noble language would have at least the charm of novelty to ears which are accustomed to the words of equine writers. *Richard the Third* is full of points, in word as well as action, that would be sure to tell at Astley's. The *Duke of Norfolk*, to begin with, might be costumed as a jockey, to give a new point to the couplet:—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

Then *King Richard* might on horseback perform prodigies of valour, and his charger being visibly slain upon the stage, and not behind the scenes, as formerly, his scream—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

would be much heightened in effect, and would certainly evoke the plaudits of the gallery.

So too the ghost-scene might be made immensely more appalling, if the ghosts were to appear all mounted upon nightmares. Indeed we see no reason why *King Richard* in his sleep should not perform a rapid act of riding on four fiery bare-backed steeds, to which, when he shouts out "Give me another horse!" a fifth might be led in with an effect quite overpowering.

AN UNWORTHY MEMBER.

THE Law admits of no excuse
For theft. Of dying for a meal,
Prisoner, thy plea is of no use
If thou stretch forth thy hand and steal.

Six months of gaol, with labour hard,
Thy sentence is—could not be less.
Of course the Barrister's disbarred
Who stole a book from sheer distress.

For so revolted are the Just
By such an act of sin and shame,
A brotherhood of honour must
Strike from its roll thy tarnished name.

Thou art a wretch unfit to wear
The Robe unsullied as 'tis long,
Or don the Wig of equine hair,
Which ne'er capped advocate of wrong.

O yes, unmeet art thou to plead
The widow's cause, and spinster's too,
For breach of promise being fee'd
The victim she hath missed to sue!

'Tis not for one like thee impure
To vindicate his fellow-man,
And heavy damages procure
The justly labelled charlatan.

Thou stoldest a book for lack of bread.
Six months in Bridewell are for thee.
If thou in malice hadst, instead,
Knocked out some teeth, there were but three.

A Plea for Old Tom.

THE population of London amounts to four millions. They are continually adding to their number. Accordingly, the Metropolis keeps on extending itself, and bricks and mortar encroach daily on and abolish the beauty of the environs of London. Can nothing be done to arrest this spreading evil? To limit the expansion of London in these days by law nobody would propose, for fear of the Masses; but they would probably have no objection to a measure for cheapening gin. It is said that gin stops children's growth. Would not a sufficiently plentiful supply of it check that of London?

WOMEN'S RITES OF OLD.—The Mysteries of Ceres.

POETRY AND PROPER NAMES.

(*The former assisting you to pronounce the latter.*)

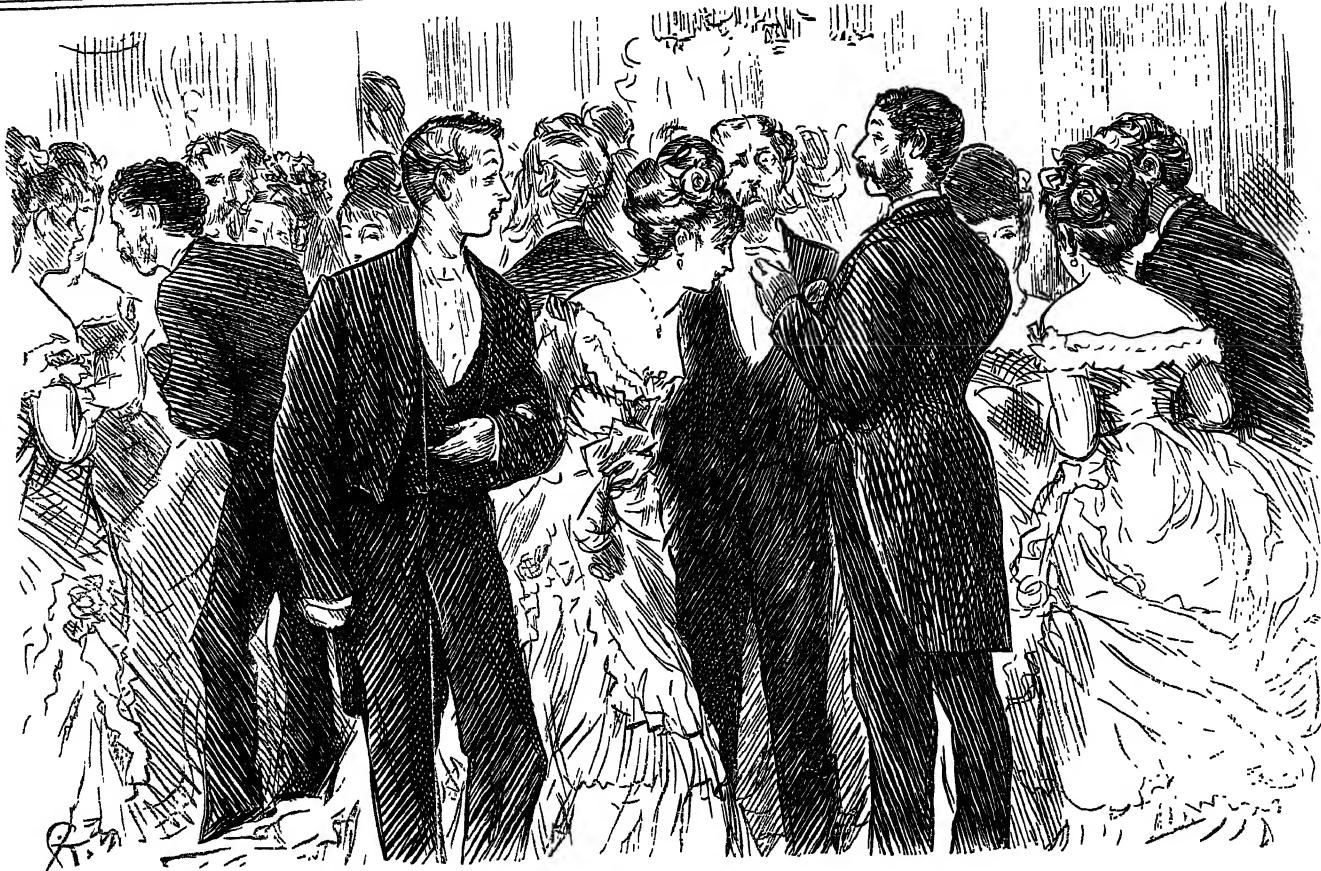
THERE dwelt an old cobbler at Bromley,
And he had a daughter so comely,
That, though he was poor,
And SNOOKS for name bore,
That name she relinquished for CHOLMONDELEY.

A small barber shaved for a penny;
His shop was the pride of Kilkenny.
He hung out his pole
Along with a scroll,
Whereon was inscribed ABERGAVENNY.

A school was for boys kept at E'sham,
By one who knew not how to teach 'em;
Yet his line he could trace
To a generous race.
This poor pedagogue called himself BEAUCHAMP.

There is choice of a great many large banks,
For those with their money who charge banks.
And one I would trust
With the whole of my "dust,"
Need I say, it is yours MESSRS. MARJORIBANKS.

A soldier may genius or dunce be;
But either can stain only once be.
As one was whose name
Is worthy of fame;
That hero of Waterloo, PONSONBY.



A "QUICK RETURN."

Captain Botteswell (speaking of his Host's Daughter, who has been pressing the Gentlemen to select Partners). "HERE COMES THE LITTLE WHIPPER-IN!"
Daughter (who has overheard the remark—with a curtsey). "To HER MAJESTY'S HOUNDS!!!"

VICE ITS OWN PENALTY.

To the Ministerial Budget of this year the *Times* objects that:—

"One half only of the Alabama Indemnity is to be charged on the revenue of the coming year, the other half being met by a draught on the Bank of Hope."

If the Bank of Hope were an institution homogeneous with the Band, the draught would be very much less likely than it now is to be honoured. At present one draught seems to meet another. The Band of Hope youth contribute little to the revenue; but that's no marvel, they drink no wine, neither do they consume any other excisable liquors. But we (the People, or Working Classes) are truly said to have drunk ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty. This is sad, to be sure. It would be comparatively jolly if the amount had all to be extorted from the Small Involuntarily-Taxed instead of having been contributed by the Great Self-Taxed. It would then have been paid in sober sadness—by a minority. Still, unless the former are absolutely to pay for everybody, a taxed tap will remain the only possible condition of a free breakfast-table. "What you want in meat, we'll have in drink," as *Bardolph* says. So may the spontaneous tax-payers say to the others; but the latter would be even worse off for meat than they are now if the former had raised the prices of all provisions to a yet higher point than they actually have, by spending less of the excess of their high wages in gorge and more in guzzle. Moreover, of gin and other "intoxicating liquors," at least, *pecunia non olet*. And, after all, the surplus derived from the Excise is the Tribute which the Vice of Tippling pays to the Virtue of Total Abstinence. Need Virtue be so very indignant at the oblation?

NO BULL.

If a person has, by the negligence or default of a Railway Company, sustained incurable injuries, can he recover? No doubt of it; and, sure, the law in this point, if it does not, ought, by all means, to extend to Ireland.

PETROLEUM AND PIETY.

A TELEGRAM from Perpignan the other day announced that the Carlists were threatening to use petroleum for the purpose of burning down houses whose inhabitants refused to pay the contributions demanded of them: Several other messages had previously been telegraphed to the effect that petroleum had been, or been threatened to be, employed by the Carlists as an incendiary agent on behalf of Legitimacy and Divine Right. Petroleum is a substance so like pitch that one wonders that the saying that none can touch it without being defiled, particularly those who employ it in arson, after the manner of the Communists and Red Republicans, has not occurred to such loyal and religious enthusiasts as the Carlists. An advertisement, soliciting subscriptions in aid of those insurgents, has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. The *Gazette*, truly, is a credit to the diocese so called. Are the faithful who call it a diocese authorised, if they please, to contribute money wherewithal Carlist incendiaries may purchase petroleum?

Non Carcere Duro.

FROM Rome, a few days ago, there arrived the comparatively welcome intelligence that:—

"The physicians attending the Pope have momentarily forbidden his Holiness to leave his apartments, merely for the sake of additional precaution."

Everybody, MR. WHALLEY not excepted, will be relieved by the assurance that the Prisoner of the Vatican is but confined to his room, and that by the sentence of his physicians only, who have given him no more than a moment's imprisonment. We trust that, by this time, the venerable Pontiff and Prisoner is out again.

FIZZICAL WEAKNESS.—Love of Champagne.

IRISH JURIES.

(From the Dublin *Democrate*.)

own way. A deeply injured man, who had been tyrannically pestered for rent, though he had several times made small payments on account, and whose nature was at last aroused to indignation, knocked the collector into a ditch, and set dogs upon him. The Jury found him "Not guilty," and most logically, for he was indeed not guilty of betraying the cause of his beloved Ireland. Another patriot who had protested, through the mouth of a blunderbus, against a notice to quit the sacred soil on which he had been reared, was found guilty of trespass, for he had trespassed against arbitrary law, but he was cordially recommended to mercy and reward. In some instances where duty to Ireland is not concerned, Juries have used their own common sense, regardless of a scowling Judge and a sneering Counsel. A man who was indicted for setting a friend's house on fire was convicted of petty larceny, and another who had poisoned his neighbour's cows was found guilty of burglary; while a third, who had blown up a mill, was acquitted, on the ground that several of his relatives had been sent to penal servitude, and that the law ought not to be hard on an afflicted family. It may be considered, by the cold-blooded, matter of regret that our Juries, when locked up, have frequently engaged in personal conflict; but we would rather that the noble Irish nature thus found vent for excitement than that men should sit calmly weighing probabilities, and comparing testimonies, while a fellow-creature stands trembling and shuddering in the accursed dock. At present, cases in which accounts and pecuniary matters are at issue, are the chief stumbling-block, and we are aware that what would be called "business" by the callous London citizen or the selfish Scotch merchant is not thoroughly understood, or, rather, is thoroughly ignored by the Irish Juror, who recognises a higher law than that of COCKER, and in his simple, pious, Catholic way, strives to equalise the advantages of suitors, and deprives the rich man of his gains, only that the poor man may be more content with his lot. This is natural justice, and long may it be administered by the brave Irish Juror, in defiance of impious Saxon cant.

A Second Donation.

It is announced that the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers have granted fifty guineas towards the building of a chapel for the patients of the Royal National Consumption Cottage Hospital at Ventnor. This is a new obligation which the Fishmongers have now conferred on those invalids. The Consumptive had already to thank the Fishmongers for Cod's-liver Oil.

Natural Feeling.

HA! "Friends will please accept this intimation."
Well; there are friends and friends. If any such
Look to have leavings from a lost relation,
They'll all please to accept it very much.

MORE LADIES IN THE CASE.

OUR old friend "Wheal Mary Anne" has found companions at last. Among the Companies lately registered is one with the sweet name of the "Catherine and Jane Lead Mining."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

(i propos of the Newcastle Co-operative Congress.)

CO-OPERATE—co-operate—co-operate, n' libitum.
Mountains may grow of little hills—one great of many small!
Workers are winners ever: they are idiots who'd prohibit 'em
From the long pull, and the strong pull, and the pull of one
and all.

Yes: the working-arm's the lever—with that, like Archimedes,
We've power to move the great round Globe, a larger Loggan
stone:
But a "*pou sū*" to begin with, a fulcrum our first need is,
And Labour without Capital's an arm without the bone.

That war-cry—"Down with Capital!"—is that the voice of
Labour?

"Not such a fool!" says Labour. "I need tools as well as hands.
If instead these tools of owning, I've to hire them of my neighbour,
Labour is but the Private—Captain Capital commands!

"But if Labour save and spare, and lump his littles to a mickle,
Grow his own plant, find his own tools, materials, machines,
Money may be as tight as wax, the market may be fickle,
Labour is lord of his own ends, once he has made his means.

"Why? Not because he's managed to do away with Capital,
But because he's wisely taken his own Capital to raise.
For Capital and Labour's bond is flesh and blood: once snap it all,
You'll find one life runs in his veins, who's paid, and his who
pays.

"Yes, Capital and Labour are the Chang and Eng of nature:
The Siam twins—united in birth, and growth, and death:
They wax and wane together: one in health, and strength, and
stature;
One blood in heart, one life in brain, in lungs one common breath.

"Through clash of Mischief's cymbals, noise of Folly's pipe and
tabor,
Let Common Sense her still small voice wide as the world make
heard—
Capital still is Capital, and Labour still is Labour:
United, the earth's shaping power: apart, an empty word!"

Co-operation the world's rule is now, and has been ever:
All things still work together, to fulfil God's heavenly law;
If Labour be the brick that builds our pyramid, once sever
Labour from Capital—what is't? A brick without the straw.

Whoever be your Moses, and where'er your land of Goshen,
One thing is as transparent as the daylight that you see,
That he of "Down with Capital!" who introduced the notion,
Sets you to make bricks without straw, and must your Pharaoh
be.

HOP MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN Hops.—La Polka not in great demand. La Valse exported in quantities. Fandango, Bolero, &c.

The only English Hop is Sir Roger de Coverley.
Quotations from the Hop Market.—"I suppose you've not been to many dances as yet?" "No, not many." "Do you think the season will be very gay?" "Yes." "I hear the SHAH OF PERSIA doesn't dance." "Really! But he'll go out everywhere?" "O, yes." "Who is the SHAH OF PERSIA?" "Ah!" "What a strange head-dress that Lady has on!" "Hasn't she! I told her so." "You know her, then?" "A little. It's my wife." "How absurdly LADY XMINSTER is painted!" "Yes. And look how Miss WYE is powdered! I wonder her mother permits it." "LADY WYE, like CROMWELL, puts her trust in powder. Everyone thought her daughter would have gone off last season." "May I offer you some—" &c., &c.

Social Distinction.

THERE are people in the world who esteem it so extremely vulgar to express emotion, that, if an earthquake were reported to have happened in their neighbourhood, they would consider it a proof of their good breeding not to have been moved by it.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.

The Preceptor of MASTER HARVEY asked that young gentleman what were round numbers. HARVEY, with characteristic sauce, replied, "Noughts."



"A SOUSED CHILD DREADS WATER."

"NOW, MISSY, YOU'VE SEEN ME SHAVE, SO YOU MUST JUST SKEDADDLE, PLEASE, AS I'M GOING TO TAKE MY BATH."

"I WON'T TELL IF YOU DON'T TAKE IT, UNCLE ROWLAND. LET ME STAY, PLEASE."

"WON'T TELL? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISSY?"

"WHY, NOBODY WOULDN'T GO INTO COLD WATER, UNCLE, IF THEY WASN'T MADE TO, I SUPPOSE. NOBODY DON'T MAKE YOU, DO THEY?"

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.

"THE most enjoyable number was the symphony," writes a musical critic in a notice of a Concert. This word "enjoyable" is one of those novel expressions that have of late been intruded into the English of the Press and the Platform. Enjoyable, that which may be enjoyed; analogy defines it, for the word is not in Johnson. In the foregoing connection it means most productive of enjoyment. The symphony, described as having been enjoyable when it was played, would have been equally enjoyable if it had been murdered, or never been played at all. It would have been enjoyable—that is, capable of being enjoyed—whether it was actually enjoyed or not. To say that a composition, performed at a Concert, was enjoyable, is either to represent that it was capable of being enjoyed by a lover of music, or else to suggest that it might have been enjoyed if it had been properly performed, or could have been heard. A dinner is eatable, and likewise enjoyable, but in being eaten it, if enjoyed, is more than enjoyable. This word "enjoyable" sounds like an importation from the United States. Though not so base a coin as "reliable," it is still not sterling, and has the ring of a dollar.

No Ear.

IF SHAKESPEARE's advice were generally acted upon, those of us who are so unfortunate as to have no taste either for opera or oratorio might find it difficult to get credit even for the commonest necessities of life, for—speaking of "the man that hath no music in himself"—does he not recommend, "Let no such man be trusted?"

A PHARMACEUTICAL QUESTION.—What medicinal substances are derived from Purgatory? Not any of those, my Lady, that your Ladyship would probably name. No, M'm. Rectified Spirits, M'm.

THE GOOD TIME COME.

SAIN'T GEORGE for Merry England!

For, as in days of yore,
This English land is merry now,
And shall be evermore.

What, have we not, at Eastertide,
Burlesques and brave buffoons;
And for Christmas goodly pantomimes,
And clowns, and pantaloons?

Saint George for Merry England!
Is there no bitter ale,

That smacks like infusion of gentian;
And might serve should quassia fail?
And are there no teetotallers,
That meet and make good cheer,
Whereas they drain the dish of tea,
And quaff the ginger beer?

Saint George for Merry England!
And a Liquor Law eftsoons.
Our taverns are already closed
On Sunday afternoons.
Policemen watch our hostellries,
Or enter in disguise.
Here's a health to your informers, all!
A benison on your spies!

Saint George for Merry England!
And the huckster's Calf of Gold,
And them thereto that sacrifice
The memories of old;
Them that, of late, at Surbiton,
The Thames' dead wall did plan:
And them that will Northumberland House
Demolish if they can.

Saint George for Merry England!
And the Lords of Manors good,
All who, by Act of Parliament,
Enclose the merry greenwood;
And most of all the Ministers
Who, an they might, would sell
Each rood of Royal forest land,
The revenue so to swell.

Saint George for Merry England!
And the chimneys tall and fair,
With factory-smoke that drape the sky,
And with incense load the air;
For increasing population,
And the ceaseless growth of towns:
O'erspreading woodlands, hills, and dales,
And meadows, fields, and downs.

Saint George for Merry England!
And the British Working-men,
Who, banded in Trades' Unions,
Still strike and strike again!
While the means of life keep rising
From day to day more high;
And much privation is the fact:
Prosperity all the cry.

Saint George for Merry England!
And the rare old English beef,
And the butchers and the coalowners.
May they never come to grief!
What matter if flesh and fuel both
To such a price have got,
Poor gentlefolk may not roast the joint;
Can hardly boil the pot?

Saint George for Merry England.
And the Masses all tax-free,
Unless they please to tax themselves,
As taxed they choose to be.
For their excess of wages
In drink excised they spend.

Would ye pay a threefold Income-tax
Their ways to make them mend?

Saint George for Merry England!
The Commons, Lords, and Crown;
The British Constitution,
Which BEN turned upside down;

For Hyde Park Monster Meetings,
Held under ODGER's thumb:
For the "good time coming" of the song,
Which is now the good time come!



THE SUGAR DUTIES.

Lady Customer (with her Grocer's book). "YOU KNOW, MR. SWEEPINS, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER TAKES OFF HALF THE SUGAR DUTY."

Grocer. "YES, 'M, HE DOES; AND YOU WILL SEE THAT WE HAVE NOT YET CHARGED YOU ANYTHING EXTRA IN CONSEQUENCE!!"

SIGHTS WHICH WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE..

The sight of a large coal-wagon unloading at our door, at the cost of a kind friend who wished to show us his affection.

The sight of a statue put up by public subscription, and proving not to be an eyesore to the public.

The sight of a wholesome honest Union of Workmen for putting down the hireling agitators who live by causing Strikes.

The sight of London macadamised, or else paved throughout with asphalt.

The sight of a whole column of theatrical advertisements without one single puff in it.

The sight of a four-wheeled cab which neither jolts, nor rattles, nor smells horribly of smoke.

The sight of Leicester Square improved, as it well might be, and would soon be, if in Paris.

The sight of our brand-new silk umbrella which was taken by mistake (of course) for a very old alpaca one we found left in exchange for it.

The sight of a pew-door in a convenient position, opened for us gratis when we desire to listen to a fashionable preacher.

The sight of the menu of an English public dinner, where French intelligence is shown in both the sequence and selection of the dishes.

The sight of pictures hung "upon the line" at the Academy, for reason of their merit, although painted by outsiders.

The sight of some of the half-sovereigns, not to mention the five-pound notes, which, on various sham pretexts, we have been constrained to lend to out-at-elbow acquaintances.

The sight of a few rays of continuous bright sunshine, enough to reinstate our faith in the actual existence of a working Solar System.

The "finest site in Europe" ornamented with a building to support the dome and pepper-boxes, and which should be truly worthy of the situation.

The sight of a photograph of Ourselves, which, in our own private opinion, really does us any justice.

The sight of an improved specimen of omnibus, which you can actually sit in without fear of being suffocated, and which will positively carry you as fast as your own legs.

The sight of an advertisement seeking for us as the next of kin of a rich Somebody or other, whom we have never heard of, who has left us all his property.

The sight of a new form of Constitutional French Government, founded on eternal principles, and capable of enduring for upwards of a twelvemonth.

The sight of our own butcher's bill, with steaks and legs of mutton charged at the same price as when we began housekeeping.

The sight of a new patent machine for washing shirts without knocking the buttons off.

And, finally, a "sight of money" paid by some good fairy of the future to free us all from Income-tax.

Irish Melody.

SOME lines of the late MR. THOMAS MOORE's will probably be thought of the next time there is a Fenian rebellion. Irish Jury-men, marching against the Saxon, will sing—

"The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foes we hate : before us."

FLOWERS OF SPRING.

FATHER HYACINTHE has been lately preaching at Geneva. GOLDSMITH appears to have invented, by anticipation, a comparison to FATHER HYACINTHE; namely, DR. PRIMROSE.

THE BANK "REST."—The Bank Holiday.

THE TEA-TABLE TRAGEDY.



EW

"I've got Delirium Tea-mens,
My MIRIAM and me—"
"You've got Delirium Tea-mens!
Now what's that maladie?
Sure not Delirium Tremens
With a *tre* and not a *tea*?"

"O, no! I never boozèd—
Sweet ale, or bitter bree—
My brains I ne'er abused
With hollands or whisky;
Nor hath my wife infused
Brandy in her Bohea."

"Then doubtless it is Robur
Inspires thy wife and thee
To stray with steps unsobèd
And laugh deliriouslie?"
"O, no! it is not Robur,
The Spirit of the Tea."

"'Twas through a blind devotion,
My MIRIAM, for me,
That you conceived the notion
That, saving only tea,
Unwholesome was the potion
Of all the drinks that be."

"So, at thy strict injunction,
All other drinks that be,
Without the least compunction,
Resigning instantly,
I turned my every function—
Intelligent—on tea."

"Nay, not one moment wasting,
The more to pleasure thee,
With eager footstep hastening
At sunrise to the Sea,
I fell at once a-tasting
Each fresh imported tea."

"And now I nibbled 'Assam,'
'Moning' at two-an'-three,
And, now, with lingual spasm,
Lapped up Gunpowder Tea,
Until I felt sick *passim*
Through all my entity."

"Yet still I set fresh eyes on,
And tasted, fast and free,
Teas from each far horizon
Of Inde and eke Chinee.
Till I chanced upon 'Young]Hyson,'
The finest of green tea."

"And, O! so sweet his sayour!
'Hi! Captain from Chinee,'
I cried; 'come, what's to pay for
All of your Hyson Tea?'

'For all our "Finest Flavour,"
A thousand pounds,' quoth he.



"I paid it—every shilling,
My MIRIAM, for thee;
And sev'ral waggon filling
With chests of Hyson Tea—
My own with transport thrilling—
Drove back to Finsburie."

"Then down we sat together,
My MIRIAM, did not we,
Regardless what the weather
In London Town might be?
Yes; down we sat together
To make our Hyson Tea."

"What joy we then evinced,
What fine felicitie,
As she the tea-pot rinsèd,
And I spooned in the tea,
What raptures we evinced—
What gusts of gamesome glee!"

"Then pouring from the kettle
Warm water plenteouslie,
We let Young Hyson settle—
Aye, left Young Hyson free
To expand his pea-green petal
Beneath a pink Cosie."

"Then cup on cup of Hyson
We drained exstacticly,
Not knowing he was pizen
Quaffed in such quantitie:
Now, wasn't that unwise in
My MIRIAM and me?"

"Until at last my MIRIAM
From her tenth cup of tea
Upstarting from delirium
Extremely suddenly—
In dreadful D. Tea-lirium—
Addressed herself to me:

"Behold the Green-Tea Devil,
As green as green can be,
Is leading up his revel
Across your cup of tea.
Beware! or he will bevel
Your nose against your knee!"

" I looked—and saw Young Hyson—
I saw him * * *



A-ah! I see!
O, spare me, fine Young Hyson—
Have—mercy—upon—me!
O, O! not that cup of pizen!
Help! help! help! help!"

" I see,
You've got Delirium Tea-mens
From drinking too much tea."

OUR DOMESTIC DIGGINGS.

A CONTEMPORARY quotes a letter from one of our largest coal-owners, also an M.P., addressed to a friend, in which the writer, having stated the difficulty in raising coal he had to contend with, owing to the want of colliers, proceeds to say:—"So, if you should come across a good vein of skilled collier labour, content with 10s. to 15s. a day wages, pray inform me." To be content with from 10s. to 15s. a day is to be satisfied with, say, some £234 a year. If that is to be earned by mining here, there can be no inducement for any skilled miner to betake himself to gold or diamond diggings. He can live in clover, on enough to satisfy all his wants, by raising black diamonds at home. For a miner, an income of the above amount is a salary much more adequate than £5000 for a Law Officer of the Crown. The miner has no appearances to keep up in a mine, where any ostentation would be so very imperfectly illuminated by the Davy lamp as to be inappreciable; besides that, if it could be seen, it would, from its incongruity with coal-grime, be derided. He needs not incur any expenses but those which are necessary for his personal wants and pleasures, including champagne and dog-fighting; which, the former luxury as well as the latter amusement, he can manage to afford well enough by a judicious economy, above-ground, of lodgings, furniture, and clothes.

Economy in ostentation is painless to the average miner. Culture has not led him to imagine that other people trouble themselves about his looks, nor does reflection, in case he is endowed with any, admonish him to care if they did; because, in his line of life, any opinion of theirs on that subject could have no possible effect on his income. Herein he has the advantage of a lawyer, or a parson, or a medical man, whose professional receipts or earnings, how beggarly soever, are always more or less contingent on the respect for Society, which Society expects him to demonstrate by certain proprieties of costume, residence, and carriage. Whereas a miner is free to inhabit a hovel, and to go about in clothes and boots patched to any extent that suits his convenience, with a billycock hat of any antiquity on his head, and a short pipe in his mouth, as black as his hands and face.

It used to be common for a young man, come of parents in respectable circumstances, to talk of going into this or that liberal Profession. These vocations will henceforth be monopolised by the sons of millionnaires. The only liberal profession possible for any other youth will be one liberally remunerated, like that of mining. A boy not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, if rationally brought up in or within reach of a mining district, when asked what he intends to do for a living, will answer, not that he shall enter the

Church, or the Army, or the Navy, or the Law, or the Medical Profession, but that he intends going into the Mine. Could he do better?

SHORTEN YOUR DINNERS.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

THAT melancholy time of year is now full upon us when overworked humanity is sentenced to its annual three months of hard labour, in the way of driving, dressing, dining, dancing, and generally doing all sorts of disappointing and health-destroying things.

Now, you and I, and other fellow social sufferers, would not so bitterly complain of the hardness of our lot, were our punishment confined within the limits of the period assigned for its duration. But, as lasting are the injuries it causes to our health, that, even by the very carefullest of living, we are barely able to restore our shattered nerves and battered constitutions, ere the time for the recurrence of our suffering returns.

To you and me, and others whose dancing days are over, dinners are undoubtedly the worst part of our punishment, and I rejoice to see that efforts are bravely being made, in certain influential quarters, to procure for us some respite of the labours that afflict us. How sorely this is needed may be guessed from this sad groan from one of your contemporaries, which rarely is constrained to murmur at such matters:—

" It is only necessary to watch the habits of what is termed 'society,' in order to arrive at the conclusion that they are quite sufficient to account for more than half the illnesses suffered by those who indulge in them. . . . To say nothing of the late hour at which people dine, many of them having eaten too much luncheon, or none at all, what an enormous variety of food they swallow, or are expected to swallow, before they get up from the dinner table. They could assuage their hunger and slake their thirst comfortably in half an hour, yet for an hour and a half or two hours they go on eating and drinking, night after night, and at the end of the London season find themselves, as they express it, 'thoroughly worn out with business.'"

On sanitary grounds, then, let us humbly pray Society—the Juggernaut we worship—to spare us from the sacrifice which its fashion of big dinners entails upon our health. Life is short, and banquets of ten courses are decidedly too long to be undergone without impairing one's strength. Abolish then your *entrées*, O my dinner-giving friends, and let us have plain roast and boiled, like our grandfathers of yore. Good soup, good fish, good meat, with a salad for a relish, and a morsel of good cheese, is all that man requires when he sits at home to dine, and why need cooks give him more when he is tempted to dine out? A surfeit clogs his system, and destroys his sleep; and when slowly and sadly he lays him down to rest, depend on it he hears the hoofs of coming nightmares, and thinks bitterly of the morrow, and his visit to the doctor.

That we may ere long have the sense to cast aside our Juggernaut, and to prolong our lives by shortening our dinners, is the fervent aspiration of yours piously,

The Hermitage, Mayfair.

PODAGRA.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

MR. PUNCH has not the presumption to pretend to understand this advertisement, but it is far too lovely to be lost. The fair advertiser proclaims the merits of her "Governesses' Institute" in Dublin. Something unwelcome seems to have happened, but that is all over, and there is formed in the heaven's sight one arch of peace and loveliness. Subjoined, be it explained, is a list of distinguished patronesses:—

MISS O'BOROO is happy to announce that her Establishment—the first of its name—is now, and will be in future, the only one in St. Stephen's Green. So, should another strange cloud venture, even to the surroundings of this, the "brightest prospect" of Dublin, the generous breaths of the undersigned, like so many refreshing Zephyrs, will at once send it back to its region, truly known by its smoke-like effusions."

Sense in "Le Follet."

" One thing should always be borne in mind, that the material and colour that would constitute a *robe simple* for a married lady, is perfectly admissible as a *toilet partie* for a young unmarried girl. This is a fact seldom lost sight of by our fashionable *modistes*, who know that it is the cut and *façon* of a *toilette* that constitutes its real elegance, and not the amount of money spent on it."

PATERFAMILIAS, who has copied this extract from the Fashions for each of his four young unmarried daughters, is delighted to find that the Paris *modistes* hold such sensible opinions, and earnestly hopes the London dressmakers may imitate them, and come to the same economical conclusion.



RATHER AWKWARD!

"WELL, AND HOW'S THE BEAUTY, MRS. JESSAMY? AS LOVELY AS EVER!"

"O, LOVELIER, IF POSSIBLE, MR. POLKINGTON! SHE'S JUST BEEN SHORT-COATED, POOR DARLING, AND—"

"JUST—BEEN—SHORT—COATED, MRS. JESSAMY!!!!" "YES, OF COURSE! MY BABY YOU MEAN, DON'T YOU?"

"O—ER—NO! I—I—I MEANT YOUR OPPOSITE NEIGHBOUR—MISS BELSIZE!"

TO THE TICHBORNE JURY.

GENTLEMEN,—

To save My Lord, and you, and Dr. KENEALY (more power to his elbow) all trouble, I have the honour to inform you that the noble Cartoon opposite, which appears on the day on which Mr. CASTRO's trial begins, is not intended to bias you in the slightest degree. I should think it an impertinence to suppose that anything could bias you, but Dr. KENEALY has paid you that compliment, by making an elaborate complaint about an old shilling book, quite forgotten until he revived it. Therefore, Gentlemen of the Jury, be pleased to understand that my picture simply embodies my intolerable annoyance that once more society is to be set discussing, in season and out of season, the details of a case which it is your duty to try, but which I wish could be tried with closed doors, and in the absence of reporters. Now, dear Gentlemen, I leave you to a duty which I am sure you will discharge admirably, with the aid of the best Bench that could sit to preside over the trial, and receive your verdict. "I will stand (or rather sit) and mark," as my friend the Laureate has it.

Your faithful servant,

PUNCH.

A LECTURE AT EXETER.
COLERIDGE on WORDSWORTH. Due rebuke
Administered to scoffing railer,
In a discourse from SIR JOHN DUKE,
Which might have come from SAMUEL TAYLOR.

WANTED—A SPECIMEN.

A FISH NOT YET IN THE BRIGHTON OR CRYSTAL PALACE
AQUARIUM.—A Boot Jack.

REAL EDIFICATION.

If walls really had ears, and could understand what they hear, the walls of some of our proposed national schools would be likely to learn, on one subject at least, a great deal more than any of the scholars whom they contain. That subject is one of no less importance than the Fourth R.; as to which the Secularists propose that schools provided by school-boards shall be open, out of school hours, to ministers of all religious denominations, for the purpose of affording the children belonging to each of them instruction, separately, in their several creeds. As a branch of education, a great deal is wont to be said about religious knowledge. The most thorough knowledge, such as that epithet distinguishes, would be the knowledge of religion that the walls of the Secularist schools within which the scholars were taught it in turn, would acquire if they were endowed with hearing and intelligence. Those walls would know all the current religions, instead of knowing only one of them. Then they would be in the position of being able to choose the best for themselves, instead of being merely prejudiced with some variety of one-sided dogmatism. Thus a Secularist school would, in a very short time, become, more truly than any Church of any one particular sect, a religious edifice.

Literary Genius.

A POET advertises a work with the title *The Curse of Immortality*. As we have not seen it, we are not rude in supposing—from study of modern poetry—that it has a reasonable hope of escaping that terrific doom. Another poem has been published, of which a critic says that it is "noteworthy." It is, but the author would not much enjoy the notes we have made on his margins. A third new publication invites remark. The title is *The Baronet's Cross*. Which baronet, and what has made him cross? Has Mr. GLADSTONE refused him a peerage?



THE GREAT “IRREPRESSIBLE.”

“*Macbeth.* THEN COMES MY FIT AGAIN: . . .
. HENCE, HORRIBLE SHADOW!
UNREAL MOCKERY, HENCE!”—*Shakspeare.*

POSTHUMOUS BRAYING.



broken up. The deceased officer bequeathed 5s. a week to support a Newfoundland dog.
Did you ever see a dead donkey? Yes, if you ever beheld the mortal

remains of anybody the fellow of that one who enjoined his representatives to perpetrate the idiotic absurdity of destroying a valuable horse and carriage. A man might die and endow a college, or a cat, or a dog either, without making himself an absolute congenor of the long-eared quadruped, if that were all; but the additional requests that a horse worth £150, and a phaeton of proportionate cost, should be made away with, are testamentary dispositions of which no creature could be capable less stupid than the ignoble animal above specified. Legal obligation, surely, could alone induce any executors not as senseless as himself to carry out the ridiculous directions of such an ass.

"EXTRAORDINARY REQUESTS.—CAPTAIN * * * * *, of the 2nd Battalion, 6th Regt'mt, stationed at Drogheda, who died a few days ago, requested that after his decease a splendid grey charger, value £150, should be shot, and that a phaeton of great value should be destroyed. Yesterday these requests were carried out, the charger being shot, and the phaeton

A LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

THE progeny of Juno
Were mongrels to behold,
The Keeper thought they'd do no
Good, so the lot he sold.
A baker, for a shilling,
The brood entire did buy,
And of them, after killing,
He sold a rabbit-pie.
O, this delicious pastry,
So cunningly prepared
With condiments right tasty,
A water-party shared!
Thus Ponto, Dash, and Carlo,
Were eaten up, all three,
Beneath the Bridge of Marlow.
Ha, ha! by whom, Bargee?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Final touches to the British Museum—Holiday time—Farewell—A Quiet Watering Place—A Secret—An Offer—Close of this Series.

AFTER twice considering this interesting collection, I have arrived at the conclusion that a visitor cannot begin his examination at a better point than that offered by Case No. 2, Upper Floor, Third Room, where are preserved all that remains of that once playful and amusing reptile, the *Dicynodon*. It is described, with truth, as "The large and very remarkable." Its teeth were fortunately limited to two; if there had been a few more, it is probable that the Megatherium, the *Plesiosaurus*, and the other quiet members of the Happy Family of the Great Pantomimic Period, would not have stood much chance of a dinner, unless they combined and dined off the *Dicynodon*.

Do not fail to notice the Gigantic Herring, three feet and a half long. I remarked, also, a large number of prodigious Anchovies in oil, which were, perhaps, dainty dishes for the Ogres, Cyclopian brothers, and Gorgibusters, of the Antediluvian Era.

I next entered Room VI., which at first sight seems to resemble what might have been the exhibited collection of an advertising Painless Dentist in the *Edentata* period. My friend WAGG immediately observed that an Irishman would seize upon this last name to jump at the conclusion that the Forbidden Fruit in Paradise was, probably, a potato; "as," he urged, "if it wasn't, what could be meant by the *Eden-tater* period?"

Promising to represent his theory in the proper quarter, I drew his attention to the "Osseous remains of the Quadrupeds without front teeth;" —but, with such tusks!

A board requests you not to touch the specimen of the "Giant Ground Sloth." How different the request would have been had he still been living! Alas! poor Yorick!

Every creature in this room belongs to the Great Pantomime Period, which would have been a merry time had they had some sparkling music; but a trifle dull without.

The *Dirotherium* (an animal, not a Club) seems to have been an eccentric animal. His large tusks, being in the lower instead of the upper jaw, and directed downwards, were probably so placed in order to assist him, when in a joyous mood, in turning head over heels, either for amusement or to puzzle the foe.

And now, Sir, in reply to your questions regarding "my intentions," I reply that this is holiday time; and so, farewell.

I go to the quietest sea-side place that I can at this Easter time (how did you like the seasonable, because Easterly, winds?), be found. *Au revoir.*

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I am there. I have been here and still would go, 'tis like a little Haven below,—being, in fact, a sea port, and called Littlehampton. As WAGG, who accompanied me, because he professed to like a quiet place, but who didn't expect to find it so very quiet, observed, "There's precious little of the Hampton in it." But when I tell

you that WAGG's idea of solitude is the Brighton Aquarium on an Easter Monday, you will be able to appreciate his remark for just exactly its proper value.

Here everything is calm and peaceful. Even the Sea seems to snore at regular intervals, while its bosom heaves placidly. Windmills here go lazily and noiselessly. There are miles and miles of sands, and your eye (whichever you like, my little dear) rests upon the green sward, lying between your front windows and the beach. Here children, unprotected, can roam fearlessly by day, and at night the bold Policeman is a luxury, scarcely a necessity.

Inland, the country is lovely, and there are the Parks of Arundel and Augmering, the Grove of Nightingales, and the Romantic Bosquet, where the something or other is caught in profusion in the picturesque tarn, and the something else sings harmoniously on the topmost boughs; a fact that accounts for my not having been able to discover what he was.

I fear I am doing the place a grievous wrong in mentioning it. It is so quiet and so private that even the proprietors of a very perfect little Hotel here attempt to keep its existence a secret from the world at large; and I do not suppose I should have ever discovered the "Belle Vue" had not an enterprising waiter, having become a trifle tired of his monotonous life, hung up the words "Coffee Room" on a label in the front window.

Aladdin, entering his fairy palace for the first time, could not have been more agreeably surprised than was I at the comfort and elegance of this establishment. The Manager and the Waiter were, for a few moments, staggered at the sight of a stranger, but, recovering themselves, they proved that the genie of the Kitchen could provide an excellent and reasonable repast. They appeared alarmed at the chance of my disclosing their secret, and, on revisiting the spot next morning, I expected to find that the "Belle Vue" had disappeared, having been spirited away to some more remote and less known watering-place.

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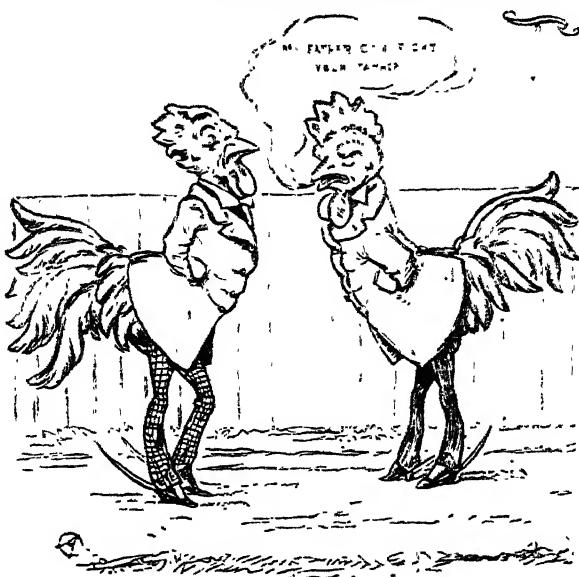
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Now, Sir, to my Island Home! Farewell! "Where the bee sucks—" and so forth. Your Tricksy Sprite is away for his holiday, and, for the present, at all events, you will hear no more of, or from,

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ING for the garish eye

When moonless brandlings cling !

Let the froddering crooner cry,

And the braddled sapster sing.

For, never and never again

Will the tottering beechlings play,
For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May !

The wracking globe unstrung,
Unstrung in the frittering light

Of a moon that knows no day !

Of a day that knows no night !

Diving away in the crowd

Of sparkling frets of spray,

The bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
And the throngers croon in May !

Hasten, O hapful blue,
Blue, of the thimmering brow,

Hasten the deed to do

That shall riddle the welkin now !

For never again shall a cloud

Out-thribble the babbling day,

When bratticed wrackers are singing
aloud,

And the throngers croon in May .

EARNEST PENITENCE.

We sincerely hope that the Russians will be kind and gentle with the KHAN OF KHIVA. He may have erred, but surely he has now not only made amends, but has shown such a truly noble nature that it would be cruel indeed to afflict him further. He has released the Russian prisoners. "That's but a trifle," as the aristocrat says in *King Lear*, when he hears that "Edmund is dead, my lord." But to show how earnest is his sorrow at having been misled into offending Russia, the high-minded KHAN has cut off the heads of ever so many of his own uncles and cousins, including his Premier. He excels ARTIMUS WARD, who only said that he would make almost any sacrifice for the good of his country—would sacrifice all his wife's relations. The great KHAN may want a handle, but his sword clearly wants none. We have rarely read of an instance of more heroic conduct, or one in which a noble penitence was so manfully shown. We may add, that though a Khan's life has its troubles, it has its compensations. Think of being able to exterminate one's relatives, just as a sort of preliminary measure, before entering seriously into details of business. The thought makes one dance a Khan-khan.

SAFE, IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

LAST Tuesday was the commencement of Easter Term. On that day the LORD CHANCELLOR gave the usual breakfast to the Judges and Queen's Counsel previously to going in procession to Westminster Hall. The newly-appointed Judges were in attendance; but a great legal officer, whose office is vacant, was conspicuous by his absence, all the rather that there could not have been a more particular occasion for his presence than that of the judicial and forensic morning meal. But his place was supplied. More than one learned partaker of that repast is understood to have poked his neighbour in the ribs, and pointing to a plate of appropriate comestibles, to have whispered, grinning—"The LORD CHANCELLOR for the present takes the business of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.

MRS. MALAPROP has returned to the Caledonian Road, from Scotland. She has been spending the Easter Vocation with her friend MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, in the Cossacks.



MATERNAL:

Little Woman (hugging her new Doll). "ISN'T SHE A DARLING? I'D GIVE HER TO YOU, ONLY—SHE'S MY OWN!"

ROME AND BOHEMIA.

By accounts from Austria:—

"The provincial clergy of Bohemia have endeavoured to found a Roman Catholic Bank at Prague, entitled the 'Bank of St. John,' the management of which was to be exclusively in the hands of priests. The imperial authorities have, however, declined their assent to the scheme."

It is difficult to imagine what particular objection the Austrian Government can have had to a bank managed by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. The presumption would be, as to probity at least, in favour of its reverend managers. On the other hand there is equal difficulty in forming an idea of any special relation that can exist between Roman Catholicism and banking, unless amongst people whereof the Protestant bankers were generally rogues, and the Jewish, for the most part, no better. The only place which denominationalism has occupied in finance has hitherto been filled almost entirely by gentlemen of the last-named persuasion; a small part of it only having been held by Members of the Society of Friends. Roman Catholic priests, turning bankers, would find themselves in a position of express antithesis, if not antagonism, to a Community in relation to whom they, by their own showing, were originally Protestants. A bank in Bohemia, if the Bohemians were our own, and not Austria's, would be a rather questionable concern, whether its directors professed themselves Roman Catholics, Protestants, or Jews. The Imperial Authorities cannot, to be sure, have confounded the idea of a Romanist with that of a Romany bank among Bohemians. Some want of confidence, however, must have been the reason why they refused to sanction the banking scheme of the Bohemian Popish priests. The frustration of that project precludes a question which might have arisen if they had permitted it. Would the bank instituted by those reverend gentlemen have insisted on the practice of crossing all cheques?

MOTTO FOR ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETIES.—"The proper study of mankind is man."

THE SONGS OF SPRING.

I LOVE to flee the sultry throng,
And roam the Solitudes among,
Rejoicing in the wild birds' song;

There, far away from the guffaws,
Am solaced by the mingled caws
And cackle of the rooks and daws:

Have many a time distinctly heard,
In singing, more than one small bird
A voice articulately word.

The Nightingale throws all away
A warning, meet for them that stray
In towns alone, and live on prey.

For, whether on the prowl, or snug
In pothouse, over pipe and mug,
They hear it not sing "Jug, jug, jug!"

That word to me suggests no fear
Of Prison, when it strikes mine ear;
But bids me think upon my beer.

A NOTE FOR NATAL.

THE subjoined telegram from Washington breathes vengeance against a horde of murderous and treacherous savages:—

"Profound indignation prevails in the army and official circles at the assassination of GENERAL CANBY. The PRESIDENT and the Cabinet are deeply grieved, and unreservedly sanction the adoption of the severest measures of retribution. An immediate movement of the troops on the Modocs has been ordered, and their punishment will be complete and relentless."

Should this meet the eye of BISHOP COLEYSO, it may suggest to him the question whether he should not have thought twice or three times before entertaining an objection based on the extermination of certain races, and urged by his inconvertible Zulu. But, in the interest of humanity, *Punch* is sternly pleased to hear that the savages have been driven from their "lava fortress," and that the American cavalry have had *their* innings.

SOMETHING FOR SIR JOHN LUBBOCK TO DO.

EASTER-MONDAY was not a holiday for everybody, even in the City. For instance, one of the papers, referring to what was happening on that day, announced that "at the Mansion House the Aldermen and principal officers of the Corporation dine with the LORD MAYOR, and afterwards attend Divine Service in Christ Church, Newgate Street, where the 'Spital Sermon' will be preached by the BISHOP OF SALISBURY." It must have been a hard task for the principal members of the congregation to keep awake, and pay proper attention to the Spital sermon, after partaking of the hospitality of the Mansion House, in which this year there seems to be anything but a falling off. It is sad to reflect that the Swordbearer, and the Secondary, and the Aldermen who have passed the chair, may have been caught napping by a Bishop. For a clear recollection of the discourse we can but look to the Remembrancer. To prevent the possibility of unseemly consequences, would it not be better in future that the dinner should follow the sermon, instead of the sermon coming after the dinner? An amendment in the Bank Holidays Act to this effect would prove an immense relief to those meritorious persons whose annual duty it is to spend part of their Easter Monday at church in Newgate Street.

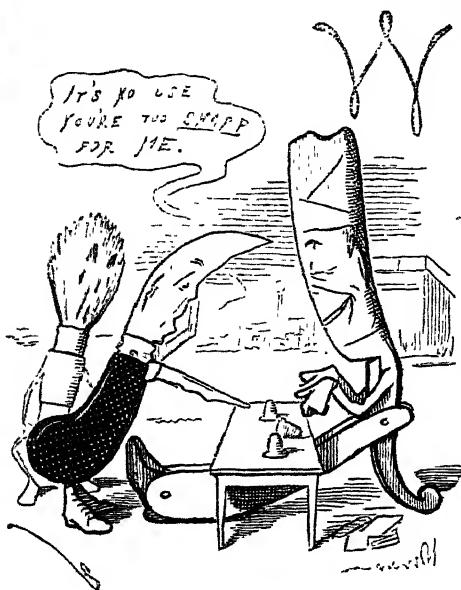
Historical.

WE'VE a book from the pen of old CALEB (*né CUSHING*),
Which no honest Yankee can read without blushing:
But, taken in joke, it is worth any money,
And "CALEB," we know, was the son of "G. FUNNY."

A Daring Enterprise.

A RUMOUR has reached us that an influential deputation is about to seek an interview with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, with a view to induce him to sanction (at the public expense) an expedition in search of the Lost Tribes.

FASHIONABLE DEFORMITY.



ILL you, Ladies—fashionable Ladies—please to spare two minutes of your valuable time to reading what was said, the other day, by MR. TEGERMEIER, before a number of the members of the National Health Society, who met to hear him lecture upon that delightful subject—Dress :—

"The outrageous fashion of constricting the waist, and thus altering the natural form of the body, was the greatest evil connected with female dress. They had come to look upon this constriction almost as natural, but it was in itself a hideous deformity. Not long ago

he was talking to a lady, whose weight was about twelve stone, and she told him that the size of her waist was eighteen inches; and he had measured many of the villainous bands with which the female waist was bound, and found that they did not exceed that size. Into a space, then, of eighteen inches the lungs, heart, liver, and stomach—the four largest and most important organs of the body—were to be compressed."

A joker might remark that a fashionable lady is like a strict economist, because she makes a great fuss about a little waist. But the practice of tight-lacing is too serious to be laughed about. It can clearly be no joke to squeeze your heart, and lungs, and liver—to say nothing of your stomach (think of that, ye Aldermen!)—into a space that many a man with his two hands could span. Women who, for fashion's sake, perform this hateful feat, are virtually guilty of committing actual suicide, and deserve well to be buried at four cross roads where they die.

But, Ladies, read a little further what was said upon the subject:—

"The system of tight-lacing was attended with the greatest possible evil. The heart could not act, consequently the circulation was impeded; and as none of the organs were properly nourished, disease of the whole body here and there took place. They got even the most visible effects of impeded circulation. Women who tight-laced suffered from cold feet and got red noses. (*Laughter.*) If they would only bear that fact in mind, it might have a greater effect upon them than, perhaps, any consideration of health."

Here, one would think, is what should act as a deterrent from tight-lacing, if the fear of even suicide should be found to fail of doing so. Many a lady might consent to die a martyr to the fashion who would shrink from it in terror if she thought her nose would suffer by it. Yet haply a red nose may, in course of time, be viewed as a fashionable ornament, and love-songs may be written, by the lovers of Mayfair, in the manner of the following:—

My love has got a red, red nose,
Like roses blown in June:
Her vital organs, clear it shows,
Are sadly out of tune.
My love has got a waspish waist,
A waspish temper, too;
Alack, she is so tightly laced,
The year she'll scarce live through.

My love is like an hour-glass,
So slender is her shape:
Her sands of life full soon will pass,
Her grave's e'en now a gaping tomb,
But ah! red nose, nor gaping tomb,
Are fearful in her eye;
Rather to health sans stays than come,
She'll in the fashion die.

AN EASTERN SUBJECT.

WAPPING seems a most unlikely place for a person of studious habits to select as a retreat. Yet, amongst the pictures in the International Exhibition at Kensington we find *A Study at Wapping*.

MORE PUFFS WANTED.

OUR theatrical advertising friends give us very delightful, if somewhat monotonous, reading, every morning. We are charmed to think of "the still waters of the Thames rushing swiftly," we are greatly comforted to know that though a fire is so tremendous to behold, there is no real danger, we are gratified with the sweet English of the announcement that an eminent actor will appear in the "dual rôles" (which they are not, but the two parts) of Somebody and Somebody else; and we are very glad to know that SHAKESPEARE's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* is, in a Manager's opinion, "sparkling."

But as this sort of thing has been served up for a long time, we might petition for a little variety. Why do not the Managers imitate another class of persons who push off drugs by means of puffing? Let us have some testimonials to the efficacy of given dramas. Mr. Punch is never ill-natured, and would not hurt anybody's feelings for the world, so in giving an idea of what he means, he disclaims the intention of alluding to any theatre in particular. The stars forbid that he should make "uncalled-for remarks." But why can't we have something like this?—

THEATRE ROYAL, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.

The Management is permitted to publish the following letter, the original of which may be seen at the Box Office between 10 and 5—fee optional:—

Sir,—I feel it my duty to bear sincere testimony to the merits of your great and beautiful drama, *The Serpent's Whisper*. For nine nights I had enjoyed no sleep whatever. A friend advised me to buy a box at your house. I did so, but with little faith in the remedy. Before the first Act was over, I was sleeping as soundly as ever in my life, and I did not rouse till the box-keeper informed me that the house was being shut up. Then I awoke, "bright as a button." I have attended several times since, with the same happy fortune, and I recommend *The Serpent's Whisper* to all my friends. Make whatever use you please of this communication, and believe me

Your faithful Servant,

WIGGEE POPPS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

The following letter will speak for itself:—

Sir,—I have to thank you for adding a considerable sum of money to my means. I had lately witnessed, at a rival establishment, the performance of a piece called the *Fiery Tombstone*. A friend, who accompanied me, betted with me, heavily, that this was the worst play in the whole world. I took him to your theatre, where we beheld the representation of your brilliant piece, the *Boiled Owl of Avernus*. He instantly felt that he had lost, and signed a cheque for the bet, while we were partaking of the charmingly warmed soda-water ministered at your refreshment stall.

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM BUNKER.

THEATRE ROYAL, SALISBURY PLAIN.

Averse to self-praise, the Manager feels it a duty to give publicity to this testimonial from a stranger:—

Sir,—Domestic details cannot be uninteresting to one who, like yourself, is so successful with the domestic drama. It has been my misfortune to unite myself in holy padlock with a lady who is of an unsympathetic nature and a bitterly bad temper. We quarrel terribly from morning to night. But we are sometimes conscious of our unhappy condition, and lament it. The other evening my wife, in an unusually softened mood, observed that not a misery could be added to our life. I immediately ordered a cab, and took her to your theatre, to witness your new burlesque, *Strabismus; or, the Winking Walrus of Westphalia*. We endured it to the end, and, as we returned in abject depression, we agreed that we had still something to be thankful for. We are very wretched, but we need not see your piece again, unless we like,—and we don't like.

Yours gratefully,

BARNABY FUDGE.

N.B. To Managers.

The above suggestion is Registered, and any person using it without Mr. Punch's sanction will be prosecuted with the utmost rage and fury of the law.

Equality on Horseback.

In connection with Women's Rights, it is whispered that a movement is about to be set on foot amongst fair equestrians for the abolition of side-saddles. Why not? How charmingly Mrs. Rousby looked as *Joan of Arc* mounted!



ADJUSTMENT.

Bootmaker (who has a deal of trouble with this Customer). "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WERE TO CUT YOUR CORNS, I COULD MORE EASILY FIND YOU A PAIR—"

Cholerick Old Gentleman. "CUT MY CORNS, SIR!—I ASK YOU TO FIT ME A PAIR O' BOOTS TO MY FEET, SIR!—I'M NOT GOING TO PLANE MY FEET DOWN TO FIT YOUR BOOTS!!!"

MAY MEETINGS.

- May 1st.—Chimney Sweepers' *Conversazione* and Ball.
- 2nd.—Private View of the Royal Academy—Meeting of Painters and Critics—Meeting of MAY and GERALD.
- 3rd.—Anniversary Dinner of the Survivors of the Battle of Maida Hill.
- 5th.—Society for the Revival of Old English Sports and Pastimes—Maypoles (in the City), Morris-Dancers, Mummers, Tilts, Tournaments, Popinjay, Quintain, &c.
- 6th.—Annual Meeting of the Anglo-Indo Suboceanic Intercommunication Company.
- 7th.—Society for the Amelioration of the Upper Classes.
- 8th.—Constitutional Walkers. To meet at the seventh milestone on the London Road, and walk across to Bagshot Heath. After lunch, to resume as far as Moulsey Hurst. Dinner. Return to Town.
- 9th.—Cosmopolitan Humanitarians. Decayed Dentists. Society for the Suppression of Mendacity.
- 10th.—Anti-Wine, Beer, Spirits, Tobacco, Snuff, Scents, Perfumes, Condiments, Essences, Sweets, and Novel-Reading Alliance.
- 12th.—Society for the Introduction of additional Bachelors into Genteel Districts. Oldest Inhabitants.
- 13th.—Concert and Ball for the benefit of the Provident, Friendly, and Wedding-Day Dinner Fund of the Amalgamated Carriage-Lamp Wick-Makers and Trimmers.
- 14th.—Grand Banquet of the Button-Makers' Company.
- 15th.—Association for Supplying the Ladies of Beyrouth and Damascus with Pages and Parlour-Maids.
- 16th.—Society for the Expansion of Thought and Elimination of Prejudice.
- 17th.—Triennial Festival of the Butter, Cheese, and Bacon-Factors' Warehousemen, Clerks, and Assistants' Association. The MARQUIS OF HAM in the chair.
- 19th.—Great Demonstration of the Anti-Vaccination, Ventilation, Fumigation, Education, and Legislation Phalanx.
- 20th.—Humane Society for the Protection of Masters and Mistresses against Domestic Servants. Upper Servants' *Sorée* and Ball.
- 21st.—Association for the Emancipation of Women from the Shackles of Conventionalism.
- 22nd.—Eastern Counties Savings Banks and Shoe-Black Brigade Society.
- 23rd.—International Croquet Congress.
- 24th.—*Sorée* of the Lion Killers, Tiger Slayers, and Elephant Hunters' Club.
- 26th.—Society for the relief of deserving Apparitors, Proctors, Notaries, Prothonotaries, and Surrogates.
- 27th.—Tercentenary Commemoration of Ancient and Hospitable Roisterers. LORD RUBICON in the Chair.
- 28th.—Derby Day—greatest of all the May Meetings.
- 29th.—Restoration of CHARLES THE SECOND. Meeting of Omnibuses at the Royal Oak. Oxford and Cambridge Men sport their Oak.
- 30th.—Oaks Day. Annual Cricket Match between the Heads of Houses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.
- 31st.—Quinquennial Festival of Executors, Administrators, and Assigns. Ceremony of laying the Foundation Stone of the New Laundries of the Royal Philanthropic and Patriotic Asylum by the DUKE OF DUNWICH.
- Meetings of Creditors, Unexpected Meetings, Meetings of Old Friends, Meetings by Moonlight, Meetings in the Vestry, and Meeting of the Waters, all through the Month.

SERVANTS AND SORCERERS.

Of spirits never talk to me,
That through the air with Mediums fly;
Cantrips that would but witchcraft be
Without the broomstick—all my eye!
Yet if a soul could now be sold
To buy familiar demons' aid,
There's far more motive than of old
For such a bargain to be made.

Imps ever waiting at command,
Prompt service, and complete, and free
From waste, preposterous demand,
Dirt, and impertinence, to be;
What terms! The REVEREND DR. WHEWELL,
Himself, could not have known what can
More be, for Man's immortal jewel,
Bid by the Enemy of Man.

For footman and for servant maid,
Who would not decent fiends engage,
If lawful, and, for choice, arrayed
As Buttons, keep a goblin page?
But now the Tempter FAUSTUS plies
No more with hints his soul to sell;
Because the "Ghost that still denies"
Knows his own game a deal too well.

If a suggestion he would shape,
To work a Doctor's "fiendful" fall,
'Twould be:—"Account thyself Fitz-Ape.
Believe thou hast no soul at all!"
Yet, if his plan were souls to buy,
No better one could he pursue
Than that of proffer to supply
And suit with servants me and you.

Tale of a Tub.

THE sanitary arrangements—ventilation, etc.,—of our Law Courts have often been the subject of complaint, but personal cleanliness seems to be held in proper estimation within those venerable precincts. In the Court of Exchequer, the office of "Tubman" has just been filled up, the gentleman appointed taking possession of his seat with "the customary formalities," which we should have liked to see described.

PROPER PROMOTION.

THE LORD MAYOR, after his brilliant celebration of SHAKESPEARE'S birthday, now ranks as a Citizen—and successful—"Spectacle-maker."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Jittimites; those who, in MR. SAVAGE's words,—

"Live to build, not boast, a generous race."

MR. GLADSTONE and four faithful colleagues appeared, like the knights in the *Ivanhoe* tournament, to do battle against all comers; but the comers declined to come up to any scratch.

So we soon got on MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. He promised to be quite amiable, and kept his word. He had made a sort of bargain with Government that he should have their support if his Bill merely abolished Tests. To that object he had therefore confined it, and he thought that the University might be left to enact other liberal Statutes for itself. *Mr. Punch* congratulates MR. FAWCETT on his wisdom and moderation, and would quote a new saying, which has never yet appeared in print,—

"The better part of valour is discretion."

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY complained that Ireland had been much insulted in former debates on the subject, and that her pulse had been caused to beat more tumultuously than for many years past. We are bound to say that the outward and visible sign of Irish wrath has not been lacking to the Hibernian organs, and that their Belin's Gate language has been of the strongest. Let us hope that, in MR. MOORE's words, Ireland will "feel that pulse no more." He declared the test to be a small matter, it was Protestant "atmosphere" that asphyxiated young Catholics. They cannot breathe where it is taught that an eye on canvass cannot wink, and that the earth goes round the sun.

There was more speaking, but like Thersites (for once) *Mr. Punch* felt inclined to say to the Irish lads, "Be silent, boys, I profit not by your conversation." At last

MR. GLADSTONE expressed his approval of the Bill, although it was confessedly of a limited character. He declared, however, that it would be a mockery to contend that the measure was payment in full of the educational debt due to Ireland. But the Government's business was now to take instruction from others. Amendments being withdrawn, the Bill was read a Second Time.

We went into Supply, and MR. AYRTON was a good deal catechised. He gave satisfactory answers, and mentioned, *inter alia*, that the Works were restoring the Monument to KING JOHN, in Worcester Cathedral. No Hebrew Member had the bad taste to object, or to show his teeth at the mention of the monarch whose odontological operations on the Jews are historically interesting. ALDERMAN LUSK objected to payment for an unfinished picture, the "*Judgment of Daniel*," but MR. AYRTON explained that it could not yet be completed because it had given sign of "swelling," and this probably satisfied the worthy Alderman, who may have supposed that the picture was getting bigger, and therefore more valuable. It is still perfectly uncertain whether the Houses of Parliament will fall to pieces, or not. MR. AYRTON said that we, or posterity, must wait and see.

That unlucky monument in St. Paul's to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON came up again. The sculptor has been painfully afflicted, so no more can be said. But MR. GOLDNEY was right in remarking that at present all that can be seen is a sort of dilapidated chapel, and something like a chimney-piece. But the Duke can afford, better than most great men, to wait for "storied urn and animated bust."

Tuesday.—The Commons did an unusual thing. MR. AUBERON HERBERT wanted to introduce a Bill limiting certain compensations to University Fellows. The House would not even let him bring it in.

Then we had a most "learned" debate on Central Asia, originated by MR. EASTWICK, who laboured under the disadvantage of knowing all about his subject, and therefore could not be paradoxical and amusing. It is to be regretted that dull topics are taken up by well-informed men, who are too much in earnest to be entertaining. However, we have not very often to make this complaint. A jocose Member is a sweet boon, though

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

MR. GRANT DUFF was sarcastic on certain Russians who dream of fighting England on the banks of the Indus. There was no more cause for alarm now than there was four years ago. He would watch Russia, but remember the Spanish proverb—"Let him attack who will, the strong man wins." MR. GLADSTONE expressly declared that we had bound ourselves to nothing except to use "moral force" with the AMEEB OF AFGHANISTAN. Nobody supposes that a virtuous nation like England will ever use immoral force, but, to adapt *Sir Henry Wildair's* hint, the strictest morality will permit us at need to use a sword of gold.

Wednesday.—It seems that legislation is necessary to enable private persons to endow Canonries. MR. BERESFORD HOPE kindly remedies the case. We own that we should think a good many times before we endowed one, and then that we should not do it, any more than we should

"Endow a college—or a cat."

But it is wrong that a benevolent wish should be hindered of accomplishment. "Heaven save the foundation" that has enabled authority to promote CHARLES KINGSLEY to a Canonry at Westminster; and long may he enjoy his well-earned repose

"In those deep solitudes and awful cells
Where each accomplishment with STANLEY dwells."

Wednesday.—A Locomotives on Roads Bill was protested against by the HOME SECRETARY, and withdrawn. MR. GREGORY justly declared such engines to be intruders, and to need restriction. But what's the use of talking? Look at those detestable Tramways that make a carriage drive into a suburb a service of actual danger. Look at the Railway Vans that crush everything but one another. Who thinks of persons who only desire to be allowed to traverse London unharmed? Everything is sacrificed to commercial greed.

Thursday.—LORD SELBORNE has got his Judicature Bill back again from the clutches of the Select Committee. There is a chance for it yet, if Members of the House of Commons will make up their minds to leave the discussion of such a measure to those who have mastered the questions at issue. Let's have no *Punch* and JUDI-cature contentions.

MR. GLADSTONE was again questioned about the Carlist subscriptions. He somewhat qualified what he had

before said about the perfect legality of these contributions, and he emphatically condemned the raising money for CHARLES THE SEVENTH. Let us leave the Spaniards to knock one another about as they please, and to sing, if they choose, with SIR WALTER,

"The time shall come round
When, mid Lords, Dukes and Earls,
The loud trumpets shall sound—
'Here's a health to KING CHARLES!'"

It was then proposed to go on with the Budget, and the first grievance was that of the Brewers. After debate MR. GLADSTONE said something which the chief malcontent liberally interpreted into a promise to deal with the Brewers' licence question very soon. MR. GLADSTONE replied with a neat shake of the head, which meant that he gave no such promise. We discussed the Budget at great length, but there were no divisions. MR. LOWE resembles Midas in one particular only. Everything he touches (except matches) he turns into gold. But he certainly has not the ears of which TOMMY MOORE wrote so cleverly:—

"But worse on the modern judge, alas,
Was the sentence launched from Apollo's throne,
For to Midas were given the ears of an ass,
While WYNFORD was doomed to keep his own."

Friday.—Teste the MAQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, we have as terrible Breech-Loading big guns as any nation in the world, or a little terribler.

PUNCH'S FOLK-LORE.

MAY-DAY.



Like many more of the great anniversaries in our modern year—Lady-Day, Lord Mayor's Day, Michaelmas-Day, Midsummer-Day, &c.—May-Day, the darling theme of every poet from CHAUCER to GOWER, the favourite subject for the painter's pencil, the sculptor's chisel, and the musician's grand piano, exercises a mysterious influence over events and circumstances subsequent to it in time and date, according to the day of the week on which it falls. If the First of May falls on a Sunday, there will be more marriages in the ensuing year between bachelors and spinsters than between spinsters and widowers; if it happens on a Monday, the hens will lay through the summer; if it occurs on a Tuesday, the silkworms

should be looked to; if it takes place on a Wednesday, the black-thorn will be in flower before the white-thorn; if, as this year, it recurs on Thursday, heavy rain may be expected after sunset; if it has the ill-luck to be contemporary with a Friday, all the goslings will not grow up to be geese; and if Saturday is May-Day, search should be made for a purse of money in growing grass, before the ash is in full leaf.

Provided the weather is genial, and there is no snow lying on the ground, and the wind is not in the East, and overcoats and sealskin jackets can be safely left in their respective wardrobes, and the last cold in the head has taken its farewell flight, the annual return of the month of May, with all its associations and Meetings, awakens recollections of home and youth and days gone by, of country rambles and fresh-laid eggs and new-made butter, in the bosom of the most hardened political economist, in the breast of the most calculating statist, and in the heart of the most impassive woman of the world. To listen to the song of the thrush, the nightingale, the wryneck, the grosbeak, the hedge-warbler, and all the other principal performers in the feathered orchestra; to gather the daisy, the daffodil, the lesser celandine, the polyanthus, and the periwinkle, in "the flowery meads of May;" to watch the harmless gambols of the squirrel, the cricket, the field-mouse, and the grasshopper; and to sally forth, with the first beams of the rising sun on May-Day morning, with the avowed object of washing the face in dew, and returning home, heavily laden with odorous branches of perfumed blossom, to a comfortable home and nice breakfast—these, next to a

Some fools in Nottingham stuck up a Republican placard. The Chief Constable of the County, happening to see it, instinctively poked his stick through it and destroyed it. 'Tis a sign of the times that a gentleman in the House of Commons could complain of this, and a worse sign that MR. BRUCE, HER MAJESTY'S Home Secretary, could stand up and condemn the Constable's course. In this display of pedantic timidity, MR. BRUCE showed that he had forgotten, if he ever knew, the rule of law, that every man becomes a Constable when he sees an offence committed. However, the loyal officer is not to be dismissed this time, a public reprimand for being incensed at an insult to his Queen being held sufficient by HER MAJESTY'S Government.

Attention was called to the case of an Irish Editor who has been imprisoned for contempt of Court. The incident was interesting only as showing how utterly impossible it is to get truth in an Irish case. SIR JOHN GRAY, a man of honour, had been informed by those who had asked him to complain, that the prisoner was confined in a room without a fire. This would have made out a cruelty. "It is true," said LORD HARTINGTON, "for the cell is warmed with hot-water pipes." Ninety-nine Oirish grievances are of this kind.

Supply again, but nothing amusing. A Ministerial speaker mentioned, as matter of congratulation, that there were a third fewer vagrants in the Metropolitan Wards than this time last year. This is rather a narrow way of looking at the matter—the vagrants must be somewhere, and the National Ratepayer must be charged to "comprehend all vagrom men."

good novel or an unexpected legacy, are amongst the purest pleasures that fall to the lot of those who are not insensible to the charms of nature, and the solid advantages of a landed estate in the Midland Counties.

Much might be written about the May-pole and its many endearing associations, but, as Parliament is sitting, we have only room to enunciate one or two of its leading features. The last Census showed that May-poles were still to be found lingering in thirteen of the fifty-two counties into which England and Wales are mapped out, resembling, in this particular, the hebdomadal divisions of the year. But incomplete returns were received from Dunstable, Hendon, Mile End, Macclesfield, Nantwich, West Drayton, Wigan, and the Isle of Wight.

The descendants of the last surviving citizen and cordwainer, who remembered looking out of his oriel window, and seeing the Corporation of London dancing to the music of tabor and pipe and the merry clash of the parish bells, round the May-pole which formerly reared its lofty head ("high as the mast of some tall ammiral") on the verdant sward of Cornhill, are still to be found pursuing their usual avocations; and tradition to this day (April 26th) fondly clings to the memory of that buoyant, light-hearted Under-Sheriff, who specially distinguished himself by the way in which he executed a galliard on the steps of the old Royal Exchange, before business hours, "in the merry month of May" (SHAKESPEARE or BARNFIELD), long, long ago.

Much, too, might be said of Chimney Sweeps and Milkmaids, and their participation in the mirth and merriment of May Day; of QUEEN ELIZABETH going a-Maying with BACON and BURLEIGH; of the Oxford Choristers, who ascend the fair tower of Magdalen at sunrise to sing their May-morn carol; of the arrival of the *May-flower* on the shores of New England; and of May Moons, May Marriages, May meetings, and May cleanings. ("For those old Mays had thrice the life of these."—TENNYSON.) But the fullest details on all such topics may be found in the papers and transactions of those Societies (see, especially, the years 1811, 1826, 1834—5—6—7, and 1861, and the Supplement and Appendix) which cast the aegis of their protection over the manners and customs of a time growing every day more and more remote from our own bustling age, and destined, perhaps before the next decennial Census, to fade away altogether into the vista of the illimitable past.

Boon to Boniface.

THE recruits of the 1st Surrey Militia were, last year, instead of being billeted in public-houses, placed under canvass in the barrack-yard by way of experiment. This experiment was found to answer so well that it has been repeated this year, and the men are now encamped at Richmond. The step of lodging Militiamen in tents, if again successful, will perhaps be adopted as a permanent and not a merely tentative arrangement.

A Vast Domain.

A FRIEND and Total Abstainer, who has hitherto been a great admirer of MILTON, feels his faith in that poet somewhat shaken, on finding that he refers to the "Empire of Negus," without one single word of disapproval.



A COUSINLY HINT.

"How TALL our SHADOWS ARE; CLAUDE!"

"YES, AREN'T THEY?"

"TALL ENOUGH FOR US TO BE MARRIED, I THINK!"

SUFFERERS AND SIGHT-SEERS.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

"SPRING, Spring, ge-entle Spring!" I hear a cheerful butcher-boy chirping at my doorstep, while I am seated shivering over a winter's fire, and watching the hail patterning on the passing umbrellas. The little warbler seems to me a trifle premature in the selection of his song; still I cannot help remembering that May-Day is at hand, and the R.A.'s are prepared to exhibit their E-ray.

Springing thus from one of the Fine Arts to another—from Orpheus to Apelles, if I may air my classics—perhaps I may be suffered to jump to the conclusion that the Show this year will be as popular as ever, and that the people who attend it will be as pushing and unpleasant and impudent as ever. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* I mean, here is the reason of my crying for your aid to reform the ill-behaviour of the picture-seeing world.

If I may trust my memory of the miseries I have suffered in my study of the Arts, there are at least ten distinct classes of obnoxious persons, who have disturbed my comfort, if not trodden on my toes:

1. There are the civil people, who, when you are standing at just the proper distance to appreciate a picture, coolly plant themselves in front of you, and then back you from your place.

2. There are the pleasant people, who, by force of weight and muscle, calmly shoulder you aside, and turn a deaf ear to remonstrance if you think fit to give it vent.

3. There are the fashionable people, who come in all their finery, and cause you ceaseless fear of being tripped up by their trains.

4. There are the stingy people, who will not buy a Catalogue, and continually plague you by peering into yours.

5. There are the snobbish people, who affect to claim acquaintance with half the lords and ladies whose portraits are exhibited, and audibly proclaim their satisfaction with the likeness, or complain that "her dear Ladyship" has been "anything but flattered" by the artist of the work.

6. There are the wall-eyed people, who stick their noses to each picture, as though they wished to smell it, and thus totally eclipse it from everybody else.

7. There are the stupid people, who get puzzled by the Catalogue, and read out wrong descriptions loudly to enlighten their deaf aunts.

8. There are the vulgar people, who, when a crowd is round a picture, tell their cronies, blatantly, "Ah, it ain't so good as mine!" or else, "I gave five 'und'erd pound for it, and wouldn't take a thou."

9. There are the clever people, who make unkind comparisons of dead with living painters, and tempt you to believe that there is nothing now worth looking at in all the range of modern Art.

10. And there are the gushing people (young ladies chiefly these), who go into small raptures at every other second, and scream "How sweetly pretty!" or, "O, isn't that too charming!" when they see a scrap of millinery or a sentimental face.

If you could bind these harmful people not to break the peace of harmless people like myself, you would deserve to have your portrait painted for posterity by the first of living artists (you know whom I mean), and would earn the lasting gratitude of yours truly,

IRACUNDUS.

P.S.—As there are days reserved for Students at certain of our Galleries, might there not be days reserved for Snobs at the Show of the R.A.?

PPS.—The charge on these days should be raised from a shilling to a sovereign.

Woolwich Nursery News.

MORE Woolwich Infants, yet unborn, are thought of. It is proposed to construct, within the next year, no less than twenty of these little strangers. They are to weigh thirty-five tons each, and carry a seven hundred pound bolt propelled by a charge of one hundred and thirty pounds of pebble powder, necessitating a cartridge of two feet six inches long. There are reasons which have determined the choice of that sort of gunpowder for the Woolwich Infants; and it is certainly more suitable than violet powder would be to those iron babies.



THE "UGLY DUCKLING."

NEPTUNE. "WELL, OF ALL THE HIDEOUS—!"
BRITANNIA. "AH, SHE ISN'T PRETTY, CERTAINLY; BUT REMEMBER, FATHER NEP, HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES!"

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.



UCH ought we to thank goodness that we are not as foreigners are, nor even as these Germans :—

"BEER RIOTS IN BADEN.—A serious riot has broken out in Mannheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, arising from an increase in the price of beer. A crowd, numbering about 6000 people, attacked and destroyed to their foundations three great breweries,

and it was necessary to call in the troops before order was re-established."

So much from the *Post*. What an admirable contrast to the frantic destructiveness of those rampant Mannheimers, infuriated by a mere rise in the price

of beer, is presented by the patience and resignation which we our noble selves have displayed under an absolute prohibition of beer on Sunday afternoons; and, not only that, but during an enormous increase in both the price of the meat, which used to be the Englishman's food, and that of the fuel which served to cook it, and maintain the warmth necessary to his life. No increase of the death-rate in Mannheim attended the dearth of beer, as amongst ourselves it has that of meat and coals. Yet where stood the butcher's shop, which a British mob has razed, or the plant of a coal-owner, which a populace of Britons has demolished? Moreover, have not the Police Stations, the head-quarters of the Force, inclusive of spies and informers, instrumental to Sabbatarian legislation in debarring a Briton of his beer, been scrupulously respected by a law-abiding multitude, that does not even throw stones and break windows? The popular British Lion may roar in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square, but does only when he is poked up by agitators, and even then (except but once, when he pushed rails down) his part, like that which *Bully Bottom* wanted to play, is "nothing but roaring." Only certain persons, particularly prigs and extortioners, might as well consider whether it may not be possible to exhaust the noble animal's patience, and provoke him, one of these days, to a degree of fury that he will "tear the cat in, and make all split."

Protoplasm and Putty.

THERE is a great chasm
'Twixt live and dead matter;
What means Protoplasm,
The former or latter?
That gap it can fill
Not up if 'tis either;
Nor yet, being *nil*
Material, if neither.

A HEAVY TRIAL.

GROANING beneath the weight of the good things placed upon it, is, clearly, not one of the Pleasures of the Table.

FROM THE SEA.

(*A holiday note from your own Tommy Tourist.*)

I HAVE made, I am afraid, enemies for life of several kindly disposed friends, by inducing them to come down and spend a few days in this retired spot. It is called Littlehampton. Wagg came: from Brighton. He won't do it again, he says, and adds that, before he revisits it, he'll see me further first; meaning, probably, in the Bognor and Southsea direction. But I shall, temporarily, stay where I am.

ENGLEMORE ran down here, and brought a portmanteau: a big one. He unpacked it at night, and spent the following day in repacking it. Yet I am happy and contented.

ENGLEMORE expressed himself in his usual felicitous way, thus:—

"No," said he, "I'm fond of Sammy Shrimp and Peter Prawn; also I like seeing something of Billy Beach. But I do miss Colonel Company. Daniel Donkey and Gregory Goatshaise on the Green is not quite good enough for your little ENGLEMORE; and my name is not little Dicky Dull."

So he went off, and left me like ALEXANDER THE GREAT SELKIRK, monarch of as much as I can see about me within certain limits.

O Solitude, where are thy charms? Why, here. By the sad sea wave, where I now sit down and pen the following little 'Oiday Ode:—

SONG OF THE SOLITARY.

If for a place in quest, alone,
Whose face is Quiet stamp'd on,
Then quit the Busy Brightelmstone,
And seek a shore but little known,
And rest at Littlehampton.

Here you can pace the glist'ning sand,
Which boots will soon be damp't on,
For miles you'll walk with book in hand,
By gentle Southern breezes fanned,
That blow on Littlehampton.

Then on the green you'll rest your eye,
Which bits have oft been champ't on,
And here some humble friends you'll spy—
A goat, three donkeys, and a fly—
Content with Littlehampton.

If theologic'lly inclined
To study lectures Bampton,
There's not another place you'll find
So suited to this frame of mind
As sober Littlehampton.

On terrace, lit by moonbeams pure,—
The terrace I am camp't on—
Walks the Policeman; but I'm sure
His office is a sinecure
In steady Littlehampton.

Here undisturbed can Artists paint,
On canvass never scamp't on,
Without a crowd of rustics quaint,
To argue "what it be" or "bain't,"
We've none at Littlehampton.

Drive to the Ducal Park—'tis near,
The grass you may get cramp't on;
There argufying rooks you'll hear,
And see in herds the social deer,
Five miles from Littlehampton.

O, had I Tubal's Lyre famed,
Which many tunes were vampt on,
I do not think I should be blamed
If, musically, I exclaimed,
"Hooray for Littlehampton!"



NICE DISTINCTION.

Lady. "TOMMY SMITH, WHAT IS MEANT BY 'SENDING RAIN UPON THE JUST AND UPON THE UNJUST?'"
Tommy Smith (promptly). "SENDING IT TO WET GOOD BOYS AND NAUGHTY GIRLS."

COLD WORK.

In the International Exhibition may be seen "The Domestic Freezer." To many visitors this will be no novelty, the Domestic Freezer being rather too well known in the domestic circle. Sometimes it is the Head of the Family who operates as a Domestic Freezer, when the business transactions of the day have not been altogether satisfactory, or dinner is late, or AUNT SARAH has written to say that she hopes to be with them on the 16th, to stay a month or six weeks. Sometimes it is Mamma who is the cause of everybody feeling chilly and uncomfortable—put out because the servants have given warning, or the dressmaker has spoiled her new silk, or that projected visit to Bathingampton is likely to come to nothing. A daughter of the house has been known to perform the part of Domestic Freezer, and generally in such instances a gentleman is in the case—FREDERICK has omitted to write, or failed to come, or his marked attentions to EMILY are not regarded with enthusiasm by EMILY's parents. But more frequently it is the presence of a son in the family circle which acts as a Domestic Freezer—when he has exceeded his allowance, or is keeping late hours, or finds the billiard-room more attractive than the counting-house.

The bore who takes a liberal advantage of his general invitation; the mother of Mamma after she has had a difference with nurse on the subject of the management of infants; the *enfant terrible* of the family with his inopportune remarks before strangers; and the unsophisticated relative who will refer to passages in the early career of COUSIN ROBERT, which he would prefer to have forgotten—all these Domestic Freezers are additional proofs, if any were wanting, that it is an everyday institution amongst us, and that we need not go so far from home as the International to find it.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

GENERAL CONTRERAS has been nominated to the command of the army of Madrid. Quite right. If any rule is likely to suit Spain, now that everything there is turned upside down, it is "the rule of Contraries."

CONFISCATION AND CONSCIENCE.

THE deputation of one hundred gentlemen from the National Anti-Income Tax League, who waited on MR. GLADSTONE and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the other day, to urge the abolition of that popular impost against which they, on behalf of the discontented minority, who feel it, are banded, were of course "fubbed off," as *Mrs. Quickly* says, with the usual courteous and evasive answer. Neither the PREMIER nor MR. LOWE as yet sees his way to the possibility of doing without that valuable piece of class taxation. Perhaps LORD NORBROOK could show them. He has discovered it in India, and they also, if Englishmen were as Indians, would too soon find it out here. You may take it as an axiom in fiscal (or confiscal) science, that an exaction should, and must, and can, be abandoned as soon as its collection ceases to be possible. One would like to know how many Baboos have enriched the Indian Exchequer with "conscience-money"?

Music and Masonry.

THERE'S walls, through music's power alone,
 Were built by famed Amphion,
 Whose plastic harp could channel stone
 Like corrugated iron.
 And yet a wag, in whom to pun
 The tendency was rooted,
 Said, what, perhaps, he meant for fun,
 Their pillars all were fluted.

Nature and Art.

WHAT are the "pictorial trees" which we see announced as about to be exhibited in the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington? What branch of Art do they represent? Are they trees hung round with beautiful woodcuts?



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

"YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE POOR DEAR DUCHESS? ISN'T IT TOO AWFUL?"
"IT IS, INDEED! DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW HER GRACE?"
"WELL—ER—No!"
"NO MORE DID I! HAPPY THOUGHT—LET US TRY AND BEAR UP!"

THE LORD MAYOR IN MOTLEY.

(By an elderly Alderman.)

MERCHANT-PRINCES, and magnates of trading,
In costumes making merry!
Municipal masquerading!
Questionable, very!
Our Alderman's collars of Esses,
Turned Horse-collars, through Bow-bell-dom!
MR. MAY's stock of fancy dresses
On the backs of Civic swelldom!
Lord of Misrule and the Revels—
Ought a Lord Mayor to be it?
Is that keeping folks to their levels?
Somehow, I don't seem to see it.

I've been in the habit of feeling
A great respect for Guy's.
With the Hospital I've had dealing,
Which in the Borough lies.
Then, on the fifth of November,
Guys I hold an institution;
They're as old as I can remember—
To stop 'em were revolution.
But Guys in the Corporation,
And the Lord Mayor at the head of them!
Seems like trains running out of their station,
And into the train ahead of them.

Twenty jesters at once reads funny;
But they don't seem in place at Guildhall.
I can see mountebanking for money,
At the West End Egyptian Hall.

Where of broughams so long the rank was
To A. SMITH's Mont Blanc crowding hotly;
But his mountain less of a blank was,
Than those twenty mugs in motley.
Once, callings used to be testers
Of what those who used them were best in,
But you'd scarce say those Mansion-House jesters
Had served their time to jesting!

I can see my LORD MAYOR presiding
At Courts and Commissions of shores,
But not, like a play actor, striding
About, dressed as LOUIS QUATORZE.
That King was no fish out of water,
He didn't look small—but big;
To his Fleur-de-Lys mantle no martyr,
At home in his full-bottomed wig,
"L'état c'est Moi," said that sovereign,
Which, for LOUIS QUATORZE, was true;
But, in such a gilt-gingerbread covering,
"La Cité,"—my Lord—ain't you.

I like to see things in their places,
For then they don't cross and hurtle:
I like Aldermen saying graces
For lots of green fat in their turtle:
To see 'em standing up, manful,
For City rights and charters;
For these, o'er the coals, by the panful,
Game to be hauled, like martyrs:
To hear 'em each other schooling
In a Corporation quarrel;—
But I don't like to see 'em tom-fooling,
In other folks' apparel.

I respect my ideal Lord Mayor,
In my family I instil it—
Bow down to the Civic chair—
With something solid to fill it.
But Lord Mayors have no call to be funny,
Or learned, or wise, or witty—
Though in course they should have money,
And position in the City:
Should be up to entertaining—
The chapter in Civic story!—
And subscribing, and sustaining
The City honour and glory.

Minor Mayors may invite—though a labour it is—
And noblemen, they're our betters;
But as for dining celebrities
In sciences, arts, and letters,—
All such new-fangled notions
My ideal Lord Mayor must drop,
To Mammon confine his devotions,
In other words, Mind the Shop.
And as for masquing and mumming—
If cobblers should stick to their last,—
They may suit the Queer Time coming,
They don't suit the Good Time past!

Chemistry of Common Life.

Lady Customer (to Druggist). Will you let me have a pint bottle of Chloroform?

Druggist (amazed). Pint bottle, M'm? Of Chloroform, M'm? May I be allowed to ask for what purpose?

Lady. A disinfectant.

Druggist (aghast). Disinfectant, M'm! Surely you cannot be aware, M'm, the use of such a quantity would cause paralysis. There must be some mistake, M'm, in naming Chloroform. Allow me to suggest Eau de Cologne.

Bystander. Perhaps the lady means Chloride of Lime.

Politics and Practice.

THE Morning Advertiser animadverts on the fact that a contemporary labours to make out that the Government have come up "fresh" after their recent downfall. In the interests of the public-house, that might be good news; but it would by no means follow because Ministers themselves got fresh, that they would not propose measures to prevent other people from getting tight.



“CULTURE.”

Fare (furious at being overcharged). “I INSIST ON SEEING YOUR BOOK OF FARES !”
Cabby. “I SHOULD BE MOST APPY TO PERDOOCE IT, SIR, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I LEFT IT ON THE PIANO-FORTE IN MY DRAWRIN-ROOM, SIR!!”

PERPETUAL SPRING.

“*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*”
 Very good song once to hear;
 Not all day to have it ring,
 Organ-ground, upon your ear.
 That’s too much of an encore;
 So the song becomes a bore.
 Grinning Child of sunny skies,
 Who art wont the streets to roam,
 With the sparkling teeth and eyes,
 And the hair that knows no comb,
 “*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*”
 Thou that, in each unwashed ear,
 Wearest a metallic ring,
 Varlet, come not playing here!
 “*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*”
 Cress and mustard time to sow;
 And thy collar is a thing
 Whereupon the seed would grow.
 Hence, ere BOBBY’s glove it soil!
 I shall call him if thou stay.
 Turn thine hand to useful toil;
 Grimey Foreigner, away!
 Greasy Creature, go along;
 Grinder of the hackneyed song!
 “*Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!*”
 Played for more than half a year,
 Like the frosts in May that sting,
 Now hath gotten too severe.

“NOW IS PUNCH A CHILD OF CONSCIENCE.”

Merry Wives of Windsor.

MR. PUNCH presents his best compliments to MR. W. S. GILBERT, the author of *Pygmalion* and other delightful plays. The former gentleman last week inserted in his immortal page a poem, of which his opinion was therefore, of course, immeasurably high. It begins, “Sing for the garish eye.” This composition he had supposed to be new, and the work of the valued contributor who forwarded it to him. It seems that *aliquando bonus*, etc. The contributor enclosed it with some other papers, and in the accompanying note expressly mentioned that it had been copied from a scrap-book, and was remitted only for Mr. Punch’s private diversion. This notification is now before Mr. Punch, but had previously escaped his vigilance. The East wind must have got into his eyes. The verses (with some slight variations) are by MR. GILBERT, and appeared elsewhere ten years ago. Mr. Punch had never seen them, or must have remembered anything so excellent. He is the soul of frankness, honour, and good humour, and he hastens to say “Blunderavi”; yet can hardly regret having thus introduced Mr. GILBERT’s poem to a delighted universe.

City Magnates.

WERE Gog and Magog at the LORD MAYOR’S fancy dress ball? They ought to have been among the most honoured guests. Was SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON present with his immortal cat? Did KING LUD gaze with astonishment on the dazzling spectacle—fancy dress balls not having come into fashion in his time? Did WAT TYLER and SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH meet again in happier circumstances? If any of these eminent civic characters were absentees from the Mansion House, we hope they sent valid excuses.

PERSONAGES IN THEIR PLACE.—Ambassadors from Japan at a Polish Ball.

NEW SLANG FOR CHAMPAGNE.—Collier’s Pop.



A SUMPTUARY MATTER.

Smart Volunteer Captain. "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU, PRIVATE FIGGINS, ON MY LAST PARADE, TO HAVE YOUR HAIR CUT SHORTER BEHIND!"

Private Figgins (taking it off with one hand, and his Shako with the other). "YOU DID, SIR, BUT—CUT IT TO YOUR OWN LIKING, SIR!!"

W. C. Macready.

BORN 1792. DIED AT CHELTENHAM, APRIL 27, 1873.

Is this the Actor's death? When into dark
Sinks the last spark of a slow-waning light,
Only the bedside watchers miss the spark
That quivered tremulously on the night.

The Actor's death is when he quits the Stage,
Whence he controlled the beat of many hearts,
Feeling and making feel more love and rage
Than falls to those who fill more work-day parts.

Short life, perhaps, and shadowy—but sublime,
In those rare moments; when, for joy or pain,
Actors and audiences' hearts keep time
To music from some mighty master's brain.

A phantom being: but who dares to say
Our substance than their shadows is more true,
Their lampless night less bright than common day.
Who live, awhile, the life that SHAKESPEARE drew.

MACREADY dead! 'Twill point a paragraph,
Inspire a column—leave some aching hearts;
But not an instant checks the light world's laugh,
As when an Actor from our stage departs.

He left *his*, many and many a year gone by;
And I who write must track, with backward thought,
Up to my youth, for the bright memory
Of all MACREADY acted, was, and taught.

He lived the life 'tis fitting they should live
Who commune with ideal thoughts and things.

To all he wrought his best brain loved to give,
Was cold to Fashion's smiles, stout 'gainst her stings.

Of high aim in his art, whoso dared preach
High art was folly, fool would bluntly call:
Still in his craft dared wider range and reach,
Until he stood it chief—confessed by all.

He was content to shine, and store the gain,
With which success tempts men on downward ways,
But strove to make the theatre a fane
For noble art, e'en in ignoble days.

We were boys then, and, with young hearts aglow,
Followed his hand, that bravely led along
Through Prospero's glamour, Lear's colossal woe,
Hamlet's brain-sickness, and Othello's wrong.

Answered like English, English HARRY's call
Once more to Harfleur's walls; and for the stour
Of battle mustered round him one and all,
On the unequal field of Azincour.

Ah, those were brave times, when each season brought
Its stately tribute of good work, well done;
And kindred spirits at his bidding wrought,
To help the progress he had well begun.

What if no harvest, whose ears men can weigh,
Were housed from that spring-sowing?—fruit it bore,
And most of good our Stage can boast to-day
Came from *his* labour, who is now no more.

Hail and Farewell—thou last of a great line,
Who in ideal art moved as at home!
Because ye bowed at a now empty shrine,
Was your faith false? Lo, the believers come!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



hinted that MR. DISRAELI might have a feeling akin to parental fondness. It was that the House would not proceed with the Budget, and reduce Indirect Taxation, until it knew Government's intentions as to Direct Taxation. MR. SMITH supported his resolution in a speech of calmness and ability, and said some very hard and just things about the Income-tax, and the folly and vexatiousness of the way it was imposed and collected. He believed the Budget to have been framed on a basis of inflation and high prices.

Then did MR. LOWE assume a somewhat new character, at least one which he has not put on during his Ministerial life. He blazed out. He went in for clap-trap, and talked about "rich and poor," and declared that direct taxation fell on the former, indirect on the latter, and that corresponding reductions should take place in both cases. He should be sorry to tie his successor's hands, as he meant to be his own successor. He had not neglected Local Taxation. Then he abused the Opposition for asking relief for the rich at the expense of the poor, and he complimented the working classes as being "neither saints nor idiots." Some of us may remember that he did not at all times take so favourable a view of the artisans, and that at a certain Reform period he used such strong language about the lower class—that their organs advised them to stick up his words in their workshops, and remember their vituperator. But times alter, and so do situations, and we are not always looking forward to a general election. The speech was a slashing one, and from a partisan point of view, good, but the haughty cynic descended from his philosophico-economical pedestal to serve his party. However, when the Gods came down to fight on the plain of Troy, they used the same sort of arms as the mortals whom they knocked about so mercilessly.

"Full at the chief, above his coursers' head
From Mars's arm the enormous weapon fled—
Pallas opposed her hand, and caused to glance,
Far from the ear, the strong immortal lance."

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE rose as Minerva, but even this cool sage rather lost temper at the charges made by MR. LOWE. The latter had said that more lies were told about Sugar than about anything else, and SIR STAFFORD gently suggested that he should have said Imaginary Statements, and that such language made gentlemen disinclined to criticise any measure of the Government.

MR. TORRENS hit out at MR. LOWE, and demanded a great extension of the area of rateable property. MR. KAVANAGH accused MR. LOWE of setting class against class. MR. FAWCETT cut the Budget to pieces, but thought that it was too late to challenge it.

AME Monday, April 28.—A late Mrs. BROWN — now, then, Madam, why this levity? —we repeat, Mrs. BROWN, a most excellent Lady, more worthy to be mentioned here than nine out of ten persons whose names frequently occur in these columns, has left £55,000 to provide better bathing-places for us Londoners. But as the money has not yet reached the Treasury, MR. GLADSTONE could not announce that any steps had been taken to carry out the benevolent old Lady's wishes. When the first new bathing-place has been erected, *Mr. Punch* means to compose a classical inscription for it, on the model of that placed by POPE in his grotto. "Nymph of the Grot."

MR. W. H. SMITH originated a debate which lasted through two nights. His resolution was one for which MR. GLADSTONE

MR. GÖSCHEN declined to reveal the Government ideas on Local Taxation (of which we were to hear on the following Monday), and described MR. SMITH's Motion, which was designed to force the Government hand, as too clever by half.

MR. GLADSTONE wanted to finish the debate at once, so we assumed that MR. GLYN had been able to whisper pleasant things to his Chief. But we adjourned.

Tuesday.—THE LORD CHANCELLOR introduced what is apparently a most valuable Bill for simplifying and cheapening the transfer of land. LORD CAIRNS was pleased that the subject had been revived. For those

"Whose freehold's in a garden pot,
And hardly worth a pin,"

the topic has not much interest; but let those who have ever bought or sold real property tell us what sort of language they used on looking at the Solicitors' bills; yet, mind, the Solicitor is not overpaid for what he has to do under the existing system of Conveyancing.

LORD CLAUD HAMILTON brought on a proposition that the Railways of Ireland should be acquired by the State. MR. GLADSTONE saw many difficulties in the way of this, but he treated the Irish in an indulgent sort of style, and had a plan for lending money to the railways at a lower interest than they now pay, and by this, and by another device of his, they would gain £130,000 a-year. We rejoice to say that "a generous and grateful people" dashed back so insulting a boon at the head of the Saxon Minister. MR. DELAHUNTY declared that he would not touch it with a pitchfork, and laid all the miseries of his country at the door of the Dublin Castle officials, who made her laws. "We don't come among you as beggars," cried MR. DELAHUNTY. "Abolish Dublin Castle, raise the equal flag, and Ireland will go ahead like a house afire." He also mentioned that he wanted England and Scotland for the Irish. It was very diverting to those who like Irish farce, but when we want this kind of thing we prefer to see it in MR. BOUCAUL's and MR. FALCONER's clever dramas. In the end, the Motion of LORD CLAUD was defeated by 197 to 65.

Much more interesting than the clamour of wild geese was an appeal for protection to certain other wild birds. MR. A. HERBERT got a Select Committee to look after some that had been excluded from the Act of 1872. "The amiable and accomplished Chaffinch," the Thrush, and the Blackbird, are to be thought of, and we are not without hope of putting down the Sparrow murderers, the most insensate Clowns in existence. It was a case of "the Bird and Many Friends," only in the right sense, for the Committee was granted by 162 to 16.

"Birds in their little nests agree
That 'tis a pleasing sight
To see great gentlemen decree
To do our Warblers right."

Wednesday was given to the Ladies. MR. JACOB BRIGHT moved the Second Reading of the Bill for doing away with their Disabilities—for giving them Votes, in fact. It would enfranchise about 300,000 feminine persons. We had, he said, a Queen who had showed the greatest tact and judgment in a late crisis—why should not other ladies exercise political sway? Women were much better people than men, and behaved admirably in all social and moral relations. MR. EASTWICK, in the gentlest and pleasantest manner, seconded the Motion, and even urged that in war times women were braver than men.

MR. BOUVERIE, of course, objected to turning Women into Men. The former were physically weaker, and therefore could not undergo equal fatigue. (Beleakins, as we say in Lancashire, MR. BOUVERIE can never have shared the severe enjoyments of a London season.) He made the usual jokes about female Members of Parliament, about an Attorney-General eloping with a Solicitor-General, and about a Prime Minister being laid up with a baby (are Prime Ministers never laid up with the gout?), and he gave us the rest of the cheap and aged satire customary on such occasions. MR. LEATHAM, too, opposed the Bill, and objected to the creation of the monster called *Femme-homme*. His picture of a blooming and engaging First Commissioneress of Works, however, made the House laugh.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, always all chivalry, stood up for the Ladies, and made one good point. If the Ballot were the guarantee for order, quiet, and secrecy that it had been represented to be, what difficulty was there in the way of feminine voting?

MR. BRUCE was unusually vigorous against the measure—timid men are generally most afraid of women, unaware that

"Woman, born to be controlled,
Stoops to the haughty and the bold."

All through the history of mankind a broad distinction had been made between man and woman,—no country had yet conceded feminine suffrage—in a House whose Members had wives, sisters, and daughters, their interests were sure to be looked after, etc., etc. Indeed, so feminine was Mr. Bruce's logic that it did seem to make the presence of more orators of the kind unnecessary, and so he did mischief to the Bill.

MR. BERRSFORD HORN hit straighter, though not so politely, and had a pleasant word for cliques of noisy, and disagreeable, and strong-minded women, who he thought led the agitation in the matter.

MR. FAWCETT, of course, supported the Bill, and said that though women were generally Conservatives, and would certainly hinder the destruction of the Church of England (which he desired) that was no reason for refusing them justice.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN objected to sarcasm on the question. But Providence had assigned different duties to men and to women. This is not quite exhaustive. On both sexes is imposed the pleasant duty of reading MR. K. H.'s charming story-books, and we wish he'd write more of them.

MR. HENLEY had previously been on the side of the—Men, but he had seen reason to go over to that of the Angels.

MR. NEWDEGATE was very, very sorry to hear this. He protested against the Bill as a declaration that men were unequal to the performance of their own duties.

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY quoted ever so much out of LIVY, in the original, against women, which would have been rather mean, but that most ladies understand Latin better than officers, schoolboys, and "self-made men."

MR. GREENE told the old story about the woman who had no "coals of fire" to heap on her husband's head, and so took boiling water, and he seemed to think that this would be the course in a family where the head of the house did not please his ladies by voting with them. After this descent no more could be said, and the Bill was thrown out by 222 to 155: Majority against Woman, 67.

One story might have been told in regard to the proposal that, when a woman married, she should lose her vote. A Scotchman made an offer of marriage in the most cheerful style. He conducted his love to the kirk-yard, and pointing out the graves of his own family, said tenderly, "Lassie, would ye like to rest with them?" A somewhat less doleful form of offer, in case of the above arrangement, might be, "BELINDA, darling, say, will you be disfranchised for the sake of your ALPHONSO?"

Thursday.—LORD SELBORNE's Judicature Bill was "improved," contrary to his wish. An alteration by LORD CAIRNS was adopted, purporting to uphold the pre-eminence of the LORD CHANCELLOR. LORD SELBORNE is a Medea in a new light. He takes the two ugly little children—Law and Equity—and tosses them into a cauldron, wherein he proposes to fuse them, and to bring out a perfect Angel of Justice. Their respective friends are making a most intolerable row about the operation, and *M. Punch* imputes no more interested motive than Patriotism to the demonstration against the measure. But it is certain that those who are most displeased with it are most likely to lose by it.

One of MR. PETER TAYLOR's "grievances"—the case of a culprit who was said to have received extra punishment for laughing in the dock, was explained, and of course, exploded. The fellow had frequently been guilty, but while his poor old mother paid his fines, he jeered at justice, which has finally given him something which he does not laugh at.

We then resumed the adjourned debate on MR. W. H. SMITH's Motion on the Budget. The House was not well attended during the early debate, and the speakers could not be very cheerful. However, it was known that the Leaders meant to have a round or two, so we picked up about ten. COLONEL AMCOFFS' mentioning

that he intended "to speak truth and shame the Evil One," was assailed with a cry of "Name!" MR. BENTINCK walked out of the House, displeased that the SPEAKER would not hear him instead of MR. DISRAELI.

The Leader of Opposition made an elaborate speech in support of the Motion, and was full of information about Local Taxation. But this was not nearly so interesting as his mode of paying back MR. LOWE for certain taunts. He was able to take a cheerful view of MR. LOWE's extraordinary speech—it was a specimen of the juvenile ardour of some primitive assembly. "Everybody had not had the good fortune to have travelled in the Antipodes." Translate this—we shall not—and you will see what it meant. He proposed that MR. LOWE should do as he had done before, take back his Budget, and try to make it better. Speaking of the duties on liquor and tobacco, MR. DISRAELI informed the House that he neither drank spirits, nor smoked. We may concede to SIR HENRY THOMPSON that spirits are bad for most people, but

"Divine tobacco, that from east to west,
Soother the Turk's labour and the Tartar's rest!"

We cannot hear with pleasure that the friend of SIDONIA partaketh not of the fragrant "weed," as it is profanely called. We had imagined him, *lentus in umbrā*, watching the marghilé, and devising the epigram. Some pensive regret comes on us to learn that MR. DISRAELI has given up smoking. He made, however, an effective speech.

It was answered as effectively by the other, "war's perfect master." MR. GLADSTONE defended the Budget, and dwelt on the great boon to the working man from the remission of the Sugar-Duty—£750,000. But for this Motion the plan of Government as to Local Taxation would then have been before the House. If MR. LOWE had said that all the direct taxes fell on the rich, the indirect on the poor, it was a gross exaggeration, but MR. GLADSTONE said he had not heard this. But it would have been unjust not to remit as much taxation of the poor as we remitted of that on the rich. He trusted to the House to fulfil the dictates of justice.

Both Leaders declared, with profuse emphasis, that they would not shrink from a division. Doubtless they would not have done so, but no division was taken. To the Liberal shout of "Ay," the Opposition gave not one answering "No." And there was an end of the matter. This debate, with such a result, has been rather good for the Ministers.

Friday.—We sat very long in the Commons. After it had been admitted that England had been "put in a hole" in the S. Juan business—we having accepted unfair terms of arbitration because the Americans would not consent to fair terms, we went into Supply, and supplied away till two in the morning.

FOLLIES OF THE FASHION.



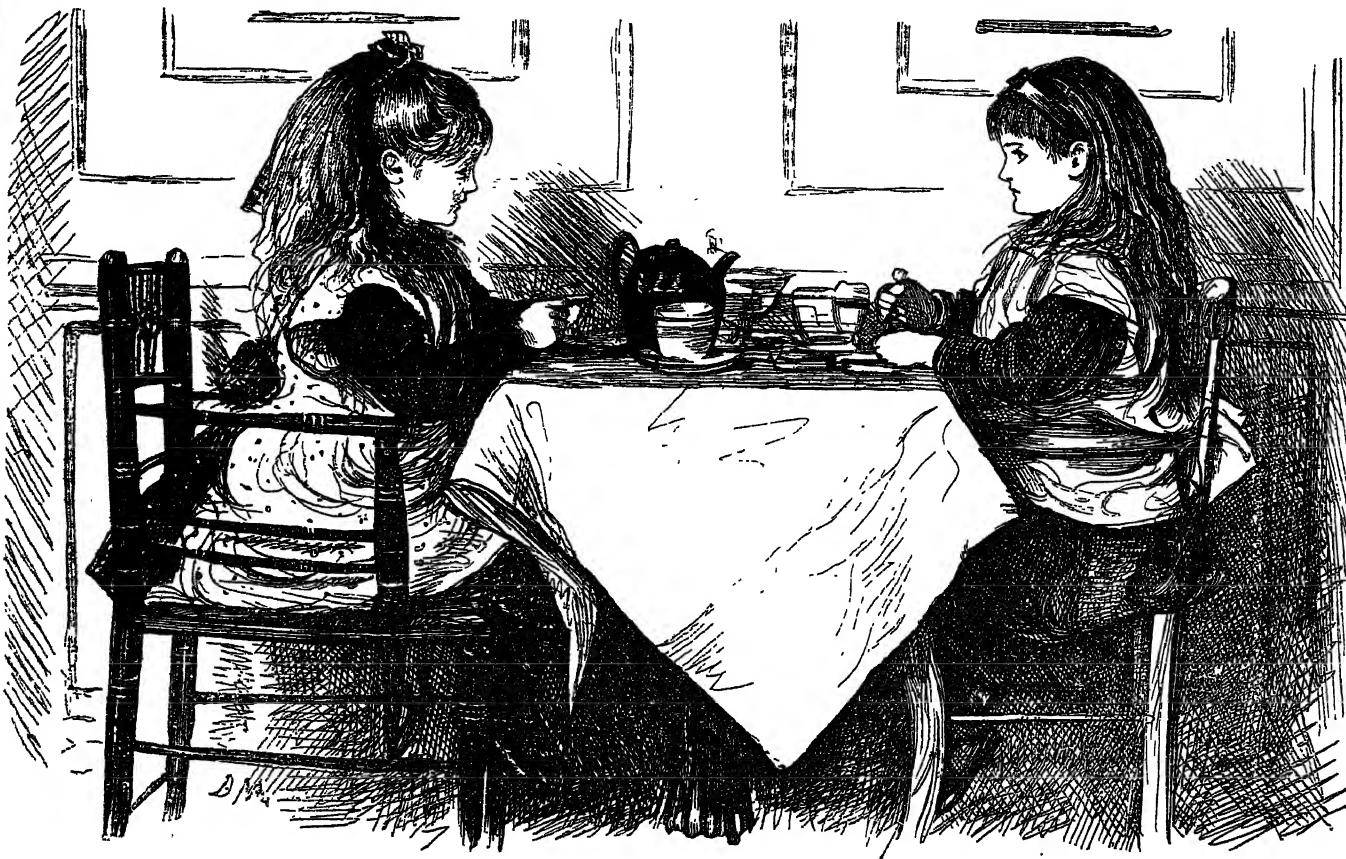
W^HO is it that sets the fashions? Whom have we to thank for all the hideous excrescences by which beauty is distorted and comfort is disturbed? Passing periwigs and pigtailed, as things happily extinct, we wonder who invented chignons, corsets, stick-up-collars, chimney-pot hats, and high-heeled boots.

As regards these last-named instruments of torture, see here what is said of them by somebody who knows:—

"It was impossible to imagine a more depraved form of foot covering, or one more injurious, than the high-heeled boots now worn by many women. The five toes were crumpled up together, and a greater weight than it was ever intended it should bear was thrown upon the ball of the great toe, rendering long-continued muscular exertion a thing impossible."

Fine ladies may declare that fine ladies have no need of undergoing a continuance of muscular exertion, and that they therefore have no need to give up wearing high-heeled boots. Of course, fine ladies keep their carriages, and, except perhaps in dancing, never have occasion for stretching their ten toes. So they let these be deformed and crumpled up by high-heeled boots, and grow misshapen and distorted like the feet of the Chinese. Deformity becomes a proof of fashionable breeding, and it is better to be hideous than not dress à la mode.

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SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF ACCOUNTING FOR EVERYTHING.

Florence. "My Egg's quite cold! I wonder why?" *Ethel.* "So's mine. Can't you guess?" *Florence.* "No!"
Ethel. "Why, they've been boiled in cold water, stupid!"

NAPOLEON IN EXCELSIS.

It is very well known that, during the late French Empire, the celebrated Medium, Mr. D. D. HOME, enjoyed the patronage of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and used to hold *séances* before his Imperial Majesty at the Tuilleries. In connection with this matter of historical fact, there seems a peculiar significance in the following passage of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S recently published will:—

"Il faut penser que du haut des cieux ceux que vous avez aimés vous regardent et vous protègent. C'est l'âme de mon grand oncle qui m'a toujours inspiré et soutenu. Il en sera de même pour mon fils, car il sera toujours digne de son nom."

Perhaps the Nephew learned that he was inspired from Heaven by the soul of his Uncle from raps which occurred in the presence of MR. HOME. These, however, have proved untrustworthy, and are not to be depended on. Therefore we cannot confidently express the hope that NAPOLEON THE THIRD (who avenged Waterloo by doing good offices to England) may have rejoined his Uncle. We wish we could. The assurance that NAPOLEON THE FIRST had gone aloft would be cheering. In that case, who would need to be afraid of having to go elsewhere? He is in an abode which contains the majority, if not all, of the *majeures*. Among them must be nearly, if not quite, every man Jack of the hundreds of thousands whom he sent thither from the battle-field—besides the DUC D'ENGHEN in cold blood.

In another part of the late EMPEROR'S testament he expresses, with reference to the PRINCE IMPERIAL, the desire:—

"Qu'il n'oublie jamais la devise du chef de notre famille, 'Tout pour le Peuple Français.'"

It may be doubted if the Third NAPOLEON understood this motto exactly in the sense in which it was practised by the First, its Author. A proverb says that, "*le père de famille est capable de tout.*" So was the Chief of the NAPOLEON family. In his mind did not "*Tout pour le Peuple Français*" simply mean "Anything to be Emperor of the French." Nevertheless, the ability to believe that he is now in a better place than even the Tuilleries would be satisfactory, because reassuring.

RIDICULE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE suffrage both Man's right and duty
 You hold, and yet deny to Beauty.
 (Women in general so we call—
 Some having more, some less, that's all.)
 With just above an idiot's brains,
 That men should vote you've taken pains;
 To poll admit the multitude
 Of fools: the sagest dames exclude.
 You have enfranchised each male ninny.
 Is Jackass so much more than Jenny?
 Yes, men of lofty politics,

For you, because your Jackass kicks;
 Whereas poor Jenny does but bray;
 So can be safely answered "Nay!"

Say, you whose theory supposes
 The rule of right is counting noses,
 And who, in point of worth, opine
 That snub's as good as aquiline,
 The *petit nez retroussé*, too,
 Of less account is that to you,
 Why, than the gross plebeian pug
 Of tinker *Snout* or joiner *Snug*?
 Are women in your sight as mud?
 Are they not, too, your flesh and blood?

Hard Case.

OUR old friend JOLLIBOYSE, who is still forbidden by his Doctor to touch even a single glass of his favourite wine, speaks of himself, quoting COWPER,—for JOLLIBOYSE has more tastes than one,—as "Always from port withheld."

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF CRICKET (AND OF ARGUMENT).—The same thing over and over again.



THE NEW MEDEA.

JASON (MR. BULL). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS!—(aside)—I HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT—BUT THERE'LL BE AN
AWFUL ROW!"

NIP'S NOTES.

Theatrical Nippings. From the Lyceum to the Strand, from the Strand to the Opéra Comique, thence to the Vaudeville.



NUMBER NIP was a familiar. So am I, only not too much so. I observe the caution, "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." Being eager to go everywhere, in order to keep you, my Master, and your friends *au courant* with what is going on — (and, indeed, you must now-a-days be on the run, when nothing is at a standstill)—being eager, I say, to go everywhere, and stay nowhere, I nip into a place, and nip out again,—fly here, fly there,—I should say, cab here, cab there, and see what is to be seen from one end of London to the other. Among the theatres, I have recently visited the Lyceum, the Strand, the Vaudeville, and the *Opéra Comique*, whereon I have the following remarks to offer.

Every playgoer will, of course, at some time or other, treat himself to MR. IRVING's performance of *Eugene Aram* at the Lyceum. *Eugene Aram*, however poetically idealised, was, in fact, but a Eugene Aram-scarum sort of a fellow. He was a hero of the *Newgate Calendar*. He murdered a man for his plate, wrote half-a-dozen lines of indifferent versification, and met a fate that CINNA might have experienced, had "*à la lanterne*," instead of "tear him," been the cry in the time of the Roman poet, whom *Eugene* resembled, only inasmuch as they were *arcades ambo*, or *Sinners* both.

Beautifully put on the stage under the direction of MR. BATEMAN, *Eugene Aram* is an undramatic play, but a dramatic poem. Its leading idea is but the ringing of one change on *The Bells*.

In the latter, *Mathias* had murdered a Polish Jew: and fear and remorse killed him. In the present play, *Aram* has murdered a scoundrel (not a Polish Jew), and fear and remorse kill him. In the last Act of *The Bells*, *Mathias* showed in pantomime how he killed the Jew; in the last Act of the present piece, *Aram* shows Miss ISABEL BATEMAN, who has rather a dreary time of it throughout, how he killed the scoundrel.

As for the language of the poem, it is, doubtless, excellent; but more than one visit is necessary in order to form an opinion of its literary merits. Were the book published, the more satisfactory method would be to read it first, and then see it played.

One thing more. *The Bells*, to which it bears so striking an affinity, was called a "Psychological Study." This is not so styled, though it ought to be. Now, Sir, I submit that the stage is intended for Plays, and not for "Psychological Studies." *Hamlet* is, himself, a psychological study; but he is the central figure of a strong play. So of *Macbeth*, so of *Othello*. However, there is the piece, and as it is, not as it isn't, we must all pronounce upon it. The verdict will decidedly be in favour of MR. HENRY IRVING's performance; but I sincerely trust that with this second "study" of "murder as one of the fine arts" will terminate what threatens to be "The Bells series." If murder will out in this psychologically-stagey way, then, instead of blessing the Bells, play-goers will be exclaiming, with Mrs. Gamp, "Drap them Bells,"—and so will MR. IRVING. The piece is completely successful, and has, up to the present time, attracted more attention than either of its predecessors.

After *Eugene Aram*, enliven yourself with *Nemesis*, a piece of musical buffoonery at the Strand, and one of the funniest, brightest, and most extravagantest packs of nonsense that this little Theatre has had since—well, no matter since when—let me say, generally and vaguely, since the last.

There is not a dull bit of music in it, and though there is no particularly brilliant vocalisation, yet, as all the singing is well acted (which is nearly everything in this sort of thing), and as the people fit the parts, and the parts the people, it all goes with spirit.

Over the way at the *Opéra Comique*, Mrs. GEORGE HONEY, Miss PATTY LAVERNE, Miss CARLYLE, and the numerous *dramatis personæ*, do their very best with the bright music of the rather too long *Bohemians*. There are excellent things in it, but for fun it

is some way behind the general run of *Opéras Bouffes*. Costumes and scenery, brilliant. Singing, capital.

Finally, for a genuine bit of comedy, command me to the performance of MR. FARREN as *Sir Peter Teazle*, and MR. CLAYTON as *Joseph Surface*, in the celebrated Screen Scene in the *School for Scandal*. It has run for over two hundred nights; and, were it acted all round now, as perhaps it was at first, and as it still is by the two gentlemen above mentioned, it would not "surprise me to hear," at some future time, that it was celebrating its four hundredth representation to a crowded house. Played as it is, the advertisements ought to announce that the Screen Scene commences punctually at such and such an hour, and add the time of its finish. This would draw the latest diners, while the earliest would have their full six-penn'orth. I make no charge for this valuable hint, and remain your own familiar,

NIP.

FOUR BOB.

THE policy of ROBIN Hood was not, MR. ROBERT LOWE, exactly what you represented it in your remark on the proposal to reduce Direct Taxation rather than the Sugar-Duty:—

"It is reversing the policy of ROBIN Hood—stripping the poor to feed the rich."

Why not be accurate? It was, you know, the policy of ROBIN Hood not merely to strip the rich, but worse, to rob them. ROBIN Hood subjected the rich to a pocket-tax. With part of the proceeds of this direct taxation he bribed the poor to support him. This, you see, MR. ROBERT, was, as it were, sugaring the poor. Would not reversing the policy of ROBIN be something like reversing the policy of ROBERT? What's in either of those two names to difference them; do they not accord in the first syllable; and is not Bob, politically and financially, in the fullest sense equivalent to Rob? Recollect, there were two noted Robs—ROBIN Hood and Rob Roy. The English Rob robbed the rich, as you should have said, to give to the poor, so that he might curry favour with the latter. The Scotch Rob levied black mail—on privileged classes, look you—and wouldn't he have made a famous Chancellor of the Exchequer? As to another illustrious Rob or Bob—long life to him, and—*de vivis nil nisi bonum*.

You do not say much to discredit the policy you so cleverly misrepresent when you declare that—

"Such a policy will be an injustice to the sugar trade, which would, while these battles were going on about local taxation, be hung up between heaven and earth."

Well; in that case would not Society be well rid of a great many fraudulent grocers? In the meantime, MR. ROBERT, you coolly assume it to be an incontrovertible fact that the payers of direct taxes consume no sugar. Now—not again to mention the two BOBS already referred to in connection with a name that makes a third—is not that rather too much like a fourth BOB—ROBERT MACAIRE?

CRADLE-SONG OF A "WOOLWICH INFANT."

LULLABY, lullaby,
What a fine babe am I!
Born only yesterday,
Thirty-five tons I weigh.

Lullaby, lullaby,
What a fine voice have I!
List to the dulcet note
Flung from my iron throat.

Lullaby, lullaby,
See how my playthings fly!
Balls of gigantic size
Hurled to the very skies.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Brothers a score have I.
Rather a costly lot:
You'll have to pay our shot.

Pretty Batswomen.

IRREPRESSIBLE Woman is again in the field. "Ladies' Cricket" is advertised, to be followed, there is every reason to apprehend, by Ladies' Fives, Ladies' Football, Ladies' Golf, &c. It is all over with Men. They had better make up their minds to rest contented with croquet, and afternoon tea, and sewing-machines, and perhaps an occasional game at drawing-room billiards.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Man on Fidgety Mare. "GENTLY, OLD LADY! GENTLY! NO HURRY!"
Stout Lady crossing the Ride. "WHO ARE YOU, CALLING ME 'OLD LADY,' I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW? I DON'T INTEND TO HURRY, I CAN TELL YOU!"

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

We are in a position to contradict the rumour which has lately been gaining ground, that in consequence of the daily increasing demand for fresh fruit and vegetables in the Metropolis, MR. AYRTON has decided to convert a large portion of Kensington Gardens into Market Gardens.

There is no foundation for the report that MR. GLADSTONE is suffering from harassing doubts as to the personal existence of HOMER, and the authenticity of the popular accounts of the Trojan campaign.

We have reason for believing that MR. LOWE has no intention of submitting to Parliament a supplementary estimate for the establishment and maintenance of a National School of Cookery.

A little bird has just whispered in our ear, but we cannot vouch for its being well informed, that the leading supporters of the Women's Wayward Movement are about to abandon their native shores, and St. James's Hall, and MR. BOUVERIE and MR. LEATHAM; and form a new settlement in one of our Transoceanic Colonies—MR. JACOB BRIGHT to be the President of the Community, *pro tem.*, until the Ladies have settled among themselves which of them has the best right to take the lead.

A statement has gone the rounds of the Press, but we understand without sufficient official authority, that the SHAH OF PERSIA, during his approaching visit to this country, will be invited to lay the foundation-stone of a new wing to a well-known and popular public Institution, with full Masonic honours, a Municipal address, a procession of five hundred young ladies, dressed in the height of the folly of fashion, to deposit purses of gold at his slippers, and a luncheon after the ceremony in the nearest Town Hall.

A rumour is afloat, but we cannot trace it to its source, that a healthy young sea-serpent is expected at Whitsuntide at the Brighton Aquarium; and that at the Crystal Palace an elegant chamber (in the Rococo style) is in preparation for the reception of a mermaid of prepossessing appearance and fascinating manners, now on her voyage to this country from the Cannibalian Seas.

The report that a large number of Equity Barristers are about to

present the LORD CHANCELLOR with a full-length portrait of himself, holding the Judicature Bill in his right hand, seems to require corroboration.

The news seems almost too good to be true, that the Royal Academy have decided, after this year, to hang all the portraits in a room by themselves, to be conspicuously labelled "Portrait Room," and to which there will be no additional charge for admission.

It is whispered in the Clubs that the future position of this country with regard to the oyster is likely to engage the attention of the Cabinet before next season. The question is one which cannot long be shelved.—No epigram about shelly-fish implied.

Great excitement has been caused in the House of Commons by a report that the Government have serious thoughts of not adjourning this year for the Derby Day, but intend to add an additional holiday to the Whitsuntide recess, by way of compensation.

We regret to announce that, after the most searching investigation, we have failed to meet with anybody who saw the Members of the Metropolitan Board of Works twining garlands of flowers round the lamp-posts on the Thames Embankment, on the morning of the First of May.

It is whispered that the first stone of the new Courts of Justice will not be laid until PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR is of an age to take the chief part in public ceremonials.

We must leave it to our listeners to say what reliance they think is to be placed on the assertion that Government intend to delegate to a Royal Commission, with its head-quarters at Greenwich, the delicate task of settling the long-pending question—What is a whitebait?

A rumour has reached us—we give it for what it is worth—that through the liberality of the great City Companies, all the London Bridges will be thrown open, toll free, after the 31st of March next.

A project is said to be on foot for forming a Company to supply the streets at the West End of London, during the season, with scented water. The carts to be elegant and ornamental in their structure, to revolve on noiseless wheels, and to be fitted up with an ingenious musical apparatus, by means of which a selection from



"ON THE FACE OF IT."

Host. "I DON'T LIKE THIS LAFITTE HALF SO WELL AS THE LAST, BINNS.
HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY DIFFERENCE?"

New Butler. "WELL, SIR, FOR MYSELF I DON'T DRINK CLARET; I FIND PORT
AGREES WITH ME SO MUCH BETTER!!"

some favourite opera will be given each morning. The drivers will be habited in a tasteful uniform.

Another new *tripos* (*Athletic Exercises*) is spoken of as being in contemplation at Cambridge. It is not improbable that a scheme for the revival of the ancient Public Games will, before long, be considered by Convocation at Oxford.

HOMO CAUDATUS.

In the course of his admirable oration in *Castronem*, HAWKINS, Q.C. (we do not say MR. CICERO), thus bespoke the Jury:—

"You know that the £100,000 upon the Tichborne estates was not touched by the will at all. The settlements had done that. But the Defendant, when questioned as to the general object of the will, said it was to 'create a reserve fund by entailing my father.'"

This quotation was followed by "great laughter;" after which our learned friend proceeded:—

"There is a distinguished conveyancer behind me (MR. CHAPMAN BARBER) who might possibly make me understand how that could be done, but he would be a long time about it."

A distinguished Naturalist could, perhaps, easily elucidate in a few words what it would task a distinguished Conveyancer to explain in many. Has not the Author of the *Origin of Species* entailed his ancestors? If you want to know how to entail your father, ask MR. DARWIN.

Elegance with Economy.

MADAM, you pinch your waist so tight
As to shock all men in their senses;
Your husband still you could delight:
As closely pull in your expenses.

PALLAS; OR, THE WORLD OF WISDOM.

BEHOLD yon Planet bright and fair,
Yon world of splendour, Madam:
They manage matters better there
Than we, the race of **ADAM**.
For them the passions ne'er enthral
Which us are apt to seize on;
Because they have their feelings all
Subordinate to Reason.

Their earth includes no battle plain,
Renowned in song or story;
For knowledge is their only gain:
No thought have they of glory.
No martial hero there they know,
Low knave, or lofty plotter;
No soldier hath his scars to show;
His stripes hath no garotte.

Folk act for ends which meet they think,
Regardless of sensation;
On principle they eat and drink,
And not from inclination.
Their bodies, which, unto their souls,
Mere engines, ruled by thought, are,
They stoke with food as though with coals;
Turn liquors in like water.

No rivalries are ever bred,
In that wise world, by Beauty.
For there, too, people only wed
Because it is their duty.
Herein the wisdom of their law
Transcends e'en all Egyptian;
The lot of marriage husbands draw,
Wives also, by conscription.

Hence, on that whole resplendent globe,
There's not a single nation
Which will be stripped of Nature's robe
By over-population.
We, too, this Island of our own,
Might save the flowers and trees on,
Would we, supreme upon its throne,
Likewise, establish Reason.

Foot-Notes.—Dance Music.

THE GOLDEN LAND.

The true Tom Tiddler's Ground must clearly, one would say, be near the Bank of England. And what a lot of gold and silver must be constantly picked up there, when we find the land is purchased at the price which we here quote:—

"**THE VALUE OF CITY LAND.**—Premises in Coleman Street (once a leading thoroughfare of the City, but since the opening of Moorgate Street not so much used), with an area of about 2,000 feet, were yesterday sold at a sum of £12,000, being at the rate of £6 per foot, the largest sum, we believe, yet obtained at this spot."

Six pounds per foot! This well-nigh beats the diamond-fields. Fancy owning a few acres of land which may be valued at six pounds for a foot! Well, in spite of all one hears about the decadence of England, there is certainly small fear of her prosperity decreasing while her soil is thought worth purchasing at ten shillings an inch.

RUSSIAN HIDES.

OUR by no means remote ancestors used to account the Russians, whom they called Muscovites, barbarians, little better than down-right savages. Hence they would have been prepared to misinterpret a telegram, concerning the EMPEROR WILLIAM's visit to St. Petersburg, which concludes with the statement that:—

"This being the birthday of the CZAR, the town is decorated in a festive manner. The streets are filled with joyous crowds. In the evening there will be a grand tattoo."

Thanks to the vast increase of intercommunication with our neighbours, which has been effected by the marvellous instrumentality of steam, we are, happily, far too wise to understand that, in Russia, tattooing themselves, after the fashion of South Sea Islanders, is one of the manners and customs of the natives.

THE STAGE AND THE PULPIT.

ON the afternoon of Sunday last week the Rev. PROFESSOR LIGHTFOOT, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, preached, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, a sermon which, from a published summary of it, appears to have been an altogether awakening discourse, and not one of that numerous kind by which, on the contrary, a narcotic effect is produced on a congregation. The subject of it was "The Drama," whereon the preacher spoke as to wise men, and not to sanctimonious fools or gloomy hypocrites. He told them that it "was an enormous and powerful instrument in the hands of Society—an engine for good or for evil," and that:—

"Its popularity would inevitably secure for it a great influence, and he thought that the Drama should be encouraged, and hearty sympathy with it expressed for all its noble efforts. It should be raised up and made what God would have it made, to purify the moral sentiments, to be the common educator of the people in all that was heroic, just, pure, lovely, and of good report."

And, he asked,—

"What was there to prevent the English stage from taking its proper place so as to inculcate all that was healthy in morality in the hearts of the people?"

Nothing, to be sure, in the nature of the Stage itself:—

"But the present state of the Drama was far from satisfactory; all honour, then, to those dramatic writers and stage managers who were attempting to raise it by not pandering to the 'vitiated tastes' of some of the public."

The Stage, well conducted, would be auxiliary to the Pulpit—that well conducted too. For if the state of the Drama is unsatisfactory, so, in general, is not that of the Sermon? If the former is, in some instances, immoral, is not the latter, in very many indeed, unpractical; and is frivolousness on one hand not matched by imbecility on the other? Many sermons are light as the lightest literature, adapted to the meanest capacity by levity consisting in the mere absence of thought.

CANON LIGHTFOOT'S discourse, above quoted, may be ominous of better things for both Stage and Pulpit. Relating to a matter of practical interest, with moral and spiritual bearings, it is calculated to attract the congregation who heard it to come where they may

expect to hear the like, and also to go where dramas, which exemplify "noble efforts," on the part both of their authors, actors, and producers, are performed. Thus people might be sent from Church to the Theatre, and from the Theatre to Church. And so the Stage would edify the public six days a week; and the intellectual and moral edifice would be crowned from the Pulpit every Sunday.

It is said that a movement has at last been begun for the amelioration of sermons. If so, CANON LIGHTFOOT has evidently taken a hand in it. To call his exceptionally sensible sermon on the Drama, as compared with average sermons, an intellectual treat, would be to characterise it by a phrase which provincial reporters usually apply to a penny reading from *Pickwick*. Yet it was intellectual; therefore, a treat for a sermon. A good sermon, truly, is meat for the inner man; good meat even as venison. Now, in the ancient ballad of *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, the Miller, entertaining his Sovereign unawares, regales the hungry monarch with a venison pasty, which, in respect of its contents, was derived from his Majesty's own deer. He distinguishes this delicacy by a name in point with respect to the foregoing observations:—

"Here's dainty Lightfoote! In faith, said the King, I never before ate so dainty a thing."

The material venison is not to be had in season and out of season too. The metaphorical is always ready, and long may it continue in prime cut every Sunday, and other festival or holyday of the Church.

Iron Quakers.

THE Peace Society may be glad to hear that the new rifled howitzers, of eight-inch and ten-inch calibre, which have been tried at Shoeburyness, combine the qualities of both

howitzer and a mortar, so that they are capable of either vertical or horizontal fire; for the salutation, if necessary, of England's enemies. All such appliances of the strong man armed contribute to the preservation of peace; so much so, indeed, that a candidate in a competitive examination, if asked the derivation of howitzer, would make no bad guess if he answered that it came from Hewitt, a distinguished ornament of the Society of Friends.



AN ARTISTIC DUOLOGUE.

"WHAT PICTURE HAVE YOU GOT THIS YEAR?"—"OH! THAMES!"
 "BOAT!"—"YAAS!" "GIRLS!"—"YAAS!" "IN WHITE MUSLIN!"—"YAAS!"
 "AH! GOOD SUBJECT!" "WHAT'S YOURS?"—"OH! THAMES!"
 "BOAT!"—"YAAS!" "GIRLS!"—"YAAS!" "WHITE MUSLIN?"—"YAAS!"
 "FIRST-RATE SUBJECT!"



TROUBLES OF OUR CLERGY.

"Rector. How is it that you did not come for your soup to-day, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith. "Well, Sir, there wasn't no taste in it last week; and they tell me there be hardly enough seasoning in it to-day!"

PUNCH'S PICTURE GALLERY.

SINCE the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, a just surprise has been expressed that so few pictures are to be found on its walls illustrating the stirring times in which we live, and that our painters so seldom attempt to depict the remarkable events which have happened, both at home and abroad, during the last ten or twenty years.

It at once occurred to SIR JOSHUA FRANCIS PUNCH, P.R.A. (President of the Right Sort of Academy), that the Artists only require to have appropriate subjects suggested to them on proper authority; and he therefore proceeded, in the few moments of leisure he could snatch from the duties and delights of the Season, to jot down some recent historical events of importance, which appeared to him to be eminently suitable for pictorial treatment.

In doing this, the President soon found the contemporary history of his own little Island so exuberant in subjects deserving a permanent record on canvas, that he was obliged to postpone his intention of offering some additional hints for pictures derived both from the Old and the New Hemisphere, India, Spain, China, Japan, France, Germany, Italy, America, Australia, Roumania, and the Papal States.

THE GALLERY.

The Metropolitan Board of Works deciding on the Demolition of Northumberland House.

The Mob destroying the Railings in Hyde Park.

H.M.S. *Devastation* saluting the old flagship, the *Victory*, at Portsmouth.

The RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, M.P. A Triptych:—

1. Meditating the Match Tax.
2. Reducing Sugar a Farthing a Pound.
3. Signing the Cheque for the Alabama Award.

The LORD MAYOR'S Fancy Dress Ball.

TOO GOOD.

ABROAD I take my devious way
When flowers their petals now unfold;
With hyacinths and tulips gay
My neighbour's garden I behold.

Had I the leisure and the means
(Perhaps 'tis best that I have not),
I'd grow the like; and I'd rear greens
And parsnips for my lowly pot.

Sweet blossoms! I enjoy their sight
As much as e'er their owner can.
But is my pleasure wholly right?
Their owner is another man.

Should not the pleasure they impart,
Since they belong to him alone,
O tell me, my misgiving heart!
Be none of mine, and all his own?

Methinks that, as I pass along,
To look upon them I may dare,
And smell them too, and yet not wrong
My neighbour when his joy I share.

I relished oft a schoolmate's cake,
Saying within myself, "How nice!"
I robbed him not. I could partake
His happiness without a slice.

I loved; was not beloved again.
My love became another's bride.
But soothed was momentary pain
With balm which sympathy supplied.

In fancy I reversed the case;
My rival I imagined me;
My own self put in that man's place—
And felt—and feel—more glad than he.

A Recent Election.

THE reason why Bath preferred CHELSEA is a very obvious one. It has nothing to do with politics, so the Liberal party may dismiss their fears. There was a similarity of tastes quite sufficient to account for the choice. Both Bath and Chelsea are associated with—buns.

A Ritualist Clergyman defying his Bishop and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The New Licensing Bill—Closing the Doors of a Public-House on the First Night of its operation.

A Debate in Convocation—Are Hassocks as old as the Fourth Century?

The ceremony of throwing open the Bridge at Kingston-on-Thames free of toll.

Winchester—A good tundring.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY in the act of uttering those ever memorable and never to be forgotten words—"Dr. LIVINGSTONE, I presume."

The Bank Parlour—raising the rate of discount.

Opening of the New Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford.

The Metropolitan Board of Works taking formal possession of Hampstead Heath.

Trafalgar Square by Limelight—MR. ODGER addressing the Meeting.

Waiting for the Division—Deceased Wives' Sisters and their Brothers-in-Law in Palace Yard.

Journeymen Bakers in the attitude of threatening to strike.

MR. AXFORD visiting Kew Gardens.

The first election by Ballet.

The Battle of Salisbury Plain, 1872.

The Claimant quitting Westminster Hall—entering the Brougham.

Arrival in the London Docks of the ship *Kangaroo*, bearing the first cargo of Australian Preserved Meat.

A Sunday Demonstration in Hyde Park.

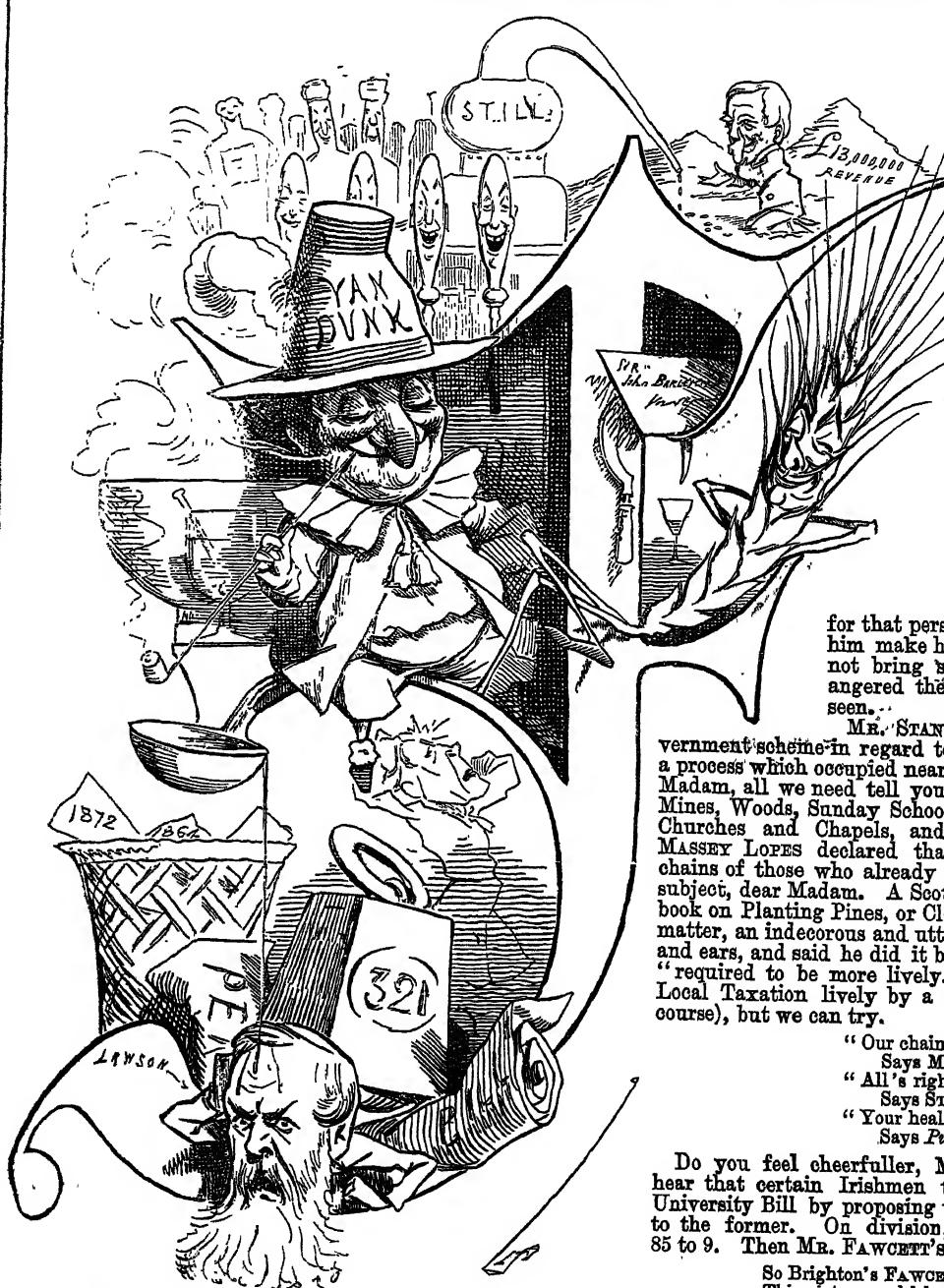
MAJOR-GENERAL MARTINGALE MARTINET assuming the command, as Honorary Colonel, of the Twentieth Dragoon Guards.

Anniversary Dinner of the Licensed Higglers' Benevolent Association—the Chairman proposing the Toast of the evening.

The First Patient—DR. LYDIA SHACKLESPRING in her Consulting Room.

Equestrian Group—the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs at Temple Bar, February 27, 1872.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OR this relief much thanks, LORD REDESDALE. You are very watchful, our good Lord. You pointed out to your fellow Peers that certain Gas Companies are trying a dodge. They want leave to increase their prices, permanently, because coals are dear, temporarily. You mean to be down upon them at the right moment. "Steadily and diligently" is your motto, and you are worthy to bear it on your shield. More power to its Eagles. This was *Monday, May 5th.*

The Judicature Bill was read, by the Lords, a Third Time, and passed, after a curious little debate about letting Bishops sit on the Judicial Committee. LORD SALISBURY did not want their assistance. However, he withdrew his Motion, but strongly objected to be called "a Quarter." This is right. Quarter is what the gallant debater never gives.

In the Commons the Member for Peterborough (a place that has a beautiful Cathedral and one of the cleverest bishops "out," and yet it elects MR. WHALLEY) brought up the ORTON case again, and demanded public assistance

for that person. MR. BRUCE snubbed him, and bade him make his application to the proper official, and not bring such matters before the House. This angered the Member for Peterborough, as shall be seen.

MR. STANFIELD introduced a portion of the Government scheme in regard to Local Taxation, and explained it all, a process which occupied nearly an hour and a half. But at present, Madam, all we need tell you is, that he proposes to rate all sorts of Mines, Woods, Sunday Schools, Ragged Schools, and to exempt only Churches and Chapels, and certain Government property. SIR MASSEY LOPEZ declared that Ministers were actually riveting the chains of those who already laboured under grievances. 'Tis a dull subject, dear Madam. A Scot once introduced into the middle of a book on Planting Pines, or Cleansing the Clyde, or some other serious matter, an indecorous and utterly irrelevant story, lugged in by head and ears, and said he did it because he had been told that his work "required to be more lively." We doubt whether we could make Local Taxation lively by a similar process (bating indecorum, of course), but we can try.

"Our chains you shan't rivet,"
Says MASSEY, so stout;
"All's right as a trivet,"
Says STANFIELD, with flout;
"Your healths in Glenlivat,"
Says *Punch*, thumb to snout.

Do you feel cheerfuller, M'm? Then you will be prepared to hear that certain Irishmen tried to spoil MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill by proposing to hook on the "Catholic University" to the former. On division, the House smashed the project by 85 to 9. Then MR. FAWCETT's Bill Passed.

So Brighton's FAWCETT, single-handed, won
This victory—which great GLADSTONE had not done.

Tuesday.—The Lords read, a Second Time, the Bill creating the Three Railway Dictators—the Traffic Triumvirate.

SIR CHARLES DILKE made a speech in favour of what he calls redressing the inequalities of the distribution of electoral power. He complained, for instance, that there are 100 Members returned by 80,000 electors, and another 100 who represent 1,080,000. He cannot see the constitutional fitness of this, and talked about such a state of things being a menace to the peace of the country, at which unwisdom the House "murmured." It may be impossible to make SIR CHARLES understand that a small but an educated constituency is likely to choose a better Member than a great ignorant crowd, and that Parliament requires sundry balances, and not a Rule-of-Thumb system, which would probably induce a great return of Tom Thumbs. However, MR. GLADSTONE, loudly cheered by the Conservatives, strongly opposed the scheme, and soon afterwards the House, impatient, brought matters to an end by cries of "Divide!" SIR CHARLES got 77 votes, and those against him were 268.

MR. TREVELyan tried to convince a scanty audience, chiefly composed of soldiers, that there ought to be no more appointments to Honorary Colonies. MR. CEDWELL opposed him, and threw out his Motion by 80 to 40. When you consider, Madam, what a glorious being a fully-uniformed (and not necessarily fully-informed) Colonel is—the nearest approach to an earthly angel—you will not desire that such angelic apparitions should be few and far between.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had a very meritorious Bill—one for preventing our Vandals from destroying Ancient Monuments—read a Second Time, but MR. BRUCE refused to promise any public funds in carrying the measure into effect. Of course. We can make magnificent presents to foreign arbitrators for fining us heavily in the cause of philanthropy, but we cannot afford a shilling for the preservation of monuments of the days when England held her own against all the world. The House grew pensive, and let itself be Counted Out.

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved the Second Reading of his famous Permissive Bill, the Bill for permitting those who drink water to lock up other liquors from other people. The debate was not unamusing, and morning performances of farces are now so common that we cannot object to the Westminster Theatre following the fashion. But *Mr. Punch* is displeased

at the evidence that the Screw is put on, palpably, by the fanatics of abstinence, and by the licensed victuallers. The "insolence" of both sides was strongly censured, and proof was given that English gentlemen are indignant at dictation. MR. BRUCE opposed the Bill heartily, and it was thrown out by 321 to 81.

Thursday.—LORD REDESDALE carried Resolutions for preventing the Gas-folks from permanently raising their price. Some day we should like to know why they do not, on Sunday nights, put on pressure enough to light up our houses properly. The "dim religious light" we get on those evenings elicits remarks which are only religious in a censorious sense, and "dim" becomes Mantalinian in pronunciation.

Ha! The Constitution was in danger, for a moment. But the SPEAKER saved it. The promoters of a Bradford Bill introduced it in the Lords, notwithstanding that it contained Money Clauses—conduct worthy of JONATHAN BRADFORD. But MR. FORSTER instantly undertook that submission should be made, and we breathed again.

MR. BAXTER stated that an awful amount of tobacco is annually destroyed at the Custom House—smoked in what is called the Queen's Pipe—but that it is all very bad. Better far, than that it should be sold to our youth, for the whitening of their faces, and the stunting of their growth.

WHALLEY on ORTON again. Again snubbed, he demanded whether MR. BRUCE would prosecute him if he published certain letters. The HOME SECRETARY referred him to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the House roared. Yet MR. WHALLEY can talk good sense when he has not got hold of a crotchet, and in a subsequent debate he pointed out that a fine of forty shillings would not deter the Liverpool Liberals from choking up their register with fictitious voters, particularly Irishmen.

MR. LOWE ought not to have been asked a question about Servants, having himself had an unpleasantness with an insolent Teetotal Butler, whom, we are happy to say, he defeated in open Court. And, Madam, we are quite sure that you would applaud the true and lady-like courage which prompted MRS. LOWE, whom the fellow had insulted, to appear and give testimony against him. Sham fine ladies would have declared that they should faint away if asked to do a reasonable act like that. Kindly ring the bell for your butler, "a spirit of another sort," as we should like, respectfully, to drink to MRS. LOWE's health. To proceed. MR. HERMON (has he any fine mountain dew, as his namesake in ancient writ had?) asked whether, if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gave a party, he would pay the tax on his extra waiters. MR. LOWE was quite certain that he would do nothing of the kind.

There was a good deal of miscellaneous talk, but we fear that it must have been dull, for the KING OF THE BELGIANS looked into the Gallery of Honour, but stayed only ten minutes.

Friday.—LORD RUSSELL made his first appearance this Session, but showed that he meant to make up for lost time, moving for three sets of papers, on the subjects whereof (Irish) he promised that their Lordships should hear speeches. They were so delighted that they instantly rose to go home and tell the good news to their Peeresses and the younger ladies. Observe the exquisite delicacy of the comparative. All ladies are young, Madam.

"Youngness is *your* first law, but this confess,
Some are, and must be, younger than the rest."

MR. EYKIN spoke out for the Police, who have many grievances, and shall have our aid in procuring redress. A great deal more ought to be done for the brave and much too-goodnatured fellows who at the risk of life and limb, keep the brutal "roughs" in some kind of order. MR. BRUCE made the usual official reply, and praised COLONEL HENDERSON, who deserves, we believe, all the praise he received. But

When it's a case of fair play to brave Bobby
Let every good Member select the right lobby.

MR. PETER TAYLOR's grievance about a man who, it was alleged, received extra sentence for laughing at the Shiffnal Magistrates, came up again. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL rose this time, *dignus vindice nodus*, and MR. PETER got something which he would not have had from the mild MR. BRUCE. SIR JOHN made great fun of

MR. TAYLOR's grievance-mongering, and stated that the decent and tidy man for whom he was making fight got "mad drunk" four times in four years.

Should you be surprised to hear, Madam, that MR. WHALLEY got at ORTON again, for the third time in five days, and tried to drag him in on a Bankruptcy Court vote, on the ground that ORTON had been a Bankrupt. It is true. He tried to explode several times, but was "sat upon," the House roaring. Finally he complained of the "insolent" manner in which he was treated, but a cry arising, he withdrew the word. *Mr. Punch's* best compliments and congratulations to the electors of Peterborough on their Representative Man. Are they *all* WHALLIES?

LIQUOR LAW LOGIC.



ONCERNING the Permissive Prohibitory Member for Carlisle on his legs and his hobby, upon Wednesday last, the Times is so flattering as to say that:

"He could not convince his opponents, but he drove some of them into a corner. Mr. DALRYMPLE, for instance, who still proposes to lock up the drunkard, was pointedly asked whether there would not be quite as much reason in locking up the drink."

If MR. DALRYMPLE did not instantly bolt out of his corner, and over his questioner, he could have been withheld only by unilateral regard to a two-sided proverb of the wise King's. There would *not* be as much reason in locking up the drink as in locking up the drunkard. By locking up the drunkard, you prevent him from doing harm. You do not at the same time prevent him from exercising a power of doing good; because he is drunk and incapable. But, by locking up the drink, you do not only prevent it from doing harm to the sots who abuse it, but you also hinder it from doing good to the sober who use it in moderation to the refreshment of their bodies, and solace and satisfaction of their minds. In thus answering a certain description of reasoner according to the measure of his wisdom, with a view to rectify, if not his own estimate of it, at least that which may have been formed thereof by others, it is humbly hoped that the mistake has not been committed of becoming like unto him.

The Nomenclature of Fiction.

Is a new class of titles for Novels coming into vogue? Or are the Novels themselves going to be meteorological, like our conversation? It looks so, when we see advertised, the one under the other, *Wild Weather* and *Bright Morning*. Plenty more names of the same sort could be suggested—*The Rainy Day*, *April Showers*, *Something in the Wind*, *Angry Clouds*, *All in a Fog*, *A Storm Brewing*, &c.

Shavings.

A MEETING of Carpenters and Joiners, in Lambeth, the other evening, resolved to memorialise their employers for an advance of wages by one half-penny an hour. If their demand be complied with, let us hope these British workers in wood will know a deal better than to expend the increment of their earnings in any description of beverage possessing the properties of American "timberdoodle."



AFTERNOON TEA.

STUDY OF A BASHFUL MAN, WHO HAS PRIVATELY TOLD AN AMUSING STORY TO THE HOST, AND HAS BEEN REQUESTED BY HIM TO REPEAT IT ALOUD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COMPANY. WE HAVE TRIED TO DEPICT THE WRETCHED INDIVIDUAL AT THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN, HAVING MANAGED TO STAMMER THROUGH TWO-THIRDS OF HIS ANECDÔTE (WHICH IS RATHER LONG), HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THAT HE HAS COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE POINT.

THE SCOTTISH CRAZE.

THE typical Scotchman, if a reader of the *Record*, must have perused with mingled feelings of pride and horror the subjoined paragraph:—

"THE REFORM CLUB AND SUNDAYS.—At the Annual Meeting of the members of the Reform Club, held on Thursday last, LORD EBURY presiding—a strong protest was made by SIR JOHN MURRAY, of Philiphaugh, against the use of billiard and card rooms on Sundays. He moved a resolution that an order should be given to close the rooms on those days. The resolution was supported, and, after considerable discussion, an overwhelming majority of the members decided upon keeping the rooms open."

SAWNEY cannot but feel proud of SIR JOHN MURRAY, of Philiphaugh, for the valiant testimony borne by that undaunted Scot in the attempt, wherein even failure was glorious, to vindicate in the face of the Reform Club the observance of the Scottish Sawbath. But neither can SAWNEY not be horrified by the determination of the Reform Club to suffer cards and billiards within their walls of a Sunday. For SAWNEY is the subject of a fixed idea that, apart from gambling, vicious on any day of the week, it is sinful to play cards or billiards on the first, which he confounds with the seventh, to be observed as it was appointed to be by the Jews, with certain Presbyterian additions of his own, and thus kept as a Scoto-Judaic holiday.

And SAWNEY does not ask himself whether he would not invade religious liberty if he shut the card and billiard rooms of a Club, comprising Jewish members, in the faces of those gentlemen on his own Sawbath and not theirs.

Perhaps SAWNEY is afraid that things will ultimately go so far as to be managed here as they are in France; so that, one of these fine mornings, he will be shocked by an announcement corresponding, for London, to the statement, in Monday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, respecting Paris, that:—

"M. THIERS attended the races in the Bois de Boulogne yesterday. He had previously received the KING OF NAPLES."

To receive the KING OF NAPLES on a Sunday was, probably bad enough, in the estimation of SAWNEY; but afterwards to go to the races, and that for the ruler of a nation, was it not absolutely awfu' ? SAWNEY may well shudder as he imagines himself reading of a similar impiety announced as having been committed by a successor of MR. GLADSTONE.

SKIRTS IN THE STREET.

A CONCESSION, which the organ of millinery appears to consider great, has been made by Fashion to Common Sense and Cleanliness. According to *Le Follet* "the out-door morning dresses" for May "are made just to touch, or even to clear the ground." How ultra-reasonable and how exceedingly pure must be the skirts of the latter description, those which are so moderately long that they do not so much as quite touch the ground, but even actually clear it! Of some of these morning dresses the length has been entrenched to the immaculate extremity of clearing the ground to the extent of almost an inch! For, as to one of them:—

"It was of dust-coloured poil de chèvre, with narrow hair-stripes of a darker shade. The skirt was about an inch from the ground, and had five crossway flounces bound with green at the lower edge, and occupying about half the skirt; at the top of these there was a green ruche an inch and a half wide."

For crossway flounces, especially, those flounces are of course the best adapted of which the lowermost one does not sweep the crossing. In that case the "dust-coloured poil de chèvre" flounce admits of relief in being "bound with green at the lower edge." But otherwise it would very soon get that gayer tint obscured and assimilated to its own, whilst it acted as a besom.

CONGRUOUS COUPLES.

If there's a well-matched pair in married life
It's a Horsey Man and Nagging Wife.



THE PRELATES PUZZLED;

OR, "WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?"

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "IF I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THE QUESTION, MAY I BE—AHEM!—
DISESTABLISHED!"

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. "IF I KNOW WHAT TO SAY IN THE MATTER, MAY I BE—AHEM!—DISENDOWED!"

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLER.

CHAPTER I.—*A Conference between an Angler, a Hunter, and a Hawker—What came of it.*

THE FIRST DAY.

PISCATOR. VENATOR. AUCEPS.



Auceps. Marry, I had a Sister in a Circle. She is now a Columbine.

Piscator. Nay, you mistake my meaning. I am an honest fisherman, and I purpose taking my morning cup at the "Welsh Harp."

Venator. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company, for, in sooth, I do begin to mistrust the coming of a fox in my way, this May morning; and, indeed, my horse and I having parted at the last privet hedge, he preferring to remain on one side while I came over on to the other, I doubt whether I shall come up with the hounds, which, if I am rightly informed, are appointed to meet some miles hence.

Piscator. Here is the "Bald-faced Stag." Let us turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a rest.

Auceps. Most gladly, Sir. This is very excellent ale.

Piscator. I exchange courtesies with you both. A small glass of Geneva thrown into it, thus, leavens the whole, like a spice of Calvinism in the Thirty-nine Articles.

Auceps. Ay, and assiste to settle it: like an arbitration.

Venator. Sirs, your discourse charms me to an attention.

Piscator. Why then, Sir, I will take a little liberty to propose to you that one should be at charges for the other.

Venator. Nay, Sir—

Piscator. I accept your courtesy. Hostess, take my young friend MASTER VENATOR's proffered coin.

Auceps. Prithee stay your hand an instant. I will try chances with you, good Sir, to discover which of us two shall discharge the score of the three.

Venator. Nay, Sir, I cry you mercy—

Auceps. Marry, you should have cried "Heads," for 'tis "Tails," and you have lost.

Piscator. I am glad we are on the road once more. We shall soon come to where the river will stop our morning's walk.

Venator. O me! I have lost my cigar-case.

Auceps. Nay, Sir, never look so downcast at this ill-stroke. I have in my pack two bundles of cigars from the Havannahs, all excellent good, which I am minded to let you have a rare bargain. See how brown and glossy is their appearance; tied about, too, with a yellow fillet. Marry there be those of high degree who should not deal with me at one shilling a-piece. But, since your presence and fair conversation like me, you shall have them for sixpence each, and I protest this is, as it were, to bestow them with an open hand. Do you smoke, MR. PISCATOR?

Piscator. I do, Sir, in good truth. Indeed I have a sufficiency of the herb, in my pouch, for my own wants. Were I not thus furnished, I would—while our very young friend VENATOR is counting his money, apart and out of hearing—I would, I say, take a liberty to inquire three things of you. *Firstly,* Of what colour is the grass? *Secondly,* Do you notice a reflection of that colour in either of my eyes? And, *thirdly*, Are you, as a sportsman, sufficiently

skilled in the art of approaching a weasel with so great caution that he shall not be disturbed by your footsteps, and therewith proceeding so skilfully to shave off his eyebrows, that the creature shall not discover your trick until he be awoke?

Auceps. Marry, Sir, I think I do perceive your meaning. Silence is silvern?

Piscator. Ay, now, Sir, you talk like an artist. Nay, I am not to be put off with less than seven, and those, mark you, good.

Auceps. Give me your hand. There, Sir.

Venator. Honest AUCEPS, here are two pounds ten for one bundle.

Auceps. It is a match, Sir. Marry, here is one that strikes only on its own box. And now, Gentlemen, I must part with you at this park-wall, for which I am very sorry. But, I assure you, MR. PISCATOR, that, however fishy I may have hitherto considered your general conduct, yet I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. Heaven keep you both.

Piscator. Well, now honest AUCEPS is gone, MR. VENATOR, I will tell you all I know about angling.

Venator. Sir, my patience and diligence shall not be wanting. But I would first ask you if you can teach me how to jerk a coin in the air so it fall this or that side uppermost, as you shall list.

Piscator. O, Sir, doubt not, 'tis an art, whereof honest AUCEPS is a master. Favour me with half-a-crown, and I will show you how thefeat may be suitably accomplished. Nay, this is an indifferent piece.

Venator. Marry, Sir, it was one given me in charge by honest AUCEPS. But here is another.

Piscator. You shall put my skill to the trial when we have breakfasted.

Venator. I would I had breakfasted ere I had attempted that cup of ale and these cigars.

Piscator. Nay, Sir, you look pale. Here is the "Welsh Harp." Hostess, how do you? I will myself see this poor young gentleman safely bestowed in bed. Now, Hostess, a cup of your best, and breakfast at once.

Hostess. I will do it, MR. PISCATOR, and with all the speed I can.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHAIR.

THERE has been a conference at the Hall of the Clothworkers' Company, to consider the best means of promoting technical education in connection with the cloth trade. One of the speakers at the meeting was in favour of the establishment of "an itinerant chair, with an eminent man at its head, to teach physics and chemistry in the most important clothing districts in the country."

This proposition is as hard as any in *Euclid*. It presents three almost insurmountable obstacles. First of all, the notion of an itinerant chair—a chair on its legs journeying from place to place, is not easy to take in. But we will suppose this difficulty overcome, by the kind assistance of the Railway Companies, and that the chair is fairly started on its travels—the position of the eminent man at its head, not, be it observed, as is ordinarily the case, seated on its bottom, does strike us as uncomfortable, dangerous, and for any length of time well-nigh impossible. No salary, however liberal, could compensate the most eminent man for being placed in such a situation. Then, lastly, highly intelligent as modern chairs and tables appear to be, not even the most confirmed spiritualist has at present succeeded in finding a piece of furniture competent "to teach physics and chemistry."

Unluckily, we have not had the advantage of a technical education, or this magic chair, which it was suggested might go about the country, with an eminent man at its head, teaching natural philosophy in the clothing districts, would probably appear as simple a thing as logarithms or local taxation.

Proverb and Prescription.

THAT "what's enough for one's enough for two," The saying is but in a measure true; That is, a physiologist might say, For each, of his or her three meals a day.

Science Gossip.

BOTANISTS have observed that the language of flowers is not a faculty developed alike in all blossoms. Some possess it more than others. For instance, flowers of speech have it to a remarkable extent.

THE NEEDFUL LAW REFORM.

THERE is one glaring deficiency in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Judicature Bill. No clause provides for the creation of a Lord Cheap Justice.



SELF-SACRIFICE:

Boy (to Lady Visitor). "TEACHER, THERE'S A GAL OVER THERE A WINKIN' AT ME!"
 Teacher. "WELL, THEN, DON'T LOOK AT HER!"
 Boy. "BUT IF I DON'T LOOK AT HER, SHE'LL WINK AT SOMEBODY ELSE!"

ACADEMY RHYMES.

(From the Margin of Mr. Punch's Catalogue.)

FIRST BATCH.

(Motto of the Catalogue: "Labor et ingenium.")
 SHOULD a mountain in labour be our Art's device,
 Whose "Ingenium et labor" brings forth, mostly, mice?

(5. "Sanctuary."—J. PETTIE, A.R.A.)
 When J. P. painted these black nuns
 And yellow fugitive, I bet, he
 Said, smiling, to himself, "Bar puns,
 Whate'er my work is, it's not 'PETTIE'."

(11. "An Irish Weaver."—A. STOCKS.)
 "The right man in the right place" give me still:
 And Manchester while Fenian riot shocks,
 What place could "Irish Weaver" better fill,
 Than that he is assigned to here.—A. STOCKS?

(12. "Cordelia."—J. B. BEDFORD.)
 This sweet and sorrowful Cordelia?—Never—
 Nor more than a live torrent is a dead ford!
 Let's own the painter careful, even clever;
 But our Cordelia never lived in Bedford.

(13. G. Norman, Esq. 36 W. Spottiswoode, Esq. 214. The Duke of Cleveland. 281. "The Prodigal." 915. Miss May Prinsep.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.)

The men starved, swallow, shirtless all, to boot!
 Fair MAY in Ulster sleep and worst of hats!
 Such shabby get-up Prodigals may suit;
 But belles and swells!—we ask what's come to WATTS?

(28. "A Lion in the Path."—P. F. POOLE, R.A.)
 That unclad traveller, bare sword in hand,
 Advancing on the King of Beasts, looks cool:
 Figures so so, as usual; landscape, grand:
 Think of a naked man, turned out by POOLE!

(44. "Good-night." 126. "Take, O take those Lips away."
 181. "A Moonlight Serenade." 215. "Victory." 232. W.
 R. ELWYN, Esq.—P. H. CALDERON, R.A.)
 For Mamma—well—let's call her fair, not pale:
 For baby, ne'er was bonnier, brighter, balder'un:
 But still—isn't the subject rather stale?
 A crib is not all one expects from CALDERON.

As for his "Victory" and "Serenade"—
 In neither is the point of the subject miss'd:
 The story's clear, characters well portrayed;
 What's CALDERON, if not a dramatist?

Ha, MR. ELWYN, are you there? I twig you.
 Where Portraits are so good 'tis good to show 'em:
 But "take, O take those lips away," I beg you,
 For they don't speak the spirit of the poem.

(20. "The Fishing Haven." 35. "Song and Accompaniment."
 227. "Fishing by Proxy."—J. C. HOOK, R.A.)
 In this fair lassie's basin, fine fat mussels;
 Her duffle bed-gown's arms, too, muscles brave in,
 With laden creels and long lines fit for tussles;
 Yes, a Hook's the thing for a fishing Haven!
 And when he sets this young nurse-tender tinkling
 With spoon on can, by way of "hush-a-bye,"
 "The Boatie rows" comes back to one in a twinkling;
 'Tis Hook and ear, as well as Hook and eye.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Artist. "WELL, YOU SEE, I GOT INTO A RAGE, AND TOOK OUT THE TEN PRINCIPAL FIGURES, ALL THE SKY, AND MOST OF THE BACKGROUND."

Friend. "WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT, TO BE SURE!"

"*Fishing by Proxy*" in a Surrey brook?
Long may such cormorants be here unknown.
A fisher at first hand *may* use a Hook;
Fishers by proxy should leave Hooks alone.

(72. "*The Fountain.*"—G. D. LESLIE, A.R.A.)
Wherefore a triptych? And why all so sallow?
Is your fount Vichy water, sought expressly
To cure these maidens of the jaundice yellow?
Purer skins, please, and shapelier arms, my LESLIE!

(64. "*Wind.*"—PETER GRAHAME.)

See how the Scotch firs bow beneath the breeze;
How the cloud-searts fly, and the spate foams brown!
They may abuse you, PETER, as they please:
You've raised the wind, and who shall put you down?

("*The Three Sisters.*" J. ARCHER, R.S.A.)

When this keen ARCHER asked these three to sit
For him to shoot at, he was dazzled, maybe:
The two sweet elder sisters he has hit,
But, somehow, as it strikes us, missed the baby.

(108. "*The Last Evening.*" 121. "*The Captain's Daughter.*"—J. TISSOT.)

English and French, 'tis said, see through two glasses.
But what JOHN BULL could more right English show,
Than he who paints these English tars and lasses?
Who dares say 'tisn't, when *Punch* says TIS-SOT?

(21. *Mrs. Heugh, at.* 94. 29. "*Early Days.*" 228. *Mrs. Bischoffsheim.* 260. "*New Laid Eggs.*" 598. *Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.* 1085. "*Dreams.*"—J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.)

HEUGH! Eheu!—No! Time, by this hand is stayed:
Painter and sitter worthy of each other.

CAB REFORM.

PRIZES for improved Cabs have been generously offered, and specimens of new vehicles are now being exhibited, which we may hope, if we live long enough, to see some day in public use. When we have improved our Cabs, perhaps we may begin to hope for some improvement in our Cabbies, for which it may be granted there is actually room. Who drives clean Hansoms should himself be clean, not in person merely, but in raiment and in speech. So, projecting our prophetic mental eye into the future, we can see the British Cabman courteous, civil, cleanly, cheerful, and contentedly receiving his proper legal fare. A Cab will be no longer a mere vehicle of abuse, and its driver will no more offend against the laws of grammar, or show his lack of chivalry when a fair lady is his fare. Instead of slamming the door savagely, and blurting out, "Vere to?" he will perform the shutting softly, and say gently, "May I beg, Sir, to know the destination to which I hope to have the honour of conducting you?" Moreover, far from growling out "Vot's this?" when tendered his right fare, he will bow politely, and accept it with a smile and a civil phrase of thanks. Indeed, there is no telling at what an altitude of refinement our Cabmen may arrive, when their carriages have been improved. They may actually abstain from smoking in their Cabs while waiting for a hire, and their manners may become so altered for the better that the title of the Growlers will be exchanged for that of Smilers, while the Hansoms may by synonym be hailed as the Polites.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

SIXTY-TWO thousand Members of the Church of England, and more, have memorialised the Archbishops with a complaint that Roman doctrine is systematically preached in Anglican pulpits. "If it were so it were a grievous fault," the pleaders for Pseudo-Popery admit; "but then," they say, "we must settle what is Roman." That may seem no easy thing for anybody to do, and clearly, if the POPE, and no one else, is infallible, Romanism can be defined with certainty by the Roman Pontiff himself alone; but, if the word of his head-man in this nation is to be taken for what is Roman, then, as to the fact that Roman doctrines are preached within the Established Church, it is only certain that DR. MANNING has said so, and exulted in it; that is all.

Smile, REMBRANDT's ghost: approve, VELASQUEZ's shade!
Own MILLAIS one of a thousand, and your brother.

Both of life's entrance and its exit doors
He in his potent pencil holds the key,—
See Infancy its kitten hugs, in flowers,
And Age awaits the hour that sets it free.

Rich Splendour flaunts in jewels and in lace,
And Country Innocence in gems more rare:
And music breathes from BENNETT's gentle face,
And fond, fair Dreams sadden a face as fair.

'Tis hard to gauge our own at their true rate:
Small, through Time's mist, looms large: large, near,
looks small:
But if thou be not great among the great,
My MILLAIS,—*Punch*, henceforth, false prophet call.

DOMESTIC EXPECTATIONS.

CLEARLY, Servants now-a-days are not to be contented with mere payment of their wages. To judge by this advertisement, they have more than mere pecuniary expectations, when they condescend to apply for a new place:

"A thorough Housemaid, where men-servants are kept. Christian privileges expected."

What are the Christian privileges which this young lady expects? Church- or chapel-going doubtless may be reckoned in their number, and possibly flirtation may likewise be included, or why should she have stipulated that men-servants should be kept? Another Christian privilege may be the wearing of the dresses of her mistress on a Sunday: at least this is a privilege which some maid-servants in Christendom are pretty sure to exercise, if they can get the chance.



PROFESSIONAL CAUTION.

Mr. Bluebag (out for a Day's Shooting with his Articled Clerk). "STOP A MINUTE—DON'T FIRE!—LET'S SEE IF THAT BIRD'S IN THE SCHEDULE!!"

CRITICISM.

MR. PUNCH seldom quotes, except when he is in a fit of admiration. He is now in a perfect convulsion; caused by that sentiment. Read this, from the *Morning Advertiser* ('tis part of a lovely notice of the Royal Academy), and rejoice that artists have such critics to appreciate them:

"MR. VAL PRINCEP contributes two examples, one of which represents a scene in the country of the Gadarenes, illustrative of a herd of swine rushing down some precipitous and jagged cliffs into the sea. It is bold, and essentially novel in treatment. It is called "The Gadarene Swine" (888). Two ladies ascending the staircase in "Devonshire House" (896) is a totally different subject, showing that Mr. PRINCEP is not limited either in resources or power."

"MR. VAL" is slightly familiar, the Catalogue merely giving the gentleman's initial; but the Critic would probably have us infer an intimacy between himself and Mr. P. The existence of this is the more probable, inasmuch as the Painter's name is spelt wrongly, twice. Of the "scene" depicted it is evident that the Critic never heard at all. But we entirely agree with his last proposition; namely, that a painting of two gracious young ladies going up-stairs to a dance is "totally different" from a painting of several little black pigs going down a cliff into the Sea. On the whole, however, such criticism is hardly fair to the patrons of the *Morning Advertiser*, whose parlours are usually adorned with works of Art which show that their owners are imbued with true aesthetic principles.

Romantic Nonsense.

It is pretty well understood that there is a large and influential section of the Community—unmarried ladies looking out for a settlement, an establishment, a position—who do not agree with the author of a modern poem, that *Love is Enough*. Many other things, they say, are wanted besides—such as a town and a country house, a carriage or two, saddle horses, some creditable jewellery, perhaps a box at the Opera, and, above all, plenty of pin-money.

FOOLS AND FIREWORKS.

It is now some time since there has been an illumination, such as was heretofore customary on certain festivals, of St. Peter's at Rome. Can that discontinuance of a popular exhibition of fireworks account for the circumstance thus stated by a contemporary's Roman correspondent?

"The silly and dastardly habit of throwing exploding missiles in the neighbourhood of places of worship, and sometimes in the very midst of the congregation, continues to be occasionally practised at Rome. An instance took place on Sunday last at the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, which was very much crowded, when a petard, only consisting of gunpowder tightly bound with paper, but sufficiently noisy to produce a great deal of alarm, was discharged in the external portion of the church."

Surely the Roman populace have not turned Protestant! When they fling crackers into Catholic churches it can only be to hint to the ecclesiastical authorities their dissatisfaction at missing their accustomed pyrotechnic displays... They doubtless as little intend any demonstration of their religious feelings as our own Cads do on the Fifth of November, when they use to fling about explosive projectiles in memory of the Gunpowder Plot. The Roman Rough is probably ignorant of the claims to canonisation which might be advanced on behalf of GUY FAWKES, incendiary and martyr.

Law, Ancient and Modern.

"In a case in the Common Pleas on Friday, in which a well-known lady applied for, and obtained, a rule for a new trial, a previous verdict being against evidence, MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE handed up to the Bench the garments for the price of which she had been sued. 'God bless me!' said the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, astounded at the charges."

WHEN PHRYNE's counsel off her mantle threw,
The Court decided for her "on the view."
Our modern PHRYNE British virtue knows,
And veils her charms, but sends the Court her clothes.



PATRIOTISM.

First Reveller. "CHANSH'LOR 'SCHEQUEE SHAYSHS WE DRUNK OURSELVES OUT O' TH' AMERICAN DIFF'LTY!"

Second Reveller. "JUSH SHO! THEN LET'SH PR'VIDE 'GAINSH'T POSS'BLE R'SHULTS O' NEXSHT (hic) 'NT'NASH-AL ARB TRA-SH-N!!!"

COOKERY AND CRIBBERY.

WORTHY Mr. Punch, although by nature the reverse of niggardly or skimping, I am perforce a practical economist; for, having a small income and rather a large family, I find it needful to economise that I may make ends meet. Indeed, with mutton chops at fifteen pence a pound, it is no easy matter now to make ends (purse-ends) meat; and one might certainly be tempted to become a vegetarian, if asparagus were only not so ruinous in price.

Now, I observe that at South Kensington daily lessons in plain cookery are given for benefit of people like myself, who have to make the best of what is not too bad to eat. With the best of things, indeed, one may get but a bad dinner, if one has the misfortune to be served by a bad cook. So I welcome with delight any effort that is made to further the advancement of the culinary art, which certainly in England falls short of such perfection as leaves nothing to be wished.

That man, I imagine, is deserving of a statue who simply teaches ladies what to do with their cold mutton, in order to secure its re-appearance on the table in a palatable shape: and he who further can invent some ingenious deviation from the ordinary course, or courses, of our dinners, I consider as a noble benefactor to his species, whose achievements should be blazoned on the deathless scroll of fame.

But there is one point which, I fancy, as yet has escaped notice in this useful School of Cookery, and one on which, were I the Lecturer, I should plainly say some words. The point is that of Perquisites—which, for sake of proper emphasis, please to print with a big P. Perquisites, I fancy, are one of the chief causes that ruin English Cookery, and make our Cooks dishonest and their dishes vapid, tasteless, and unworthy of their cost. For instance, over-fattened meat is purchased for the sake of conversion into dripping, an end which roaring fires are facile to promote. The best part of the gravy is thus dried out of the beef, and its place supplied but badly with hot water from the tap. In short, while Cooks are

dazzled by the golden vision of their perquisites, they cannot keep a proper eye upon their spits and stewpans, and the Black Doll of the bone-shop is the idol whereto sacrifice of made dishes is made.

A Course of Lectures upon Cookery can, I think, be hardly perfect without mention of this idol, and the evils which its worship must inevitably work. Down with the Black Doll! then, *A bas la Poupee Noire!* cry I to all our English, or French-English Cooks. "No Perquisites Allowed" be the postscript to advertisements. Let no more dirty circulars be dropped into our areas, giving last quotations of the market rate of Kitchen-stuff, or mentioning the prices current for old Bones. Stop pilfering, in short, which is another name for perquisites, and depend on it the cost of our dinners will diminish, and their excellence increase.

Humbly hopeful that, at any rate, poor people like myself may find that it is possible to act upon this hint, believe me,

Yours respectfully,

Queer Street, Eve of Rent Day.

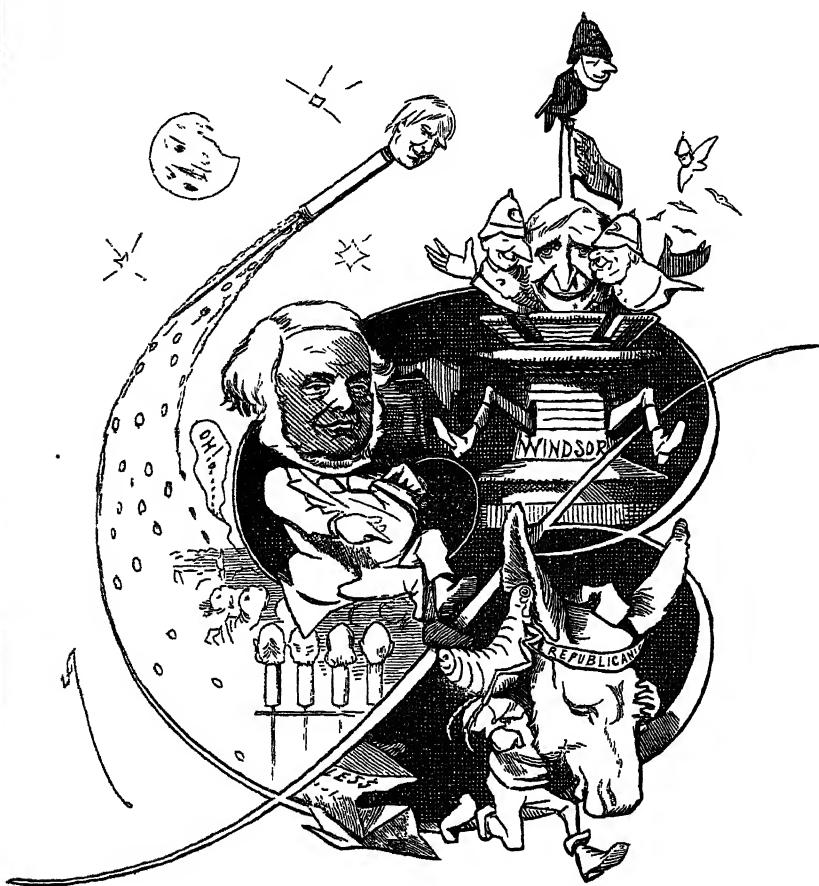
EPAMINONDAS JONES.

PS.—"All Fours" has been considered a favourite kitchen game; but one even still more popular, I fancy, has been "Cribbage."

Competent Juries.

SOME discussion has taken place in the House of Commons respecting the pecuniary qualifications of Jurymen. The only such qualification that can make a man really fit to serve on a Jury is pecuniary independence. If he have to live by any business, from which he is dragged away to sit in a jury-box, there he may sit; but he will be utterly unable to attend to anything that is going on. His mind will be distracted by anticipations of loss and ruin. Your Lordship may compel him to swear that he will well and truly try, &c.; but then you will oblige the man to take an oath that he will do what it is impossible he can, and will force him to commit that misdemeanor for which the trial of CASTRO, *alias* ORTON, is pending.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



coins in the world, and had lately purchased one of the most beautiful collections of works of Art ever brought into this country. We had gained, *inter alia*, a glorious Juno, and a divine Venus. The Museum beasts and birds would speedily be exported to Kensington. It will take some time to get rid of the abominable smell of camphor, though.

"Out with the fusty creatures, and their camphor, a
Nuisance, and in with urn, and bust, and amphora."

Among the questions raised in Supply was one which is what SHAKSPEARE calls "a question to be asked." To a gentleman named THURLOW a pension was granted about forty years ago, and he has now received about £493,000. There cannot be, of course, the faintest doubt that he has deserved every half-farthing of it, but none of the Ministers could give the slightest information as to the history of the grant. Probably the recipient is the THURLOW who was Secretary of State to OLIVER CROMWELL, but we might be told, we think.

A vote for £6165 was taken for the Deep Sea Exploration. It would be a pleasant and also a profitable thing if our gallant Dredgers would bring up some of those

"Wedges of gold * * * heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea,"

which were seen one night by a late DUKE OF CLARENCE.

MR. STANFIELD obtained his Select Committee on Boundaries. This is part of the Local Taxation scheme. He wants to get rid of old parochial and other arrangements, and, in fact, will

"Let vulgar Bounds with brave disorder go,
And snatch a Rate beyond the reach of LOWE."

Tuesday.—LORD CAIRNS, Conservative leader, moved the Second Reading of MR. FAWCETT's Dublin University Bill. He did not approve of the policy of which it was part, but as Tests had been abolished in England the same thing must be done for Ireland.

LORD DENBIGH, as a Catholic, could not accept the Bill as an instalment of justice, but as he could not support tests which he deemed blasphemous, he should not vote. Now the Tests may be unjust, but to call them what he called them was to talk nonsense. *Mr. Punch* is reminded of something that appeared in a Conservative paper twenty years ago—it would admit no such blunder now—where it was said that "a mob then advanced, bearing banners lettered 'God made us all,' with other blasphemous inscriptions."

EARL GREY painted Irish prospects in black, and EARL GRANVILLE hung up a companion picture in rose colour, and the Bill was read a Second Time. It passed at the end of the week. We compliment Brighton on its Member, also on its Aquarium.

Something is being done, for preservation, to MR. MACLISE's great works in the Royal Gallery, but MR. ABEL cannot report upon the result until he shall have waited to know it. ABEL is from a Hebrew word signifying "transitoriness." We decline to accept the omen as regards the pictures.

In the Commons we had a capital evening. Madam, bear with a brief explanation. ANNE LADY DACRE, by will, dated December 20th, 1594, left funds which it is perfectly clear that the good woman meant for the benefit of the poor of Westminster. Never mind details. The Corporation of London got hold of it, lawfully enough, but did not act with faithfulness, and now, out of sixty children in the school LADY DACRE founded, Westminster has only thirty-two. The establishment is called Emanuel Hospital. LADY DACRE is buried, under a stately monument, in Chelsea Old Church. The Endowed School Commissioners propose to take the institution out of the hands of Gog and Magog, and to carry out the intention of good ANNE. But it is not in G. and M.'s nature willingly to give up anything they have grabbed. To-night MR. CRAWFORD (the excellent M.P. for London) moved for the rejection of the scheme of

ARTLE's (we mean SIR BARTLE FREERE's) Mission to Zanzibar, to put an end to the slave-trading in that region, was stated (*Monday, May 12*) to have failed. The SULTAN had two excellent reasons for being obdurate: he makes much money by the traffic—that is one; but we are sure that the other had the greater weight with his pious soul. His Cardinals, or Confessors, or whatever name his spiritual directors bear, assure him that slavery is ordained by the Koran, and, therefore, that it would be wicked to suppress the system. We may regret that he does not think as we do, but it is impossible not to respect the feelings of a religious sovereign, who listens to the counsel of holy men. LORD GRANVILLE stated, however, that SIR BARTLE FREERE had obtained valuable information, and had made two new treaties with influential chiefs. We are quite certain that SIR BARTLE did all that man could do—cannon might have done a little more, but England neither speaks cannons nor uses them, now.

On complaint in the Commons that a paper called *The Christian* was refused registration for the foreign post, the Post Master explained that it did not mainly consist of news. Cynics might say that such a name, if its meaning were carried out in the columns of the paper, might well entitle it to be considered an entire novelty.

MR. WAIT, the new Conservative Member for Gloucester, took the oaths.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

But this gentleman only stood and—was elected. Correspondents will please to be merciful with their pleasantries on a "waiting policy being that of Toryism," and the like effulgences.

MR. DILLWIN tried to abolish the salary of the Lord Privy Seal. Now it has been explained, over and over, that this is a most useful official, that he is the Odd Man of the Cabinet, and has to do all kinds of work, in order to relieve his various colleagues. The Motion was a bit of radical pedantry, and MR. GLADSTONE stamped it out, getting 229 to 59.

Pleasanter words from MR. WALPOLE, who, as a Trustee of the Museum, asked for about £100,000, and told us that we had the finest collection of Roman

the Commissioners. He could not say much for his clients, but he managed unconsciously to represent their grievance as it appears most frightful to themselves. The idea of interfering with the august Corporation of London!

Now, MR. GLADSTONE has plenty of Veneration, but he does not bestow it at random. To-night he bestowed something else. In noble and Homeric wrath he stood up to the two-headed monster of Guildhall, and—

Nay, look at the Cartoon.

"What! the City of London, fatted, gorged, not to say Bloated with charities—the City of London struggling to hold what was meant for poor, helpless Westminster! And the City alone, of all the Institutions in England, is not to have a hand laid upon it! Take that, and that, you—" But where's HOMER?

"And, swift, Epeus dealt a weighty blow
Full on that cheek of his unwary foe.
Beneath the ponderous arm's resistless sway
Down dropped he nerveless, and extended lay,
Like a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dashed against the shore."

The death-blow was given, but there was prolonged debate—
"For the prey was strong, and he strove for life."

But the Division came, and Gog and Magog were declared extinct by 286 to 238. They died hard—likewise impenitent. Be it said that MR. GLADSTONE never made a better fighting-speech in all his life.

Wednesday.—Yesterday, Madam, your PREMIER appeared as the champion of property, and as the upholder of the sacredness of bequests. To-day he showed as a bulwark of the Church of England.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE promoted a Bill for opening the Church pulpits to other persons than Clergymen. He thought that there was a great deal of preaching power outside the Establishment, and that it was a pity that a person who was not himself a Boanerges, or a Bossuet, or a Wilberforce, should not be able to call in a talented friend to edify a flock.

After some discussion, MR. GLADSTONE said that the House last year had rejected the Bill, not as a Party question, but by the free expression of all shades of opinion, and it was not equitable to introduce it, year after year, in obedience to the dictates of a Church Reform Society. How could we allow persons under no subscription or declaration to get up in our churches and preach just what they pleased? *The unrestrained liberty of the priest was the slavery of the congregation.* (Note that, young Ritualist.) He would oppose a measure that would be the harbinger of religious chaos.

MR. ILLINGWORTH, a Dissenter, made a funny little objection to the Bill. If the idea was that Dissenters were to be smuggled in to preach in the afternoon, when the best people stayed at home, and the congregation was composed of maid-servants, he was quite sure that the Nonconformists wanted no such favour. But he should like a Disestablishment Bill.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE did not care about dividing, but there was some dispute, so the Bill was cast out by 199 to 53.

MR. CHARLEY's Bill, to prevent Infanticide, was read a Second Time, but will not be pressed. The subject is a difficult one. A jury will seldom convict an unhappy creature whose misery may have driven all her feminine instincts out of her, and thus child-murder is not dealt with at all.

MR. PLIMSOLL's own Bill, for the survey of Shipping, was talked out of the House—that is, MR. EUSTACE SMITH, who answered him, was speaking when the time came to rise, and the Bill dropped.

Thursday.—The Commons gave the night to Ireland. The O'KEEFFE case came up. In brief, Madam, that case is this. CARDINAL CULLEN (who was, by the way, sent to Ireland by Rome, when somebody else would have been much more welcome to the Irish Catholics of the higher sort) took upon himself to suspend one FATHER O'KEEFFE, and this the Cardinal did as Legate of the Pope, not as the Father's ecclesiastical Superior. It was done, because MR. O'KEEFFE dared to exercise his rights as a British subject, and appeal to the law against what he declared to be priestly slander. Then the Irish Education Board dismiss the Father from his school at Callan, on the ground that he had been suspended. Of course all this looks very like abject obedience to CARDINAL CULLEN, and MR. BOUVERIE was about to take the sense of the Imperial Parliament on the matter. But on the Board are several men of high rank and real eminence, and they object to be judged by the House until they can be heard. So LORD HARTINGTON, Minister, asked for a Select Committee. MR. BOUVERIE complained that he had been "roped," but it is a pity to use horse-racers' slang, especially when you don't understand its dirty meaning. "Roping" means a mode of cheating frequently practised on that great English institution, the race-course, but it is pulling a horse to prevent his winning, not shoving him to the rope, as MR. BOUVERIE thought. He let out pretty freely on the matter, and irreverently described the Commissioners as the

mere creatures and serfs of CARDINAL CULLEN, language which should not have been applied to several of them. After some wrangle, LORD HARTINGTON carried his Motion, but by only 159 to 131. Now 23 is not the sort of majority for a Government, when it puts out its strength.

Then a Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill was read a Second Time. Some Irish Members opposed it, but THE O'DONOGHUE came out with the manly and frank declaration that he believed that the Bill was wanted, that it was no grievance, and would not have been talked of as one, but for a knot of Dublin newspaper scribblers. MR. MUNSTER was utterly unable to describe the monstrous indignation he felt at such a speech, but the House did not seem to regret his inability, and laughed at him.

Friday.—The Traffic Triumvirs were finally confirmed in their authority by the House of Lords.

This was a GLADSTONE week. A third time, Madam, did our fighting PREMIER address himself to battle. On Wednesday he was the bulwark of the Church, to-day he was her Champion.

MR. MIAZZI, in a temperate speech, brought on his Resolution against maintaining the Establishment.

MR. GLADSTONE declared that the feeling of the nation was against subversion of the Church, as would be shown at a general election. The question was indefinitely remote. "Take the Church of England out of the History of England, and that history becomes a chaos without order or life." The Church had played a great part, "so vital, entering so profoundly into the life and action of the country, that the very attempt in mind to sever the two leaves nothing but a bleeding and lacerated mass." And hear the PREMIER's concluding words, spoken after he had described MR. MIAZZI as the Peter-the-Hermit of an objectionable crusade:—

"I invite the House distinctly and decisively to refuse its assent to this Motion, because it is a Motion the conclusions of which are alike at variance with the practical wishes and desires, with the intelligent opinions, and with the religious convictions of the large majority of the people of this country."

Tremendous Conservative as well as Liberal cheers greeted this peroration. MR. V. HARCOURT began to be constitutional on the same side,

But, "Divide, Divide, Divide!"
The House of Commons cried,

and for MR. MIAZZI's Motion there were 61, while MR. GLADSTONE's "invitation" was accepted by 356, majority for sustaining the Church 295.

The Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, certain Irish Members hindering it by divisions in which their small numbers justified MR. HAMBRO's taunt that they had no case against the Government. It was not a pleasant thing, however, to see even a small body of politicians struggling desperately against a measure for the protection of life and property, and MR. PUNCH went, sadly, to his Club, where he indignantly rebuked the usually intelligent waiter, for asking him whether he would take Irish whiskey.

ANALOGIES OF LANGUAGE.

LORD LINDSAY has written a learned work, in which he tries to make out ancient Etruscan akin to modern High Dutch. From this attempt, says the *Saturday Review*:—

"He is not even deterred by the mysterious phrases *κόρυξ λύτρας*, by which the worshippers were dismissed at the Eleusinian mysteries, and which some have identified with the not more intelligible form *Cansha Pachsa*, with which the Brahmins close their religious services. For LORD CRAWFORD these words have no mystery at all, and represent simply *Gang zu ambache*, or *rumbache*,—'Go to your practical duties,' 'Go about your business.'"

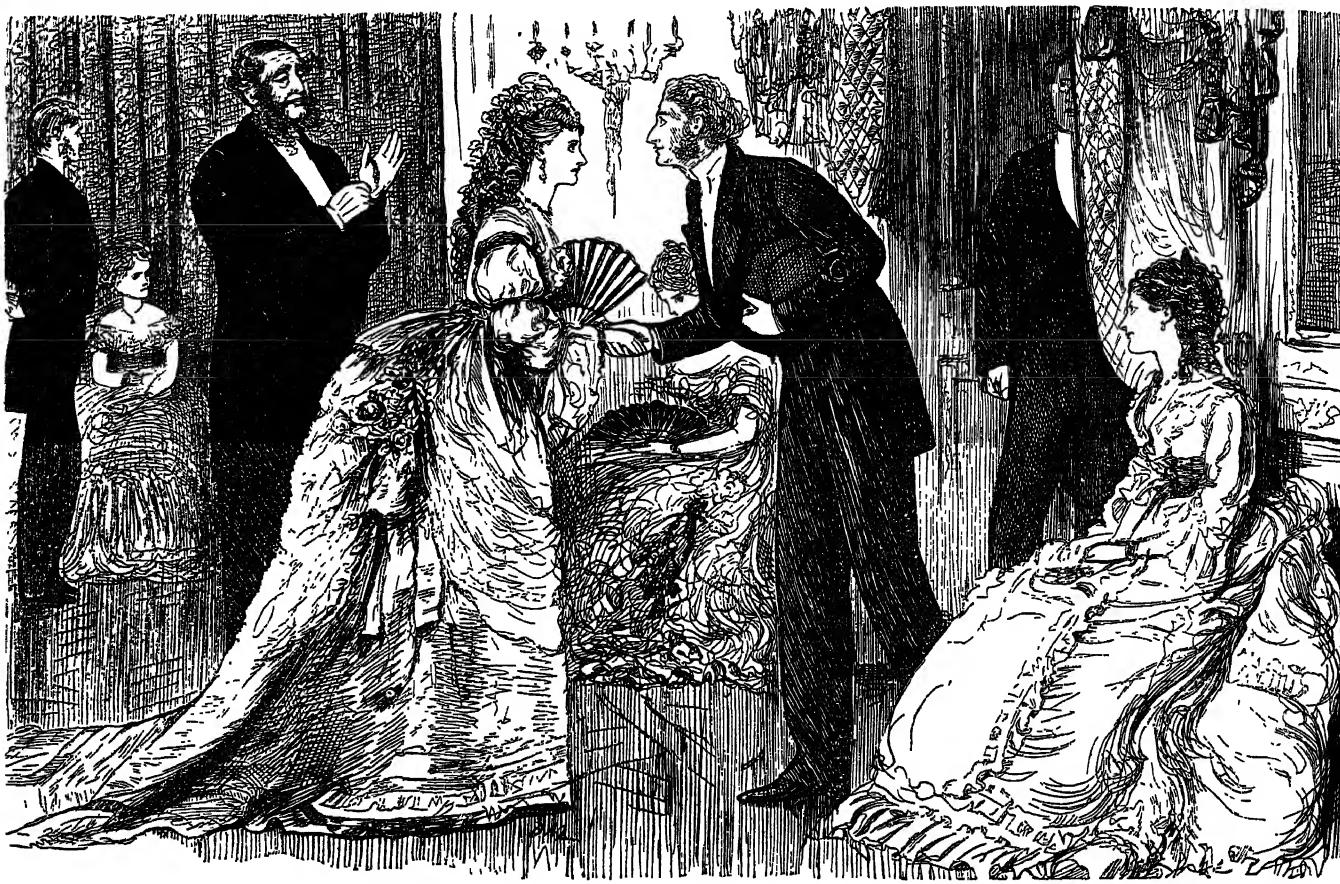
LOORD CRAWFORD's authority is weighty, and the valedictory words of the Eleusinian hierophant may have nearly corresponded to the *Ite, missa est* of another. It may, however, be worthy of consideration whether those sonorous expressions were not intended by the reverend mystery-men at once to impose upon the vulgar and conciliate the wise, by the latter of whom *κόρυξ* was understood to mean "noses," with the suggestion of "taking a sight;" whereas *λύτρας* was the original word whence, with the addition of an aspirate, we have derived "humbug."

A Man of All Work.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna, the other day, said:—

"M. SLAVY, the President of the Hungarian Ministry, has arrived here."

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, being also KING OF HUNGARY, the Minister, M. SLAVY, may be described as one of His Majesty's servants; and a fool would perhaps add the remark that, as that Sovereign has become a Constitutional monarch, it seems odd that his Premier should be a SLAVY.



COMPLIMENTS.

Hostess (wishing to be polite). "GOOD EVENING, MR. LOVIBOND! SO SORRY YOUR WIFE COULDN'T COME TOO!"

Host (wishing to be politer). "NOBODY HERE IS LIKELY—HAW—TO REGRET MRS. LOVIBOND'S ABSENCE HALF SO MUCH—HAW—AS MR. LOVIBOND DOES!"

PARALOGY OF THE PUMP.

Good Templars, Beloved Brethren, a word in your ears—if they are not too long. It is not generally supposed that the REV. DAWSON BURNS is professionally connected with the provincial Press. But, Dear Friends, a letter in a country paper from its London Correspondent, likely to be rather widely read, contains a specimen of reasoning exactly like that of which examples commonly appear in communications to which our reverend and Permissive Prohibitory brother has signed his name. It relates to what the writer calls "MR. BERNAL OSBORNE'S astounding statement that Protestants have just as much right to forbid Catholics to eat fish during Lent, as two-thirds of the rate-payers have to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks." Astounding MR. B. O.'s statement may be to us, Brethren; it is not, however, original, being merely the converse of what has previously been often urged elsewhere, with the differences only of meat for fish and Catholic for Protestant majority. These differences do not at all affect the aptitude of the illustration, which some logician, who, if not MR. DAWSON BURNS himself, argues just like him, thus impugns:—

"It is by no means necessary to be a supporter of the Permissive Bill in order to see the fallacy of this argument. Indeed, the opponents of the Bill themselves denounced Mr. Osborne's speech in the lobby after the division. No one can say that eating fish either injures the eater or throws upon the rate-payers the burden of supporting his children whom his indulgence has pauperised. When rate-payers find that unlimited drink-selling imposes a heavy penalty upon them, they have a right to protest, and something more."

Yea, Dear Friends, they have, certainly, a right to protest and something more, but O, that something must be something else than the invasion of personal liberty. We should abstain from injustice as well as intoxicating liquors. Every one has, we must sadly admit, just as much right to drink beer, or anything else not poisonous, as he has to eat fish or meat either. It is too true that, because rate-payers are aggrieved through A's drunkenness, they have no right, therefore, to debar B from his drink. No more right,

unhappily, have they to prohibit C from selling drink to B, who keeps sober, merely because if A can buy it he gets drunk. A is the nuisance which only they have a right to abate, Brethren. They have no case against either B or C. If they had, then indeed they would be warranted in shutting up, not only public-houses, but likewise wine-merchants' and grocers' shops, and, more than that, would enjoy the glorious privilege of interfering with the privacy in which, according to another BURNS (alas!) than our own DAWSON—

"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

They might just as well ask to be empowered to stop domestic brewing as to abolish inns and taverns. In short, you Pumps, the principle underlying the paralogism above quoted is that a majority of ratepayers ought to be empowered to forbid the sale of any article or commodity whatsoever, from the abuse of which they are liable to incur expense or damage. If that rule were generally enforced, in a short time how many shops of any kind would there be remaining open?

COALS FOR ALL CREATION.

BURNING a candle at both ends is frugality itself compared to our exportation, besides our consumption, of Coal. According to the Custom House annual return, in the year 1872 there were 12,712,231 tons, value £9,858,418, exported from the United Kingdom. We supplied France, Germany, Italy, Russia, India, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Egypt, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and Holland with quantities; for each, of from 468,424 to 2,152,527 tons. Of course the idea of arresting the exportation of Coal is too absurd to be named, except in joke; restraint of trade is not to be thought of, except as a privilege to be freely exercised by Trades' Unions: and the law of supply and demand must be let operate unchecked, and evacuate our coal mines to supply the world with gas and steam. Whilst, however, the coal of England is going at the rate of a galloping consumption, the Committee now sitting on it under MR. AXTON, will doubtless pursue their diligent inquiries to great purpose.

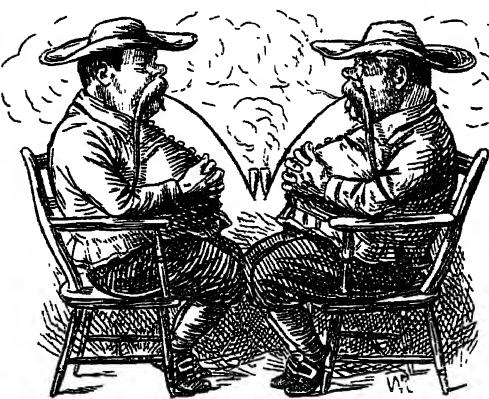


ONE IN THE “CORPORATION.”

“TAKE THAT IN YOUR CHARITY-BASKET, YOU ‘FATTED, GORGED, NOT TO SAY BLOATED,’ OLD GRABBER!”

[See MR. GLADSTONE's speech à propos of Emanuel Hospital and the City Aldermen.]

FINANCE AND PHYSIC.



HAT a shocking disregard of sound financial and economical principle was exhibited by the Austrian Government during the late Panic on the Bourse at Vienna! The Panic might have been allowed to run its course; instead of which, see what was done, by the account of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"The energetic efforts that are being made to ease the money-market at Vienna, both by the Government and the leading banks and credit institutions, have had a steady effect already in prices, as it is the difficulty which individuals experience under such circumstances of meeting their immediate engagements that usually gives rise to so much unnecessary mischief and needless forced sales."

How much more like philosophical Statesmen would the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA's advisers have shown themselves, if, instead of interfering with the natural consequences of things in the money-market, they had, on having been interrogated as to their intentions in the emergency, contented themselves with replying, in the sublimely curt cant of official stoicism, "That his Imperial Majesty's Ministers did not consider themselves warranted by circumstances in making any attempt to resist their progress;" or, in answer to a more categorical question, that "They did not contemplate suspending the Bank Act, or authorising the National Bank to issue notes to any amount above that already authorised by law." Half-a-dozen, at least, of the leading firms in Vienna ought to have failed by this time, and so, doubtless, they would, but for an intervention of Ministers in a case of financial disturbance precisely like that practised by medical men in one of bodily disorder.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On his return he visits the Globe, and has a word to the wise about a certain rendering of Sir Peter Teazle at the Vaudeville.

SIR.—My holiday is over. "I love the merry, merry sunshine," as the song used to say, and would now, were any one to sing it. Not I, Sir: I cannot sing the old song—I mean, I will not, and there's an end on't. Now is the time for The Weather and The Parks, the Dorking Coach or the Cochin' Dorking, and the thirty-five drags which are to turn out for parade in Hyde Park on or about this very time. Now the monotonous Cuckoo has commenced his engagement in the provinces, the Foreign Nightingales are warbling among the cut woods, the sets, and the flats, of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the Jubilee Singers are airing their hymns, and hymning their airs in Hanover Square. What wonder that, my thoughts running thus on birds, I should, on returning to this gay Metropolis, elect to represent You, Sir, at the Globe Theatre, where there is just now being performed a play entitled *Fine Feathers*, which amuses many, and puzzles not a few, with its two or three Claimants, and its mysterious Elderly Gentleman turning up in the last Act, imploring everybody who happened to know who he really was, not to mention the fact to anybody else, as he was going back again to wherever he came from—(I'm not sure he wasn't the *Ghost* out of *Hamlet* in a modern suit)—as soon as possible. Your Representative strongly advises the public to go and solve for itself the following difficulties:—Firstly, whether Mr. Griswold, the Agent, is a villain or not; secondly, whether Signor Rumbalino is, or has been, a scoundrel,—there isn't a doubt about his being, in any case, an amusing rascal, as played by Mr. COMPTON; thirdly, is Mr. Clithero, a Lawyer, a thorough blackleg, or only a sharp practitioner with an eye to the main chance; fourthly, is Doctor Goppole a wicked old humbug, or only a mild social impostor; fifthly, is Lord Gaddery an idiot, or a knave; sixthly, is Harry Greville more a good fellow than a bad fellow, or both by turns, and nothing particular at last?

Daniel Dole, "the Chaucerian Comique," is well played by Mr. E. W. GARDEN, and seems far more worthy of Miss Ruth's hand than is the vacillating hero who ultimately obtains it—which is remarkably true to nature.

Mr. MONTAGUE is fond of feathers. *False Shame* was first called

the *White Feather*, and, as Your Representative, Sir, I may be allowed to express a hope that this new piece may prove another feather in his managerial cap.

Before settling down to my regular Representative work of the Season (and what a deal there is to be got through!), I wish to ask a question respecting the performance of the Screen Scene in the *School for Scandal*.

From the moment of the fall of the screen up to his reconciliation with *Lady Teazle*, MR. FARREN represents *Sir Peter* as utterly heart-broken by the discovery of his wife's supposed infidelity. The picture thus presented evokes from the audience a feeling of kindly pity for the old man, whom, till then, they had been inclined to ridicule. Had SHERIDAN brought down his curtain at this point, as I fancy many a modern dramatist would have been tempted to do, an audience would have been electrified by the shock of this most dramatic situation, the force of which comes with the greater effect, because the transition from the preceding light and airy pleasantries of comedy, to a situation lying on the border land of tragedy, has been so sudden, and so startling. *Charles's* badinage has a harsh and jarring sound after this: nay, it robs him of what is supposed to be his one redeeming quality, his good-heartedness, and makes him a careless, loose-living spendthrift, who can maulder on occasion about a portrait of his uncle in Calcutta, but who possesses neither sufficient respect for himself, nor for his father's old friend and his own guardian, to restrain himself from the most cruel levity in the presence of what he must actually perceive from *Sir Peter's* woe-stricken face, and attitude of utter prostration, to be a grief too overwhelming for words. If MR. FARREN's admirable reading, and no less admirable acting of this scene be correct (I believe it is according to paternal tradition, but this is not all-important) then SHERIDAN was wrong in allowing *Charles Surface* to have another word in that scene. *Charles*, good-hearted and generous, should have been made to share his guardian's grief, and stand aside silently. But the truth, I suppose, is that the pathos of the situation never once occurred to SHERIDAN. *Sir Peter* was an old fool, who had married a young wife, and was fair game for the town. SHERIDAN gives him no peace; he makes even *Sir Oliver* and sly old *Rowley* indulge in a laugh at *Sir Peter's* expense. Here, I take it, is an instance of the thoroughly conscientious artist being, in his generation, wiser than the author was, and such an author as SHERIDAN, in his.

Your Representative has been there, and still would go, for this great Screen Scene, as now played by MESSRS. FARREN, CLAYTON, H. NEVILLE, and MISS AMY FAWSITT; but—with that picture of utter hopelessness depicted on MR. FARREN's countenance, with that blank dismay of *Joseph Surface*, that shamefacedness of *Lady Teazle*, fearful of raising her eyes from off the ground, that look of mingled surprise and (to interpret it by my own idea) regret on *Charles's* face—with these, I say, freshly impressed on my mind, let me get quit of the Theatre, ere *Charles's* cruel laughter, and vulgar mockery, jar upon my ear and dispel the charm.

The truth is, SHERIDAN intended the Screen Scene to be farcical from beginning to end, and *Charles Surface* strikes, throughout, the key-note, with which the others must play in harmony. SHERIDAN was as brilliant as a diamond—and as hard: he risked everything for a laugh, and obtained it at all hazards. The *Sir Peter* of SHERIDAN is not a trusting husband, heart-broken by his lady's faithlessness, but an old beau, severely wounded in his most vulnerable point—his egregious vanity—by the publicity of his wife's *faux pas*. MR. FARREN's intensity is, in Your Representative's humble opinion, irreconcileable with SHERIDAN's frivolity. To be consistent, either the actor who adopts this serious view must sacrifice SHERIDAN, and have the curtain dropped on the situation (and here I sincerely sympathise with the actor), or he must enter into SHERIDAN's humour, and be more concerned for the inevitable scandal out-of-doors, than for the death-blow, which, he would otherwise have us believe, his faith in man's friendship, and his trust in woman's love, have so unexpectedly received.

I may be wrong: if so, *ayez pitié de moi*, for I speak as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A WELL-SPENT WEDNESDAY.

MR. COWPER TEMPLE did service to the cause of freedom by causing last Crotchet Day (Wednesday) in the House of Commons to be occupied with the discussion of his Occasional Sermons Bill: discussion serviceable all the rather that the Bill was rejected. This measure was intended to enable professed Dissenters to preach, on invitation, in Church pulpits. If enacted, it would perhaps effect some little addition to the diversities of doctrine already preached by the conforming Dissenters amongst whom the Church is divided. Next year, perhaps, somebody else will reintroduce it, or something like it, to be discussed and rejected again. In the meanwhile, time will have been consumed in harmless talk which might have been misemployed in unnecessary legislation imposing new restrictions on the liberty of the subject under pains and penalties.



GENTLE TEMPTATION.

"NOT COME WHILE WE ARE SO GAY? O! BUT THERE'S NOTHING GOING ON JUST NOW, I ASSURE YOU! TO-MORROW, THERE WILL ONLY BE THE PARK IN THE MORNING, AND THEN SOME PEOPLE COME TO LUNCHEON, AND, AFTERWARDS, MAMMA WANTS ME TO GO AND PAY VISITS WITH HER AND DO SOME SHOPPING, AND YOU WON'T MIND LADY MUFF TO FIVE O'CLOCK TEA, AND WE MAY POSSIBLY GO TO THE FLOWER SHOW FOR AN HOUR OR TWO. THERE WILL BE ONLY TEN AT DINNER, AND WE SHAN'T LEAVE FOR AUNTY'S DANCE UNTIL LONG AFTER YOUR BED TIME, YOU KNOW, GRANDMA DEAR!"

John Stuart Mill.

BORN IN LONDON, MAY 20, 1806. DIED IN AVIGNON, MAY 8, 1873.

A LIGHT the fewer in our firmament!
A light that unto many on their way,
Else darkling, a sure polestar's guidance lent,
Dies from our night, before the wished-for day.

New radiance from that fountain none shall see;
But as we bask in beams of some great star
Long ages after it has ceased to be—
Such time take rays to reach us from so far,—

Thus, for the generations yet unborn,
This now quench'd star the darkness may shine through,
Till what seem'd foolish-false to purblind scorn,
By stronger light is known as wise and true!

And if the star whose setting we bewail
Some but an unsubstantial meteor hold,
Because it lighted paths beyond their pale,
Let not our reverence for that grow cold.

If e'er man's soul was star-like, his was so;
It burned so calmly, in such limpid air;
Out so pure and passionless a glow,
As scarce our earth's refraction seemed to share.

Strange that this mind, so high and calm and clear,
So set on heights whence e'en great things seem small,
Small shrink to nought, such soaring wings could rear,
On food that earthly one were apt to call.

From warm beliefs and haunting fancies barred,
Under the ferule of a rigid rule,
On manly brain-food s'en from childhood reared,
In the bare-walled Utilitarian school.

Early inured to more than private cares,
Near those who held the helm of empire set,
From boyhood conversant with great affairs,
The calm of large minds, small ones' fuss and fret.

So for long years he lived two lives abreast,
The life he fell upon, the life he sought:
To him, from work of Indian rule 'twas rest
To map wealth's currents, sound the depths of thought.

Till he who of our time was widest styled
"Philosopher," for sovereignty or scorn,
Office laid down, and from his books beguiled,
Was to loud hustings and loose Commons borne.

Wise was he, or unwise, his lamp to bear,
With its dry, pale, pure light, athwart the draughts
Of that rude place, into the smoky glare
That serves the work-day politicians' crafts?

Who says unwise, the Commons more condemns
Than the one wise man in their ranks astray:
If dunghill cocks for barley-corns slight gems,
What matter to men's minds that wiselier weigh?

'Twas well, methinks, that men this man should see
Leaving the heights of abstract thought, hard won,
For levels, where, though foul and dark they be,
Our England's day's work daily must be done.



THE DESCENT OF MAN.

Figurative Party. "SO LONG AS I AM A MAN, SORE, WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO ME WHETHER ME GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS AN ANTHROPOID APE OR NOT, SORE!"

Literal Party. "HAW! WHETHER DISAGREEABLE FOR YOUR GWATE GWAND-MOTHER, WASN'T IT?"

This is for us best warrant of his thought,
It ne'er from healthy practice stood apart;
On work's hard anvil his mind's ore he wrought:
The glow his creed might lack was in his heart;

For through this philosophic life—that breathed,
Men whispered, a serener air than ours—
Deep-rooted, and flame-blossomed, there was wreathed
The purest, longest-lived of passion-flowers.

This strong man's heart to a weak woman's clung;
This stiff, stern reason, trained in a hard school,
On a sad, sweet, low voice, responsive, hung,
This rebel craved one loved and loving rule.

Was this man's strength weak, was his weakness strong?
Enough: his life's, thought's, lesson clear should stand,
For those that watch, as those that walk the throng—
Work and Love go with Wisdom hand in hand.

A REFRIGERANT APPLICATION.

FROM the Bell Inn, Old Bailey, MR. GEORGE SHIPTON, Secretary to the London Trades' Council, writes to MR. AYRTON, on their behalf, with reference to the threatened demonstration of London Trades, saying that, inasmuch as the Legislature has sanctioned that sort of thing:—

"The Trades' Council trust, therefore, that it will not be premature to ask you to be good enough to have erected, in some suitable position, a platform, which might be used by the speakers on the occasion of the demonstration of the London Trades' Societies in Hyde Park on Whit-Monday next. This would prevent the necessity of improvised platform or platforms by us, and could remain as a permanent platform for similar useful purposes in the future."

MR. AYRTON, who can be courteous enough to the striking and

menacing classes, and reserves his rude answers for gentlemen whom he needs not fear, civilly replied to this request that he had no power to comply with it, and referred his correspondent to His Royal Highness the Ranger. He might have told the representative of the London Trades that the demand that Government should erect a structure which would at once commemorate and subserve their own humiliation, constituting a monumental whipping-post for their occasional chastisement, was decidedly premature. The date of the letter containing it was the 6th instant; when the thermometer was below 60°. The weather was then not yet nearly warm enough to warrant it. So cool an application should, in order that it might be seasonable, have been deferred till the dog-days.

LEATHER LOOKING UP.

FROM a statement made by MR. GEORGE ODGER, in a speech addressed, the other evening, to an assembly of shoemakers at Woolwich, it appears that there is a remarkably good time coming, whilst a pretty good time has already come, for that description of working men. "No trade," MR. ODGER told his hearers, "had a better prospect than theirs, for it was well known that journeyman shoemakers were getting scarcer every year, and consequently their individual value was increasing, while the fact that no apprentices were joining the trade would make them scarcer and more valuable still." Nothing like leather, then, for a layman of the working class to get a living by. As for a curacy, the position of a journeyman shoemaker is infinitely preferable to that of a journeyman parson; and your cobbler's is the only remunerative cure of soles.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE FOR THEM.

ONE Profession is safe from the invasion of Woman. She may enter the Army, but it is impossible that she can Man the Navy.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE PARK.

"THIS is Hyde Park, my little son,
And that's the Ring; and you see there
The Public, staring, every one,
As though they did at wonders stare.

"They stare at creatures of their kind,
But better off, or better drest.
Bethink you of how little mind
Our species mostly are possest."

"O yes, Papa; but they distract
Not with vain thought their heads, like you.
To stare at others is, in fact,
The wisest thing that they can do."

BEAUTY ON THE BEAT.

It is quite fair to argue that, if Women are to have their rights of citizenship, they must accept their duties, and that the acquisition of the elective franchise ought to be accompanied by the condition of liability to serve on juries, and to act in other capacities heretofore solely masculine. Distinctions of sex will then be obliterated, as regards qualifications other than simply personal for offices and employments, and there will be no reason why a strong-minded woman, if equally strong-bodied, should not be a coalheaver, or enter the Police. There are, perhaps, a few such Persons whose minds are of such a strength as to render them capable of being employed not only as Policemen, but also as Detectives, and even of enduring to be sent about in plain clothes.

Hunks on his Headstone.

WEEP not for me, relations dear;
You'd onions need to force a tear.
I left you all I had to leave;
Had it been nothing, you might grieve.
But now all's yours that once was mine,
So therefore don't pretend to whine.

CASE FOR SELF-APPROVING CONSCIENCE.—Going to the Stores and getting for sixpence that which, if you went to one of several shops for it, would cost you half-a-crown.



THE FEMININE "FACULTY."

New Housemaid (to her Master). "O, SIR! I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME IN. THERE'S A PARTY A WAITIN' IN THE SURGERY TO SEE YOU." (*It was Mrs. Dr. Mandragora Nighshade, who had called professionally about "a Case."*) *"HE—SHE—WOULD COME IN, SIR,—AND—I THINK" (shuddering) "IT'S A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES, SIR!!!"*

CLERICAL SPITE.

We said the other day that we seldom quoted, except when in a state of admiration. That word, in the sense of "wonder," describes our condition on reading the following extract. And yet what wise man wonders at clerical idiocy, coupled with caddish insolence? Look at what a "religious" newspaper has to say about the great and good man whose loss all but bigots lament. The *Church Herald* says:—

"Mr. J. STUART MILL, who has just gone to his account, would have been a remarkable writer of English, if his innate self-consciousness and abounding self-confidence had not made him a notorious literary prig. His 'philosophy,' so called, was thoroughly anti-Christian; his sentiments daringly mischievous and outrageously wild. As a Member of Parliament he was a signal failure. His death is no loss to anybody, for he was a rank but amiable infidel, and a most dangerous person. The sooner those 'lights of thought' who agree with him, go to the same place, the better will it be, both for Church and State."

We do not apologise for quoting this stupid malignity, offensive as it will be to every reader of *Punch*. It is well that decent and rational people should know in what brutality a certain form of priestly mind can revel. We say "priestly mind," for whether the animal who penned the above disgrace the Church or the laity, the perpetration was intended to please a certain knot of ignorant priests and their wretched toadies. *Olet!*

A Sovereign Remedy.

AMONG the contents of the *Medical Review and Invalids' Guide* is specified "Gold and its Compounds in the Treatment of Skin Diseases." Of all cutaneous affections about the most unpleasant that anybody but a billionaire could be afflicted with would be one requiring to be treated with gold. What with fees and what with physic, such a complaint would be awfully expensive. That is to say, unless, indeed, gold and its compounds, in the treatment of skin diseases, are efficacious as remedies altogether of the homeopathic kind, and require to be employed only in infinitesimal doses.

COMPLIMENTARY CHEMISTRY.

THE interests of sweetness, in connection with light, will be promoted by a discovery thus recorded by the *Medical Press and Circular*:—

"ANILINE.—M. LANGORROIS has found that putrefaction and decomposition of animal matters can be prevented, even when exposed to the air and at an elevated temperature, by the use of small quantities of aniline, or the colouring matter got from coal-tar."

Coal-tar, being a product of gas-manufacture, may be considered as allied to light, and, as aniline is capable of being employed as a disinfectant, sweetness may be supposed to be typified by that. Observe, dear old lady, that aniline is a substance obtained from indigo as well as from coal-tar, and that anil is one of the names of the indigo plant; so that sweetness and light are not necessarily, though they may sometimes be, M'm, associated with anility.

Single Virtue.

BRIGHT eyes are soon bedimmed, spoilt form and face.
Ailments, expenses, cares, vex married life.
Whate'er I've done amiss, in any case,
I never coveted my neighbour's wife.

Injurious Advertisement.

ALONG the tops of omnibuses, at railway stations, on blank walls, and every practicable surface, the eye of the wayfarer is encountered by the legend, in gigantic characters, of "ROBUR PUNCH." This is too likely to be misunderstood by persons of defective education and spelling. It is of no use for Mr. *Punch* to inform such people as those that he is no plagiary, and has never robbed anybody.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OLITICALLY, the week beginning *Monday, May 19*, was rather a dull one. It opened in the Lords with the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY's inducing the Peers to "sit upon"—in the playful sense—a scheme for remodelling the Birmingham Grammar School, where grateful Science still adores her EDWARD THE SIXTH's holy shade, and where the Marquis was afraid the scheme of the Commissioners would prevent adoration of a less Pagan

kind. So the plan was demolished. There is a story to the effect that an excellent Dissenter, who was one of the managers of the School, preferred to go fishing one fine morning to attending to his dull duties, and that the Churchmen closed their ranks, and Dissent never got another innings. If true, we like that Waltonian Schismatic very much—always neglect business for pleasure, especially on a Derby Day.

The Commons voted money, and MR. GÖSCHEN promised that there should be no more ships of the *Devastation* type begun until we were quite sure that this vessel was all right. She seems to be, but it would make any nervous about going aboard her, to read the unpleasant vaticinations of some of the sea-critics.

The Irish Peace Bill was read a Third Time, MR. PIM pointing out that most of the Irish Members had always opposed the measure, and always been in a minority. A noteworthy fact, but let us not flavour the great National Holiday with any essence of hostile politics. The Irish Members are all jolly good fellows, and so are all the English ones, and we don't know which we love most, the Scotch or the Welsh.

Tuesday.—MR. GLADSTONE proposed, as usual, that Committees should not sit until two next day, Ascension Day. MR. BOUVERIE opposed this, thinking it unreasonable that because some gentlemen wanted to go to Church, they should keep others from attending to business. Last year a division was snapped, and Ascension Day was not regarded. But MR. GLADSTONE was too wide awake to be caught twice, and to-day he beat MR. BOUVERIE by 180 to 81. But we hope MR. B. will be lucky at Epsom.

Then came a Railway Debate, but it was clear that a "Count" was coming, and MR. JULIAN GOLDSMITH delicately alluded to it as "a pending and well-known Parliamentary process." It missed fire the first time, but on the second attempt, MR. MONTAGU CHAMBERS being up, it succeeded. Still, we trust that he will enjoy his lunch on the Downs.

Wednesday.—*Mr. Punch* has the best possible excuse for treating this day's proceedings briefly. A desperate attempt was made, in accordance with the dictates of the Sentimentalists, and of the strong-minded and disagreeable Women (whose pamphlets and placards on the subject remind us that LORD CAMPBELL carried a certain Act), to abolish a certain Sanitary Public Measure, which injures nobody, and works great good. *Mr. Punch* does not feel inclined to go into the question, but he is happy to state that MR. BRUCE stood up for the Police Measure, and that the Sentimentalists of the "shrieking Sisterhood" (we thank the S. R. for the phrase) were defeated by 251 to 128. There is good sense in the majority of the House of Commons, and we hope that it will be as fortunate in shying at Aunt Sally as it was in shying at the folly of the other old women of both sexes this Wednesday.

Thursday.—The Lords, being partly Spiritual, of course paid due observance to the behests of the Church, and sat—elsewhere than in their House.

The Commons, meeting at Four, did penance. They had a debate on the Second Reading of the Government Rating Bill. It is enough to say that the Landed Interest rated the Administration, and that the Bill was read a Second Time, which the Debate certainly will not be. We trust the fresh air of Epsom will restore the liveliness of the orators.

Then we had some fun. To the Committee on the O'KEEFFE affair it was proposed that the name of DR. LYON PLAYFAIR should be added. MR. GLADSTONE said that this would offend

four millions of Irishmen. The House did not seem to mind this, and inserted the learned Scotch Doctor's name, by 200 to 182, and then, in spite of further remonstration, put on MR. CROSS, by 205 to 165. An Irish Member declared that he would move to put on MESSRS. NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY. But SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN took a much pleasanter mode of dealing with the matter, and said it would cause merriment in Ireland. This is what we all desire to do, *Mr. Punch* not only desiring it, but nobly contributing to that end. He hopes that SIR PATRICK will have a capital place for his carriage, and win no end of Sweepstakes.

MR. BRUCE obtained leave to bring in a Bill for appointing a Public Prosecutor. At last! It was too late to explain the provisions, but we heartily welcome the attempt to do what ought to have been done a century ago.

Friday.—Everything uninteresting, except that MR. WHALLEY again brought up the Tichborne case, and described the fat man, now being tried, as an unfortunate "Gentleman." Whoever he may be, he is not *that*, and the House shouted with laughter. "I must speak my conviction," said MR. WHALLEY.

A SUGGESTION.

ONE means taken by Counsel for invalidating a witness's evidence is to ask him "How much he is to be paid for his attendance in this case?" Surely the witness would be in his right were he to retort on the cross-examining barrister with—"And how much, Sir, are you to be paid for your attendance in this case?" An honest witness comes in the interests of Justice, and Justice herself takes the initiative of making him some sort of pecuniary compensation for his loss of time, for his trouble and personal discomfort. It is, however, a theory that Counsel's fees are paid by way of *honorarium*. Counsel, twitted in return by an ill-used witness, may point to the theory, but he wouldn't be able to support it by instancing his own practice. Aren't the Judges paid, aren't the Law Officers paid, aren't the Jury paid?

Horseflesh and Grass.

You bet on yonder favourite steed,
My brethren; yet, for all his backers,
As well as every screw or weed,
He'll one day go unto the knacker's.

STIGGINS.

Communists and Cords.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Geneva, relative to some Communist refugees lately expelled from that city:—

"MM. CYRILLE and COEURDUBOY were among the expelled refugees."

It often happens that proper names are peculiarly inappropriate. The name of COEURDUBOY would be as suitable to a partisan of Legitimate Monarchy as, in application to a Communist, it is ironical. COEURDUBOY sounds like a noble patronymic, whereas Communists are cads, who can only be associated with something like it by the consideration that they have sprung of ancestors who were accustomed to wear corduroys.

THREE COURSES.—The Course of Time, the Course of True Love, and the Course at Epsom.



OPERA SERIA.

The Wigginses were giving their First Garden Party, and Young Frisker, who had just taken the Studio next door, had one too, when suddenly a Ponderous Missile came hurtling through the Air (narrowly missing several of the Guests), and buried itself with a tremendous "Thud" in the Turf of Wiggins's Lawn.

Tenor Voice ("Dolce" from the top of the Wall). "I BEG YOUR PARDON,—BUT HAVE YOU SEEN A QUOIT?"!!

Wiggins, Sen. (Solo Bass, of an objurgatory character). "HAVE I SEEN A QUOIT?"!! &c.

And Chorus ff. "HAVE WE, &c., &c.?"!! by the Whole Strength of the Company.

FINALE (Agitato).

OUR "ISTHMIAN GAMES."

(*An Epikian Dream*, by the RIGHT HON. W. E. G.)

TELL me not of the turf—how fresh, how fair,
How potent o'er-fagged statesmen to repair!
For innocence of all things that to course,
Or ring, or race, or horse,
Trainer or jock, pertain,
Or odds or book-makers, their loss or gain,
The greenness of that turf might symbol be
Of W. E. G.
Few things there be whereof I nothing know;
Still fewer, whereof ignorance I show;
Or knowing not a touch,
Acknowledge to as much,
But this, the Turf—its Races and its Ring,
Is such a thing!

But once to Epsom I,
Stole on the sly,
And, ill at ease for time so misbestowed,
Studied the humours of the road,
As between dusty hedgerows ran,
Miles upon miles of vehicle and van;
There my own flesh and blood beheld,
By strange delusion of the day impelled,
On drag, barouche, cab, van, and 'bus,
In aught but *puris naturalibus*,
And wondered, 'mong the strange fish of those waves,
Were there more fools or knaves.

There, down the course, incog,
I saw the famous dog
Rush, tail between his legs, through ranks of scorn,
Like some poor Premier, borne,
By fate accurst,
Of the three courses, to essay the worst :
Who the line 'twixt antagonist extremes
In medio tutissimum misdeems,
But wakes to learn from foes and friends, all wroth,
He has pleased neither, but won howls from both.
There, 'neath the crowded stand,
Which, why I know not, they call "grand,"
I marked the roaring, cursing, clamouring ring,
And in the pauses of the race,
With blackened face,
Heard pseudo-Christy-minstrels sing,
And felt, not irresponsive, the hot thrill
Sweep over down and hill,
And saw the great black mass turn sudden grey,
With a square mile of faces turned one way,
As the faint buzz "They're off!" grew more and more,
Till it rose to a roar,
When round the corner, and the flat along,
Huge horses, gleaming riders, a great throng,
Bewildering ear and eye,
Swept, thundering, by,
And left me faint and white, as one that feels
Uncertain which is upmost, head or heels.
Then, for a moment's space, methought, I too,
Could feel the common frenzy that flashed through
Those thousand thousands of mixed multitude
—All my own flesh and blood—



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

*Dorothy. "I SHALL HAVE SUCH A BIG WEDDING-CAKE WHEN I'M MARRIED, MUMMY!"
Christopher. "YES—AND SET IT AFORE ME, WON'T YOU?"*

And knew, awhile, why Politics and Gain,
Thus, spite of sense, are fain
To waive their claims, and once a year give place
To the brief madness of the Derby race.

That night a dream I dreamed,
Wherein I seemed
To be translated, not, as in the play,
Poor Bottom lay,
By Oberon so translated as to pass
From blockhead into ass.
No, mine was such translation as should be,
Of W. E. G.
An elegant translation into Greek
More Attic than e'er Bottom wont to speak
Or any of those "rude mechanicals"
Who "toiled for bread upon Athenian stalls."

Methought with woollen tunic for sole wear,
I drove a classic chariot and pair,
Backed for a Derby, that in more than name,
Was a right Isthmian Game,
Run by Poseidon's Sicyonian shrine;
Its prize a simple garland of the pine.

In the two steeds that my proud chariot drew
Progress and Peace, a well-matched pair, I knew:
And Progress, fairest of my team to sight,
Was but "Gang Forward," this year's favourite,
Under more classic name,
But breed and blood the same:

Methought that for the race
We took our place,—
"Off!" and away we dart . . .
Back again!—a false start!
And well it was that a false start 'twas given,
Or, all too-eager driven,

My chariot had sustained a fatal shock
Against the old Hibernian stumbling-block.

Now, we are off again—
With loose hair and tense rein,
We thunder, in a ruck, across the plain :
Still mine the foremost place
In that hot headlong race!
Past me the race-course spins and spins,
My fevered ear
The shout "Our WILLIAM wins!"
Can hardly hear ;
But what's this beat of hoofs that, from behind,
Comes borne upon the wind?
With sidelong glance thrown back
I note one on my track ;
I know him now, mine enemy of old,
D'ISRAELUS the bold,
Who from his gaudy car, with Sphinx-like stare,
His counsel still confined to his own breast,
Without or haste or rest,
Urges a piebald pair—
Ballot and Bung their name,—
(Of Bunkum and of Beer-barrel they came ;)
But, cocktails though they be,
And base of pedigree,
Driv'n by a driver that their paces knows,
And no allegiance owes
To aught beyond the purpose of the hour,
From steeds far nobler born than they,
The prize they well may bear away,
And sweep their dexterous charioteer to power.

Nearer and nearer still they came.—
I knew their wily driver's game,—
Sly creeping up and up, on my off-wheel,
Even now I seemed to feel



EMULATION.

Maud. "I'VE HAD WHOOPING-COUGH!"
 Ethel. "OH! THAT'S NOTHING—WHY, I'VE HAD MEASLES!"
 Maud. "WELL—I'VE HAD BRONCHITIS!!!"
 Ethel (after a pause). "I LEARN FRENCH!!!!"

[Collapse of Maud.]

The hot breath of his horses past my cheek ;
 In vain I gasped in Greek
 Cheer to my steeds, whose wind came short and thick,
 As quicker and more quick
 The artful D'ISRAELIUS forced the pace ;
 Till, from a waiting to a winning race,
 Now, close upon my flank
 I hear his chariot clank.
 And hoof-beat answering hoof-beat, [team to team ;—
 Now, neck and neck we steam,
 Wrapped each in the other's smoke ;—
 And then I woke,
 And found to my delight
 'Twas but a dream o' the night!

Another Event on the Derby Day.

"ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Eighty-Fourth Anniversary Dinner of the Corporation will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday, May 28, The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair. Dinner at half-past 6 for 7 precisely, at which hour the Chair will be taken."

Great disappointment will be felt if the Right Honourable Chairman does not arrive from the Course in time. The Winner of the Royal Literary Fund Sweep will be announced immediately after the cloth has been drawn.

FOR THE FRIDAY.

The song says, "PHILLIS is my only joy." Old MARTIN MAREHAM, who has not missed the Oaks for forty years, never omits to quote this line, but, with some disregard of grammatical concord, makes it run thus—"Fillies is my only joy."

THE TURF AFFECTION.—Ossification of the heart.

THE TEETOTAL "DRAG;"
OR, THE GOOD TEMPLAR'S TURN-OUT.

I NEVER have been to a play;
 But once to a horse-race I went:
 And never experienced a day
 Than that one more usefully spent.

Though means are not hallowed by ends,
 I felt that we should not do wrong
 In going, a party of friends—
 An example to offer the throng.

The Horse, noble creature, to see
 Competing in speed with his kind,
 Of itself must a spectacle be
 To elevate all of right mind.

We thought as spectators we might
 Show others the way to abstain
 From liquors which double the sight,
 And likewise from gambling refrain.

We therefore a vehicle hired.
 At a Temperance hostel in Town
 We got furnished with all we required ;
 And so we drove cheerily down.

From trees on each side of the road,
 And hedges, a feeling serene
 Of exquisite sympathy flowed ;
 They were so delightfully green.

There yet were horse-chestnuts in bloom,
 Of which we made innocent fun ;
 Remarking 'twas fair to presume
 That some chestnut horses would run.

Arrived in the thick of the "drags,"
 Our Whip, with humanity due,
 To water assisted his nags ;
 We bade him to help himself too.

We sat and awaited the race,
 Mild bets on the quadrupeds laid.
 No money changed hands in our case ;
 With beans all our wagers were paid.

And when the event of the day
 Had now been decided at last,
 We laid out a portable tray,
 And partook of a welcome repast;

All hungry as lions that growl
 O'er a carcase of kid or of lamb.
 And I ate a portion of fowl,
 And with it a morsel of ham.

Meanwhile we indulged in a drop ;
 We could take it without any fear.
 O, you should have heard our corks pop,
 Lemonade some, and some ginger-beer!!

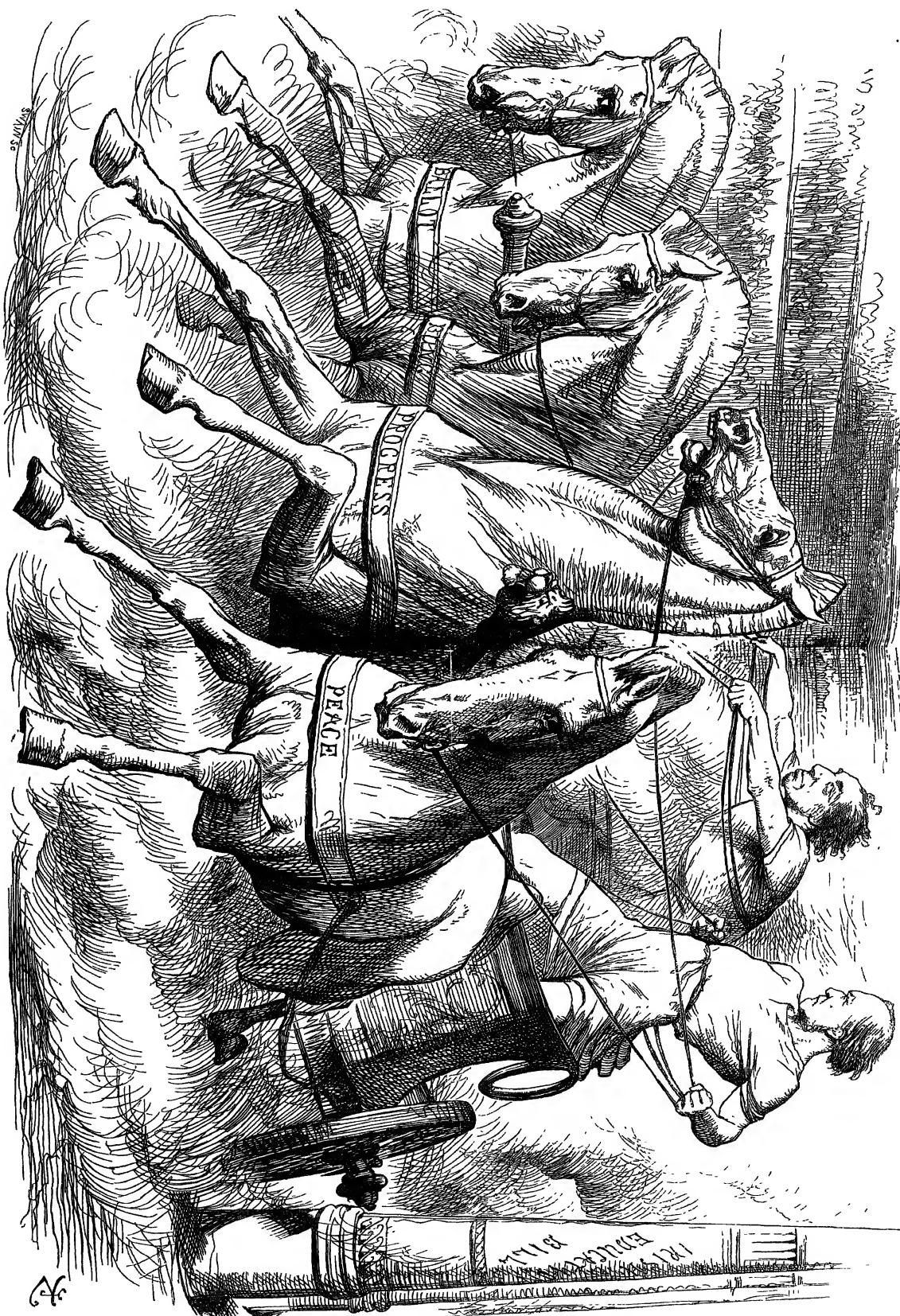
We finished our temperate meal ;
 Descended, and strolled about, each.
 A sudden emotion of zeal
 Impelled me to stand up, and preach.

Perhaps I feel some little doubt
 The attempt was more zealous than wise.
 My pockets were turned inside out ;
 My hat was knocked over my eyes.

And all my companions I found
 Very much in a similar plight.
 Distributing tracts on the ground,
 They so got involved in a fight.

'Mong Roughs having ventured to roam,
 Coats torn down the back they had got.
 Youth bantered us all the way home
 As a drunk and disorderly lot.

Yet that night on our pillows clear heads
 With sweet self-content we could lay ;
 And in health sprang at morn from our beds,
 None the worse for the Derby, next day.



OUR "ISTHMIAN GAMES;" OR, A GLADSTONIAN "DERBY."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENQUIRER asks the meaning of an inscription on the Great Northern Railway. "King's Cross, Seven Sisters Road." King has a right to be cross if his seven sisters rode and he had to walk.

F. P.—Peckham Wry was so named from the extremely crooked ways of the ancient colonists there. We are unaware whether any amendment has taken place.

FASTIDIOUS JAMES.—It is not strictly etiquette, when a gentleman declines to dine with you, on the ground of being engaged, to write in reply that you believe that's all humbug, and that he hopes for a pleasanter invitation, but your answer would often be truthful.

EJA, ITA, QUA, who write on the same subject. It is most ungenerous to your friend to accept his invitation, if going will bore you. Give him credit for desiring that you should do what will make you happiest, and stay away.

MISSES SAPPHO.—If you think that you can sing better than Madame Patti there is not the least objection to your getting over from the stalls into the orchestra, and thence to the stage (the Big Drum is politeness itself, and he will heave you up), and trying. But courtesy demands that you should wait the fall of the Act-drop, and perhaps you had better obtain a written permission from Mr. Gye.

VOLPICIUS.—Nonsense about "no end." Everything has an end except eternity, and Wimpole Street, W.

A. HOOG—You say that, like Bacon, you take all knowledge to be your province. All your knowledge appears to us to be provincial.

FIDELIS.—Never betray a secret. But there is no law against your making a memorandum of a secret, for your own use; and, if you happen to write with a thick pen, and promptly to use the blotting-pad, to which the head Club Gossip is sure to resort, it will be the fault of the paper-makers, not yours, if he reads, and tells. We knew an objectionable marriage prevented by such an accident.

E. L. F.—You must not send ecclesiastical jokes to us. Your statement that you went to Church on the 18th, and, having to sit in the aisle, you thought that day was de-Rogation Sunday, betokens anything but proper feeling. "All equal are within the Church's gate," says George Herbert.

ANTI-FIDDLER.—Ha! ha! "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and to irritate every other, is not bad, for you. But cotton-wool is cheap enough, and staying at home is cheaper.

IMPATIENT HESTER.—When Hamlet said "Those that are married already, all but one, shall live," it is certain that he meant, when King of Denmark, to provide means of living for such couples as had wedded on insufficient incomes. But don't you and "Dear Tom" marry on the idea that anything of the sort will be done for you. Wait, and hope to get tired of one another.

QUI'S EXCUSE.—Letters intended to be delivered never miscarry. Misdirect carefully, if for any reason you desire your epistle to go astray, and be returned to you, that you may show it when the mischief you wish it thought you tried to prevent is done. If you ought to write to Leicester Square, omit "Square," and your letter will make a pleasant tour into the Midlands.

VIAATRIX.—No such word, Miss, and you shouldn't ask us questions you can answer from your *Mangnall*. However, *par nobile fratribus* means, "Fa's brother is a nobleman;" *currente calamo* is a nursery hint, "calamo in currant jelly;" *nemine dissentiente* means "No man should be a Dissenter;" and *tempora mutantur* (give me) "the Times and my change."

WOPPERS.—Now, do you think we shall go to the Derby for pleasure? Do not misjudge us. We go, firstly, because we wish to encourage the breed of English horses (we may back a foreigner, but that's a detail); secondly, because it costs us nothing; thirdly, because we accompany a young friend, whom we wish to keep out of temptation; fourthly, because, we particularly wish to speak to a man, on business; fifthly, because workmen happen to be doing something in our study; sixthly, because we want a little fresh air; and, seventhly, because we do not wish to discourage our fellow creatures too much by showing ourselves superior to all their enjoyments. But, pleasure!

AMPHIBIOUS.—Never change your opinion about anything. But, as the object of talking is to annoy somebody, express whatever opinion is likely to be most distasteful to your hearers. If anybody calls you inconsistent, punch his head.

AMOR VIRTUTIS.—Make all cheques payable to "order." Many persons will overlook this, and many others may not know that it demands an endorsement. No, your balance will remain handsomer a little longer.

A RIGHTEFUL HEIR.—With pleasure. Send us all your papers, and we will read them carefully, and, if necessary, obtain our Solicitor's opinion for you. "Else, wherefore breathe we in a Christian World?" or, rather, what else is the duty of an Editor?

SCOTUS.—The lines are in Burns' works, but they are only an amplification of Dr. Watts's terse and elegant couplet:

"If I could see what others see,
A better cover I think I'd be."

YOUNG POLITICIAN.—You know that a married man may sit in Parliament, but you want to know whether a single man can marry while he is in the House of Commons? Certainly not. It would interrupt public business, and Mr. Brand would not be pleased to have a swarm of gauzy bridesmaids flirting with the representatives of the nation.

NIMA.—You win your bet. Every Member of the Athenaeum Club is a contributor to the *Athenaeum* journal. Before election he must produce six articles which have been published. Four grammatical errors black-ball him. Hence the Members of the A. speak and write purer English than those of any other Club.

DR. CULLEN.—The next Pope will be Cardinal Panabianca. He is a member of the house of Whitbread, and his grandfather left England in a rage at Canning's famous squib about the apotheosis of the then head of the family. "And the Angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread a coming!'"

F. S. A.—Stocks Market was the old Stock Exchange. The original stocks, from which it took name, may be seen at the present Exchange any day from 11 to 4, unless a broker happens to be in them. The Committee man who shows them expects a trifling *doucette*.

R. C.—An anchovy, nicely rolled up, and inserted into an olive, *vive la stone*, is to be praised, and so is the person who gives it you. But, for more reasons than one, we should like to see the white fingers of our hostess herself preparing this relish.

A YOUNG PUBLISHER.—Morocco leather is made of goat skin, but that is no reason for putting costly binding on books for kids. In answer to your second question, the banns of marriage are the only thing published without puffs, and they are no exception if the list is long and the person is wheezy.

APUD.—Your Shaksperian suggestion has its value. We incline to the old reading, "all the region-kites," but you think *Hamlet* said,

"I should have fatt'd all the Regent's Park
With this slave. Awful!"

That *Hamlet* died about eight hundred years ago, while the Park did not receive its name till 1612, we do not think much of an objection, knowing how little Shakespeare minded an anachronism when he could make a point. But we see more difficulty in the fact that the poet himself died before the name was given. It is a curious thing, however, that there are no fat persons in the Regent's Park.

J. LOMAX.—Not quite accurate. The lines, as Isaac Watts, D.D., wrote them, run thus:—

"Why? Were our garments made to hide?
For shame, let's put them on with pride,
Nor reckon dress among the sins:
Whence came dear Eve's first robes of skins?"

TECHNICAL.—In 1862 Mr. Newing's *Caractacus*. But you should be too correct a cuse to think that was the year it was snowing during the race.

SCRUPULOUS.—There is no objection to shooting a street organist, but do not fire out of window when any body else is about, lest you injure a fellow-creature.

SIR WILFRID L.—In Sumatra it is with the greatest difficulty that a native can be got to pronounce his own name. There is not this etiquette in England, but towards the evening of the Derby Day a good many persons appear to be Sumatrans, to the extent in question.

ALFONSO.—We have carefully gone through the "Lives," and we do not find a single instance in which a person who rode in a public horse-race ultimately became Archbishop of York. This is the more remarkable, as Yorkshire is pre-eminently a sporting county.

L. J. M.—You did not send the stamps, which was a bore, because at the moment we happened to want some, but your poem would equally have gone into the waste-paper basket. Where is your right to give us the slightest trouble?

A REJECTED WIFE.—We can give no advice about marking-link. Besides, respectable washerwomen now decline to work for persons who are mean enough to mark their linen, and thus not only show a want of confidence, but give the trouble of sorting the things.

P. F. S.—What do you send such "talented young friends" to us for? You said he was an educated man. He mentioned the Laureate's poem, St. Simon, and sounded Stylites as if it rhymed to skylights. We threw coals at him, and the Commissioner shoved him into the street. Do be more considerate.

AN ARTIST.—Your sketch of "Nature making her first effut" is pretty, but we don't believe that iards originated in that way.

THESPIS.—Yes, true. A late great Actor was rehearsing the play of *William Tell*, and he said, in so very colloquial a manner, to the man who brings him the little apple, "Do you shoot?" that the artist quite forgot where he was, and answered, "A little, Sir; but, strange to say, I never had a go with one of them rum cross-bows."

CRETAN.—We know one solution of your "mystery," but we are never rude on a Derby Day. We leave that sort of thing to the *canaille* on the road. Still, if you can think of a good rhyme to pie, eye, and shy, it is at your service.

GULES.—If any friends with lunch in their carriage offer you gooseberry tart, having previously given you Derby champagne, you can say, "false heraldry," if you like. They won't understand, but if you wink they will think you mean something clever.

E. A. PYBUS.—Verses distinctly declined. Ascot does not rhyme to white waistcoat.

LE COMTE D'A.—"The dual function of the brain" is, we imagine, to keep a man with brains out of a duel.

A. YOUNG M.P.—The Chiltern Hundreds are not included in the estuaries, but are paid by the Speaker out of his Salary. The payment means a reward to a Member of Parliament for making room for a better man. The form of offering it is defined in the Standing Orders. The Speaker calls to the member, and says, in a friendly way, "The House is very hot, let me and I go and take a chill turn or two along the Terrace." It is high treason to refuse.

LADY ETHEL.—We have seen beautiful models of the Koh-i-Noor in Regent Street, but we do not advise you to wear one as an ornament when you are presented to Her Majesty. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, but the highest personage in the realm has no toleration for flattery. You can hire plenty of diamonds, if you are so miserable as not to have a lot, and if that is the case, you are not the sort of person who ought to have ventured on writing to us.

STUDENT.—The question whether Mary Queen of Scots was sincere, or only politic, in refusing the hand of Louis XIV., has often been discussed. We are not inclined to give a positive opinion, where Lingard doubts and Pincock generalises, but we have reason to think she would have married him, but for the strange conduct of Talleyrand, who instigated the Sicilian Vespers in order to divert the attention of Europe from Mary's affair with Caesar Borgia.

MARIA.—You ask who "Glossary the Poet" was. You have seen his works indicated on the back of the Volume containing Chaucer, Gower, and Skelton. Quite right to ask. He is a very nice poet, and has this advantage, that he explains every word he uses, which several moderns do not do.

SCIENTIFIC.—We never had the slightest idea as to what is meant by pressure on the barometer, and we have lived a good many years very comfortably, without knowing. We believe, however, that if you press it too hard, it will break, and the quicksilver will tumble all over the floor, and this produces a pretty effect.

B. L. M.—No real gentleman composes a telegram in any curter or tesser form than he would adopt in a note. The telegram was intended to facilitate communication, not to develop meanness. The Americans are better behaved in this matter than most Englishmen, and simply write a letter with the wire instead of the pen.

STREXON complains that he was "turned out of St. Paul's Cathedral merely for shouting, to try the echoes of the dome while service was going on." What could you expect from tyrannical priests and their dastardly vassals? Ask Mr. Peter Taylor to bring your case before Parliament.

RUSTICUS JUNIOR.—Sunday is not the Sabbath, but that is no reason why you should select that day for taking the nests of unfortunate little birds, and we are very glad that the keeper horsewhipped you.

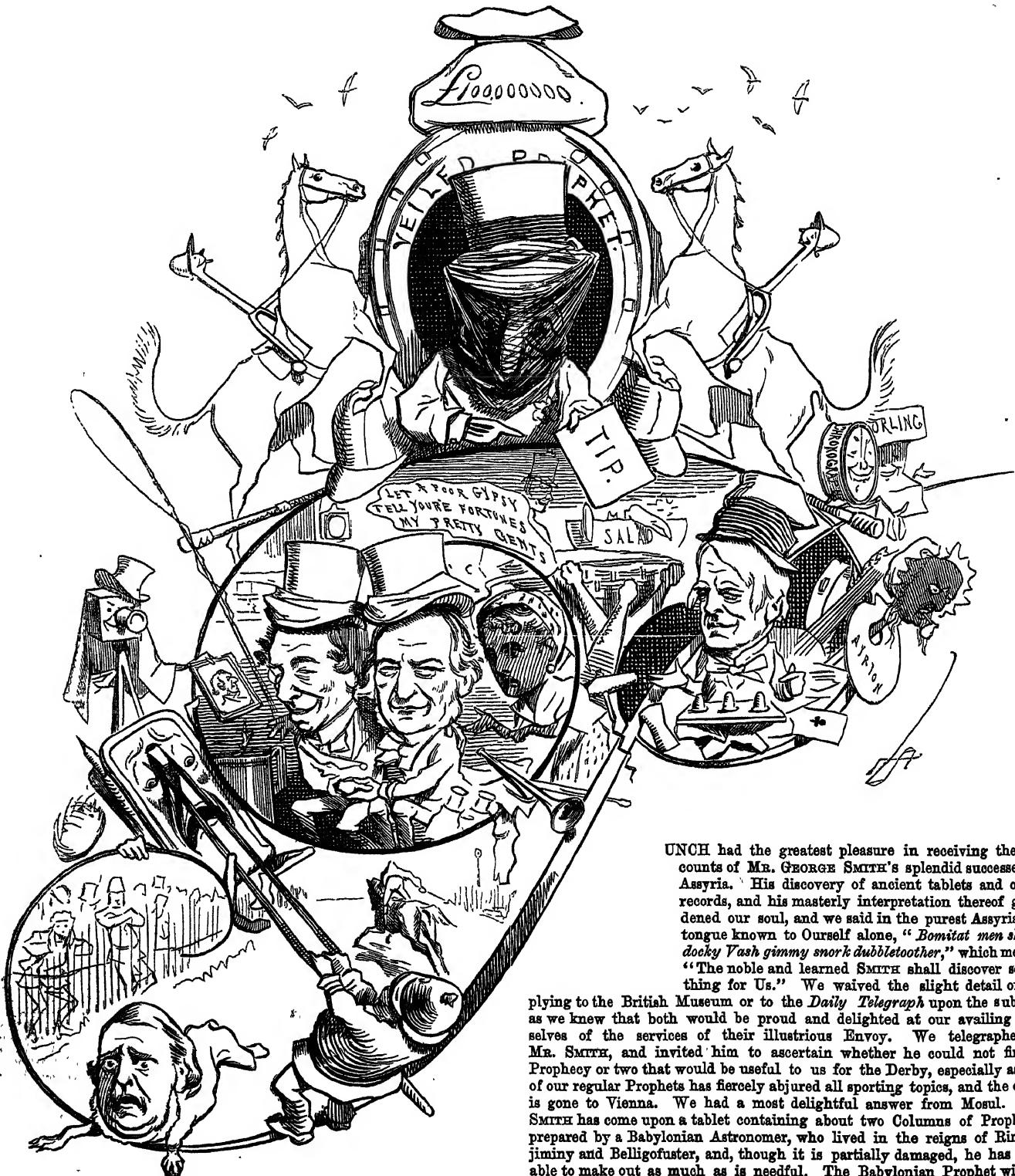
EDWARD J.—From the "specimen of your hand-writing" we should say that you were an idiot, but that a person needs some brains to spell with such ingenious atrocity. Your sentiments are beneath contempt, and the way you fold your note is vulgar in the extreme. We think that you are "calculated to shine," but our present shoe-black is a faithful lad, and we shall not part with him while his merits are so much superior to your own.

OXFORD DON.—We agree with you. The Romans used wafers. They had no "w," but spelt as well as we could, poor Pagans. Horace expressly mentions the article:—

"Neu, si vafer unus et alter."

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED: — *VETVS* (old enough to know better). — *PENNICKAN* (is not the same as pelican, but you are the same as goose). — *X. X.* (you may be only twenty, but your joke's one hundred, at least). — *A BEGINNER* (leave off). — *P. H.* (Sir, *Nost bene*, we do not stand impasse). — *A BRISTOLIAN* (go to Bath). — *ALIQUA* (you think you're "somebody"; may difference of opinion never alter friendship). — *CANTIO(hyperazio)*; an artist draws well enough who can draw a good cheque). — *N. T. W.* (neat, only *anchora* is not Latin for an anchovy. Try again).

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.



PUNCH had the greatest pleasure in receiving the accounts of MR. GEORGE SMITH's splendid successes in Assyria. His discovery of ancient tablets and other records, and his masterly interpretation thereof gladdened our soul, and we said in the purest Assyrian, a tongue known to Ourselves alone, "Bomitat men shad-docky Vash ginnym snork dubbletoother," which means, "The noble and learned SMITH shall discover something for Us." We waived the slight detail of applying to the British Museum or to the *Daily Telegraph* upon the subject, as we knew that both would be proud and delighted at our availing ourselves of the services of their illustrious Envoy. We telegraphed to MR. SMITH, and invited him to ascertain whether he could not find a Prophecy or two that would be useful to us for the Derby, especially as one of our regular Prophets has fiercely abjured all sporting topics, and the other is gone to Vienna. We had a most delightful answer from Mosul. Mr. SMITH has come upon a tablet containing about two Columns of Prophecy, prepared by a Babylonian Astronomer, who lived in the reigns of Rimini-jiminy and Belligofuster, and, though it is partially damaged, he has been able to make out as much as is needful. The Babylonian Prophet will be found quite as safe a guide as any of the Guessers at home, who give you a

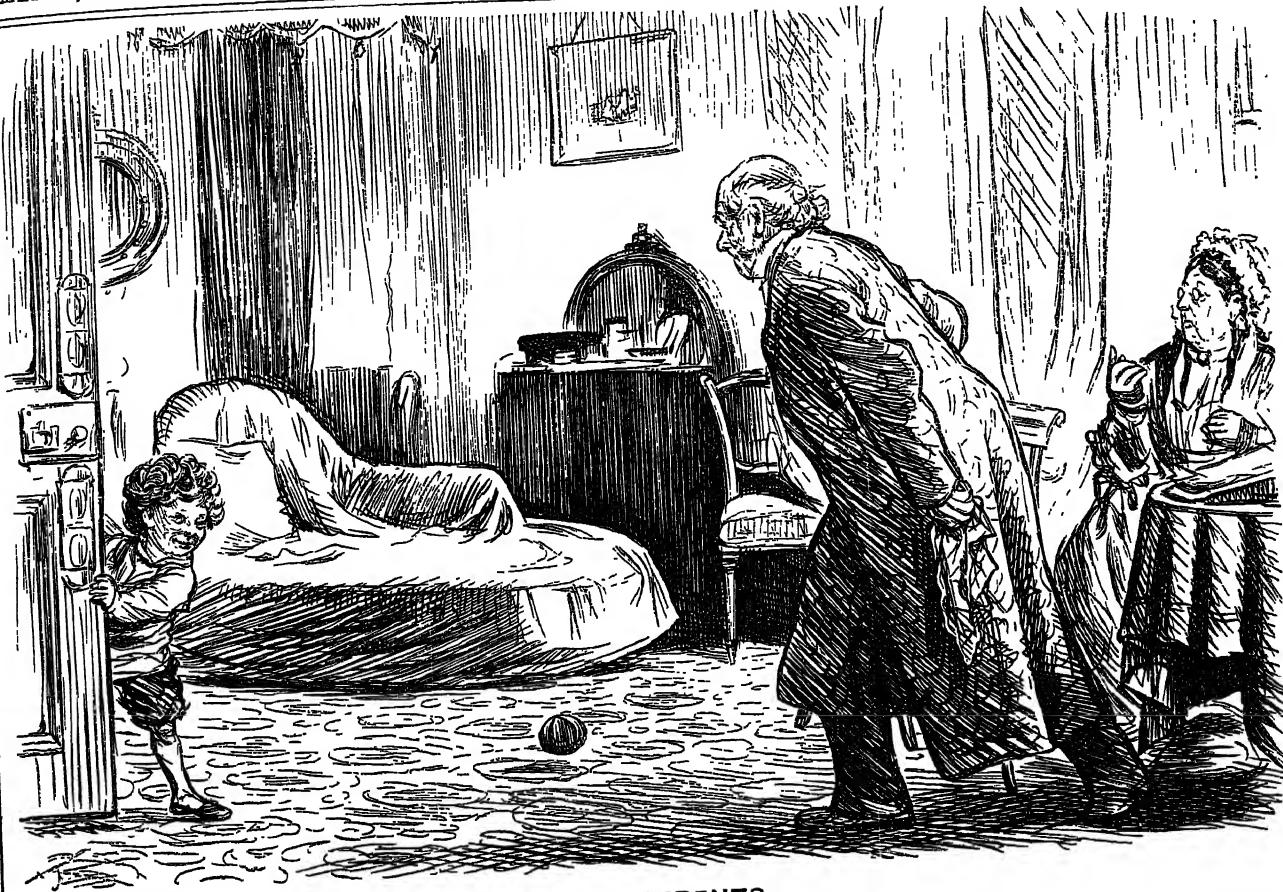
portio of prophecy in a sack full of circumbendibus and slang. We translated the inscriptions ourselves, in order to save MR. SMITH as much trouble as possible, but we need hardly say that the British Museum and the *Daily Telegraph* are heartily welcome to make whatever use they please of our version. This is the translation:—

In the reign of a good Queen,
Revered, beloved,
By the Sea-island made of Chalk,
Shall the horses be brought forth;

And her son, even her eldest son, shall
look on,
As the fiery beasts strive for the prize.
The great cry shall go up,

And men's hearts shall be in a blaze.
All shall run, but one only shall re-
ceive the prize.
It shall be called the Silken Ribbon,

And its hue shall be that of the
heavens
As they rarely show in the Sea-isle of
Chalk.



BELLIGERENTS.

Grandpa' (goaded to Madness, as the Ball bounded from the Back of his Head). "GET OUT OF THE ROOM, YOU LITTLE — ! I'VE TOLD YOU HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES, SIR, TO GO AND PLAY IN THE HALL. MY DEAR, I WISH YOU'D RING FOR MARY, TO TAKE THE CHILD UPSTAIRS."

Grandson. "IF YOU DO, I'LL GET INTO MISCHIEF, AND TURN ON ALL THE TAPS!!"

The riders shall wear coats of many colours,
And urge on their steeds furiously,
Calling on such Gods as they worship,
Mammon, and Mercury, and Moloch,
And inviting woes upon the ocular organs of each other.
And smiting with cord, and pricking with steel.

While the roar goeth up as of the Sea,
And thieves do not the work negligently.

And the names of the horses shall be shouted,
But not as the winner shall be hailed.
Him, the savage beast of spots,
Him, the savage whom none can whiten,

Him named from the hot fiend,
Him named from the cold vegetable,
Him from the home of the wondrous

Dog,
Him who is as one that measureth,
Him who tumbleth head over heels,
Him who recalls a King of Orient.
Let such as please put forth their might,
Not theirs is the Ribbon of Silk
Of the hue seldom seen in the Chalk-isle sky.
Verily, he who hath taken his fine gold,
And said, it shall be wager on one of those,

Let him, if that he may,
Leap into the leafy fence of the road,
As did the Wise Man of Islington.
But of the more potent strivers,
Among whom the Stars point out
Him urged to speed by a Sawney voice,
Him named from the King of Occident,
Him of the haughty step,
Him of the place where asses move about,

Him whose name rhymeth,
In the tongue of the Chalk-islanders,
To grand oss,
Let him who would garner his gold
Select one, on whom the Stars look down,

And let him take his fine gold,
And wager it on that animal, saying,
In a loud voice and a bold,
As one who feareth the face of none,
And, having an opinion, sticketh unto it,

As the wax clingeth to the Cobbler's thread,
As the Limpet clingeth to the rock,
As the Woman clingeth to folly and finery,

Let him upraise his cry,
And put his fine gold
* * * * *
(Two illegible lines.)
So shall his Wife rejoice when he returns,

And smile though he stagger,
And take the farthing Idols from his hat,
And with her own hand kindle the sacrifice,
Even the burnt offering for his lips,
And he shall win and shall not lose,
And his household shall rejoice with joy.

This prophecy made I,
Bollifocus, the Son of Longsnouto,
In the reign of my Lord
King Belligofuster the Uncompromising.
And it shall be for a sign and a token
Until the days of the good Queen
That sitteth in the Chalk Isle of the Sea.

BLEST BEYOND DOUBT.

LET us drink the health of His Holiness the Pope, and many happy returns to him of his eighty-first birthday, the 13th inst. The venerable Pontiff is, indeed, better; seemed so, at least, when, the other day, he received the Dean and Chapter of the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere. He was, however, still not strong, and, says a contemporary, "he excused himself on this account towards the canons for not rising from his chair when he imparted to them his apostolic benediction." No doubt the reverend gentlemen would have rejoiced to see the Holy Father on his legs again; at the same time they could not have received his blessing with the less confidence in its efficacy for that it was delivered *ex cathedra*.

Respect for the Day.

SHAKESPEARE, by the mouth of Ophelia, speaking of rue, tells us that "you may call it herb of grace on Sundays." He makes the Clown in *Twelfth Night* swear by St. Anne that "ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too." In case that comedy were ever performed on the Derby Day, it would only be decorous of the actor who ordinarily makes the remark last quoted to vary the reading, and, instead of "ginger," to say "horse-radish."



A DERBY OF THE FUTURE.
(Likely to be the Fastest on Record.)



"REASON IN WOMAN."

Young Wife. "GEORGE, DEAR, I'VE HAD A TALK WITH THE SERVANTS THIS MORNING, AND I'VE AGREED TO RAISE THEIR WAGES. THEY SAID EVERYTHING WAS SO DEAR NOW—MEAT WAS SO HIGH, AND COALS HAD RISEN TO SUCH A PRICE, AND EVERYTHING—I THOUGHT THIS WAS REASONABLE, BECAUSE I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD YOU COMPLAIN OF THE SAME THING."

PRIVATE VIEWS.

PRIVATE Views of Academies, International Exhibitions, Water-Colour Societies, Performing Spiders, &c., are all very delightful, and highly conducive to a better acquaintance with the principles and practice of Art; but there are some other Private Views for which we should like to be favoured with a card, such as the following:

A Private View of MR. AYRTON in the act of inspecting the progress of the new Law Courts.

A Private View of CARDINAL CULLEN perusing LORD CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE's charge to the jury in the O'Keeffe trial.

A Private View of the countenance of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER when he receives a large remittance for Conscience Money (Income-tax).

A Private View of the REV. ABRAHAM ADAMSON when his eye falls on an advertisement of the sale of the next presentation to the living of which he is the present incumbent, giving full particulars of his age, health, and growing infirmities.

A Private View of the faces of the leading electors of Peterborough, when they read of some fresh eccentricity on the part of their Member, MR. WHALLEY.

A Private View of SEBASTIAN SMEARY, R.A., studying the not over-complimentary opinions of the critics on his pictures in the Royal Academy.

A Private View of the wondering expression on the face of the SHAH OF PERSIA, when he is informed that the Corporation of London are going to give him a gold box of the value of one hundred guineas. (His Majesty's wonder will be redoubled should he be solicited to become a "Fishmonger" or a "Coachmaker.")

A Private View of the average British farmer, poring over his weekly paper, and conscientiously endeavouring to understand the present aspect of French politics.

A Private View of the three Judges in the TICHBORNE case, when they are talking it over among themselves.

RETROSPECTIVE RACING.

THE Derby Day was over;
The Derby had been won;
And many a thousand pounds beside;
But I had betted none.
And I said, "The Race which *Doncaster*,
The outsider, ran so fast,
Is gone away, like *Herr Breitmann's* beer,
into the eternal past.

"My Christian friends, what matter?
That need not bar our game,
For the Derby we can have our Sweep,
Though 'tis over, all the same.
Pay down your stakes, O brethren dear,
And your horses draw by lot;
We can bet on the race that hath been run,
As well as though it had not."

We wrote the horses' names down,
And the papers folded up.
A dead were good as a living steed
To win a plate or cup.
Wild Dayrell would the purpose serve,
Or *Eclipse* himself s'en so;
High-mettled Racer to the hounds
Gone e'er so long ago.

The lots from urn of gossamer
Were drawn, when mine revealed
Not *Doncaster*, I grieve to say—
Alas! I drew the Field!
Now, all you fools, the Derby Day
Whosoever have failed to keep,
Behold your money how you may lose
By an *ex post facto* Sweep!

Fair Play for Ever!

CASTRO, otherwise ORTON, has addressed an appeal for subscriptions, in aid of his defence, to the newspapers, and some of them have published it. Fair play is sometimes said to be a jewel, but there would be more propriety in calling it a horse—is it not always Fair play, under an *alias*, that wins the Derby? For endurance there is no horse to equal Fair play; but is it impossible to ride Fair play to death?

A Private View of the Leader of the Opposition, when he receives the news of another Conservative victory.

A Private View of BLANCHE HATHERTON, reading a letter from her bosom friend, ISABEL GATEFORD, in which she announces her engagement to SIR LAWRENCE GOLDIE, with whom they were both staying in the same country house during the Christmas holidays.

A Private View of the lucky man who backed *Doncaster* for the Derby, several times over, when he stood at 40 to 1.

A COOL FISH.

It will be within the recollection of many persons that, a few years ago, in this Town, a certain Showman professed to exhibit a Talking Fish. The Showman was not BARNUM; nor was the Talking Fish an importation from the United States. But now we have to admire a Writing Fish in the person of MR. FISH, the American Minister. This Fish has addressed his colleague, MR. BANCROFT, in a State paper containing a hint that SIR A. COCK-BURN's objection to the retrospective rule, under which England was cast at Geneva in *Alabama* damages, might become "available in a possible future to the United States." But is it meant to be made so? If the *Alabama* damages are paid before this question has been answered, English diplomacy, in relation to American, will so far answer to DR. JOHNSON's definition of angling, that it will be something which has had a Fish at one end and a Fool at the other.

Poetic Reflection.

THE aid that Art to Nature pays
Quite to forbid we ne'er can hope:
For who s'en Venus' self could praise,
If Venus were unhelped by soap?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RACIOUS Message was brought down, *Monday, May 26*, by the Lord Steward. The QUEEN was pleased to say that, in compliance with the request of her Faithful Lords, she would not assent to the Birmingham School scheme. When that excellent Dissenter, of whom we spoke last week, went a fishing instead of attending to the School, how little he thought that his Waltonian propensity would, in the time to come, cause such magnificent results,—a grand reform scheme, a lordly debate, a ministerial defeat, and a Message from the QUEEN. The “gods and little fishes” were never more curiously connected. We hope he had good sport.

On the Rock of Cashel, which is about 300 feet high, are some very interesting ruins, of ecclesiastical character. The Rock was fortified by BREAN BOROMIE, the ancestor of every Irish family that goes in for pedigree. There was a Cathedral that was burned by the EARL OF KILDARE in 1495, but his Lordship apologised to the King in the handsomest way, saying that he would certainly not have fired the place, but that he had thought the Archbishop was inside. The King was so pleased at this highbred frankness that he immediately made KILDARE Lord Lieutenant. The various ruins are among the best things in Ireland. Therefore, of course, it is proposed to spoil them, and LORD STANLEY of Alderley moved the Second Reading of a Bill for enabling restorations to be made. There was rather a good debate. LORD BRODRICK opposed the measure. A sum of £7000 has been set apart, under the Irish Church Act, for the maintenance of the monuments, and LORD GRANVILLE and a large majority of the Peers thought that the new arrangements ought not to be disturbed. The Bill was thrown out by 112 to 23.

Some more Tramway Legislation took place. Those huge machines are a dreadful nuisance, and it is a mercy that, on the Derby Day, they did not kill a considerable instalment of the population. They are all very well in a small place like Vienna, and we believe that they much conduce to the comfort of visitors to that Exhibition. But they make travelling on the London roads a matter of exceeding peril. We hope that their extinction is only a question of time; at present, speculators are tramway mad, and we only wonder that nobody has proposed to make one of these ways from one end of St. Paul's to another, to save visitors the trouble of walking across.

It was mentioned that the *Devastation* is to be accompanied by the *Caron*, afterwards by the *Valorous*, lest she should come to any grief on her trial trip. She has gone out expressly to put herself in the way of the Atlantic Swell. Who he is, we are not informed.

Some clever Tea-sellers have christened their article “Post-Office Tea,” and caused it to be sold by postmasters, so that the B. P. may suppose—just what the B. P. likes. MR. MONSELL has prevented a medallion, in imitation of the postage-stamp, from being affixed to the packets, but that is all he can do. We really do not see why he should do anything. If the tea is bad or adulterated, there is law; if not, in these days of competitive advertising, there is no case for complaint. Suppose anybody announced “Gladstone Gingerbread,” “Ayrton Acidulated Drops,” or “Salisbury Sugar-candy,” where would be the harm?

We took the Navy Estimates, and had a great row over a vote for Stores—a trifle of £900,000 or so. But everything asked was granted. Then a debate on the *Alabama* Arbitration was raised by MR. G.

BENTINCK. SIR S. NORTHCOTE defended the Commissioners, and MR. GLADSTONE dwelt on the advantage of the peace and amity we are supposed to have secured. MR. C. BENTINCK told the PRIME MINISTER that he and his colleagues had been overpowered by the exploded arguments of the late MR. COBDEN, to which neither the PRIME MINISTER, nor any of his colleagues, nor anybody else thought it worth while to say a word in reply.

Tuesday. (Eve of S. Derby.)—The first LORD BLACHFORD, of Wisdome, in Devonshire—by the way, his Lordship’s seat is at Ivy Bridge, a lovely place, and there is an inn there where they sell, or sold, the most beneficial ale, and in the parlour to the right is a marvellous picture representing some local celebrity of the last generation tumbling, with his horse, into some terrific abyss—if we recollect, neither was hurt, and both were all the better for it—but the picture gives you a mild nightmare. LORD BLACHFORD promoted a Colonial Church Bill, and then the House rose until the 9th of June.

Dear TOM HUGHES, we do like and admire you so, but what’s the good of setting yourself against national feeling, and talking about the House being spared the humiliation of a special adjournment in compliment to the Derby? You believe that horse-racing does much mischief to the morals of the people. So do we. But the Derby Day does least mischief of all racing days. It is a great jolly holiday, and not one person in fifty who go, knows or cares anything about the horses, except as part of the excitement of the day. There is a vast quantity of nearly harmless pleasure obtained at Epsom by thousands on thousands; and as for the betting rascals and the drunkards, they really make a very small portion of that English crowd. It’s a poor heart that never rejoices, dear T. H.; and though the motive for rejoicing on a Derby Day may be beneath a philosopher’s contempt, we can’t all be philosophers, or we should make sharp end and speedy of a good many tomfooleries less harmless than a wasted day at Epsom.

MR. GLADSTONE stated that Government would do all in their power to pay honour to the SHAH OF PERSIA on his visit to this

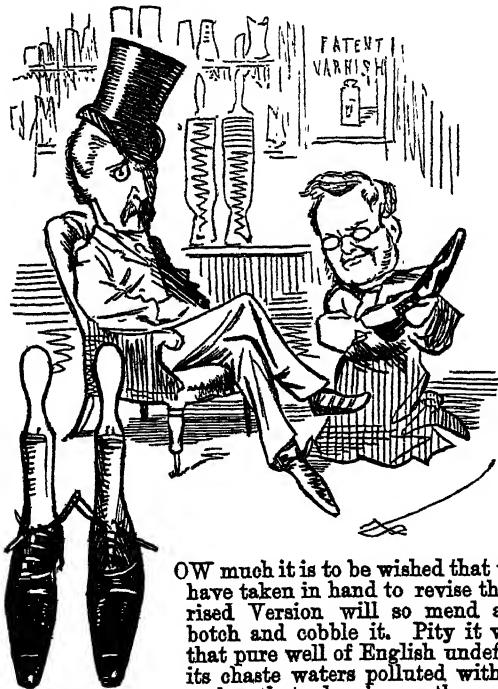
country. He was to be the QUEEN's guest, and to be received at Buckingham House. *Punch* expects every official to do all he knows in carrying out the QUEEN's wishes.

"Woe to the negligent beggar who shirks his Duty to hail the successor of XERXES."

Appeal was made to MR. AYRTON about the stoppage of traffic in the streets about Hyde Park, owing to the throng of fashionable folk, during the season. He gently replied that if proper application were made to him by the parochial authorities, he would see what was to be done. "The stoppages occurred from the happy condition of the inhabitants of the wealthy parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, who at certain periods of the day enjoyed themselves, and afforded great delight to the beholders of their magnificence." This may be so, but *Mr. Punch* had no great delight therein on the Derby Day. He came up in his carriage, and did not encounter one single block until he reached Grosvenor Place. There he was exposed for at least half an hour to the gaze of the bright eyes of the beautiful ladies in the balconies, and he became so softened and bewildered that he could not remember any strong language to hurl at the bloated aristocracy that was keeping him from his dinner.

The House made a sham of resuming at nine, when there were four Members present! So we adjourned, and the House of Commons went away in one cab. Our holidays, thus begun, were to end the 9th of June.

EPISCOPAL ENGLISH.



OW much it is to be wished that they who have taken in hand to revise the Authorised Version will so mend as not to botch and cobble it. Pity it will be if that pure well of English undefiled have its chaste waters polluted with slipslop such as that wherein, mostly, our modern Prelates are wont to compose occasional prayers. In an epistle lately addressed by three right reverend Bishops to the London Clergy, recommending certain special missions within their several parishes for the conversion of the ungodly, you will find these words:—

"We do not think it necessary to lay down special rules for the conduct of the mission. There must be much elasticity in such an attempt to make it suit the different characters and needs of various parishes."

Now, Sirs, this word "elasticity," in the sense of suitableness, is novel. No doubt it was engendered of the very greatly increased abundance of India-rubber which has come, within these last few years, into use. It is a word much affected by Ministers and Parliament-men, and also by political leading-article writers. In the Vestry it were a word especially in place, but as particularly out of place in the pulpit. It is altogether a secular, mechanical, and material-scientific word, fit only to be employed in regard to the management of material and worldly affairs. No poet would use it in serious verse; neither should a Clergyman in a sermon, charge, pastoral, or any other communication touching spiritual things, the rather that it has a significance more or less suggestive of humbug. An upstart expression foisted into the Text would be like a patch of new cloth, and that shoddy, sewn into an old garment of honest English make. That web is of a woof too precious to be pieced in with stuff of no more worth than a penny-a-line.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

A Ballad illustrating an episode in the life of Master Sammy Simple, related by himself.

UPON a doubtful April day, I walked along the Strand; Under my arm a book, and an umbrella in my hand. And sometimes I these two would change—variety hath charm, My book I'd hold, and carry my umbrella 'neath my arm.

Thus meditatively I trudged, of mildness an exemplar, I sought my Temple chambers. Why? Because I am a Templar. And turning, thus, down Essex Street,—its name I'm free to mention,— A sight that touched my tender heart attracted my attention.

A girl who wore the air of one that serves for honest wages Was being bullied by two roughs, both bearing empty cages, Betwixt her trembling palms she pressed a 'kerchief, and within it Lay a poor timid warbler, a canary or a linnet.

One rough exclaimed, "For that there bird to give a bob I'm willing."

"Go on with you!" the girl replied. "What! sell it for a shilling!"

"Come! here's the bob——"

"Get out!——"

"Bill, take the bird!——" "You won't get such another dealer."

"Leave go, young man, or else I'll call a peeler!"

My manly bosom swelled to see the maiden's situation, My heaving vest attested my additional pulsation.

And as the Tar, 'longside the foe, his cutlass grasps and boards 'em, So I my trusty gingham grasped, and—gently walked towards 'em.

Quitting the frightened servant maid, whom they would both have cheated,

"That bird's worth thirty bob!" they twice, in passing me, repeated.

"I ain't got sixpence, BILL," says one, "'acos I've not been busy. We might ha' made two suv'rins, BILL, if we'd a hextral fizzy."

"Poor weeping maid!" said I to her (she stopped her boo-hoo-hooing)

"Confide in me, my friendless girl. What were those rude men doing?"

"They hoffer'd me," said she, "a bob for this—a pet, Sir, this is—A bootiful canary, which its singing worrits Missis."

"Does it indeed!"

"Indeed it do. My Missis, Sir, is hailing, And finds the Doctor's stuff to cure 'er 'ead-ake hunawailing Has long as this here bird is hin hits cage, tho' hin the hairy, Where it do sing hanjelikal, hall day, do this canary.

"So Missis says, says she, 'I don't arf like to sell the beauty; But sell it, JANE,'—that's me,—'you must;' and so I does my duty. And, seein' men with cages there, which looks like birds a buying, I hoffer'd it to them—the cheats!—and then you found me crying.

"She'll be so hangry, Missis will"—(her eyes again were filling)—"Cos h'l'm so long away."

"I'll buy the bird. How much?"

"Three shilling."

I'd heard 'twas worth full thirty, so, that conscience might acquit me, I said, "Nay, nay, not three, my child; I'll give you five—permit me."

And then I bought a cage from those two rogues, still near us hoverin', I got it for five shillings more, and that made half a soverin'; And then I took it to my rooms, just over a Queen's Counsel, I gave it water, bought some seed, some chickweed, and some groun'sel.

For days and days it hopped about, in a perpetual flutter, But not a single songster's note did that Canary utter; And—most remarkable—it grew less yellow, daily duller, Till, after many baths, it turned to quite another colour!

To think chicanery like this should thrive! it chills my marrow! I washed it carefully with soap,—it was a painted Sparrow!

* * * * *

To think that honest-looking Maids should thus combine to sell you! But—if I'm taken in again, I'm—sure to write and tell you.



NOTHING IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN A DEFINITION.

Teacher. "BUT DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MARY JONES, WHAT 'DUTY' IS?"

Mary Jones. "YES, MISS! PLEASEMAN WITH A WHITE BAND ROUND HIS ARM, AS TAKES YER ORF TO PRIS'N!"

A WELCOME TO THE "ALEXANDRA."

MAY 24, 1873.

(Somewhat anticipated by a Poem of the Poet Laureate's.)

PALACE on Muswell Hill that we see, "Alexandra"!
All sorts of exhibitions have we,
But still we've a hearty good welcome for thee, "Alexandra"!
Welcome of London and London's *élite*!
Welcome of City, and suburb, and street!
Welcome of faces pleasant and sweet,
Clapping of hands and stamping of feet!
Bright the long Nave with verdure and flowers,
The Venus, the Graces, the Greek Slave of POWERS!
All that is youthful, and winsome, and fair,
Jocund and gay in their holiday hours!

Thunder, grand organ, and trumpets, blare!
Flags, wave and float upon great dome and towers!
Visitors, fill each possible chair!
Mingle your dialects, county and shire!
Laugh, ye belles, in the fresh-blowing air!
Wait for the brilliant devices of fire,
The serpents, the rockets, that high go, and higher,
To die in those stars which the children desire!
Viol and voice, cheer and rejoice!
Roll out your music, Chorus and Band,
Anthem and song by the best in the land!
And BERTRAM AND ROBERTS, of you we require
The lowest of prices, the nicest of fare,
For hungry folk crowding terrace and stair,
Horse-shows, and dog-shows, and cat-shows to see—
O Palace for all, from the hut to the throne,
Namesake of one who is dear as our own,

Cricketers, Archers, or Foresters we,
Tory or Whig, or whatever we be,
We are all of us happy to welcome thee,
"Alexandra"!

A HINT TO MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his excellent speech at the Literary Fund dinner the other day, was eloquent both on the admirable distribution made by the Committee of the Society of the means for the relief of literary need with which it is entrusted, and on the discreditable narrowness of those means. We venture to suggest to him a plan, which, without increasing the national burdens, will enable him, at once, to increase those means, and to transfer a task both burdensome to himself, and so ill-performed that every attempt at performance raises a storm of angry dissatisfaction, to an agency which, by his own admission, not only can do, but does the work to perfection. For this purpose he has only to hand over to the Literary Fund that part of the £1200 a-year Pension-fund which is assigned to literary persons, and ask the Committee of the L. F. to distribute it, as, by his own acknowledgment, the best public almoners in cases of literary distress.

Such a transfer will be twice blessed, as all mercy should be, according to SHAKESPEARE; it will bless him that gives no less than him, or her, who takes, and it will cost nothing to the Treasury—a low consideration, perhaps, but one, for that reason, all the more likely to be favourably viewed by the present Treasury authorities.

Tribute to Tom Brown.

In great attempts 'tis glorious e'en to fail. 'Tis not in mortals to command success. But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll deserve it. Let due credit be given to TOM BROWN, for the Betting Bills which he has unsuccessfully introduced. MR. HUGHES aims at the abolition of betting altogether. You cannot wash a Blackamoor white, although, as regards betting, you may make a clean Sweep of it.



"CORIOLANUS."

(AS ADAPTED TO THE MODERN FRENCH STAGE.)

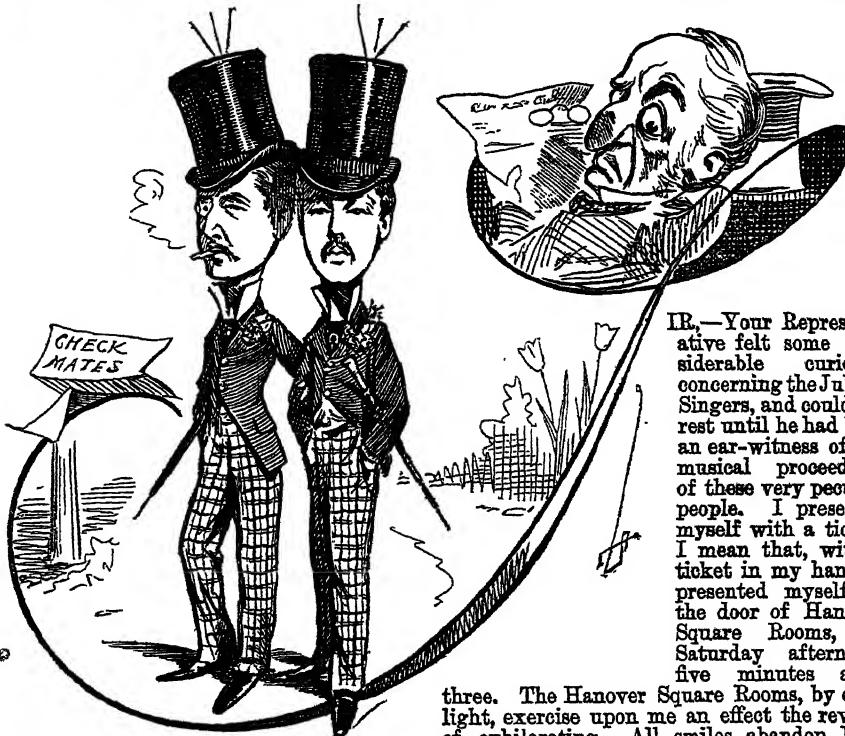
Coriolane. "O MOST UNWISE PATRICIANS!
I BANISH YOU!"

* * * * *
LET EVERY FEEBLE RUMOUR SHAKE YOUR HEARTS!

YOUR ENEMIES, WITH NODDING OF THEIR PLUMES,
FAN YOU INTO DESPAIR! HAVE THE POWER STILL
TO BANISH YOUR DEFENDER."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After a Visit to the Jubilee Singers and *La Fille de Madame Angot*, he reports to the Editor.



IR.—Your Representative felt some considerable curiosity concerning the Jubilee Singers, and could not rest until he had been an ear-witness of the musical proceedings of these very peculiar people. I presented myself with a ticket, I mean that, with a ticket in my hand, I presented myself at the door of Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, five minutes after

three. The Hanover Square Rooms, by daylight, exercise upon me an effect the reverse of exhilarating. All smiles abandon I on entering therein.

So when I heard that the Jubilees were going to sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, I trembled for their prospects. I am delighted to say I was, for once, quite wrong. The Jubilees are just the people to delight an afternoon audience in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded in every part, before the Jubilee Singers, behind the Jubilee Singers (where some of the elderly ladies who sighed a good deal and breathed hard on the backs of the Jubilees, were evidently rather disturbing to the Christian temper of the Singers), round about the Jubilee Singers, above them, and below them. In fact, had you wanted to stick a pin in anywhere, and I should have liked to have done it to some selfish crowding persons, you would have had plenty of soft material at hand, but very little space for the vicious play of the elbow.

The entertainment given by these Jubilee Singers is a sort of revivalist chanting toned down to suit the aristocratic and respectable precincts of the Hanover Square Rooms. I recognised a few of their hymn tunes as what have been known, in this country, under the name of Popular Negro Melodies, only that the Jubes take them slowly and solemnly, with the alteration of some notes here and there, and have wedged them to their conventional convientile hymn-words. The Jubes are Scripturally hard on "Ole Pharo," and "Ole Satan," and occasionally express their unqualified joy at beholding "Ole Dan'l sittin' up dar,"—which elevated position, judging by the context, seems to mean a distinguished seat in a "great camp-meeting," in Paradise. The Lawgiver of the Children of Israel is familiarly exhorted to "Come along, Moses!" and the Jubes are never tired of allusions to crossing "de riber Jordan," and landing safely on "de oder side," which being reached, they sing out in jubilation "O, wasn't dat a wide riber?"

Some of their most simple melodies, and most simple words, touch a true chord of human sympathy, and for some moments, the hearts of Octofoon, Quadroon, Thorough Black, and English White, vibrate in unison. The entertainment was pleasantly relieved by a lanky American Gentleman, the *Entrepreneur*, I suppose, to the Jubes, who stalked out in front of the platform suddenly, as if the action were entirely unpremeditated, and, holding a book aloft, addressed the audience with great earnestness. He said, with a strong American twang, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this book"—here he paused in order to get the entire attention of the audience concentrated on the article in question, in which attempt he at once succeeded, most persons present being, probably, under the impression that the proceedings were to be varied by a little extempore conjuring—"this book, that I hold in my hand"—he was very emphatic on this point, why I could not clearly make out, unless he was usually accustomed to stand on his head and hold books with his toes—"this book contains the life and history"—I won't answer for the words *verbatim*, but this was their purport—"of the Jubilee Singers, as nar-rated by themselves." It occurred to Your Representative how much he would like at any time to have such an opportunity for making the world acquainted with his own personal biography. "There are portraits of each of them," continued the lanky gentleman lowering his book and inspecting it himself as if for the first time in his life—"they're not very good ones," he added, so that no one should be induced to purchase by false pretence,—"but," he went on, holding up the book once more, so as to show a frontispiece representing some architectural design, "here is a picture of Fisk University, the Jubilee Hall, to the funds of which place the exertions of these Singers will contribute. The book is only one dollar," four shillings was its price—"and anyone buying it will know that they're helping a good work." The "good work" was not intended to describe the book, but the object of the Jubilee Singers.

So I came away from Hanover Square Rooms, pleased and edified by the Jubes, and when I had assumed the *toga whitetieis* of evening life, I invited myself to dine at VERREY'S. On the stroke of eight I sang out with Tom Tug, in *The Waterman*—

"Then farewell my trim-built VERREY!"

and betook myself to hear *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the St. James's. "Gentlemen" some amusing singer used to say to his laughing audience in the ancient Cider Cellar days, "this is not a comic song." *La Fille de Madame Angot* is called an *Opéra Comique* in Three Acts, and 'tis written by three authors collaborating. Hence probably its length. The music, by CHARLES LECOCQ, is occasionally very taking, but the three authors have over-weighted the unfortunate composer, who comes out now and then with a really good thing, but not until you've been pretty well bored by the libretto. It should be compressed into two Acts, or the three should be considerably shortened.

MADAME DELORME, as *Amarante*, gave her song and its jovial *réfrain*, descriptive of the great *Madame Angot*, capitally. It was deservedly encored, as was also the *Chœur des Conjurés* in the Second Act. Mlle. JEANNE DALBERT, as *Mlle. Lange*, brought out all the humour (the authors are to blame for not having made this situation twice as strong, and, by consequence, doubly as funny as it is at present) of the "*Tournez Tournez*" solo and chorus, where—but this must be seen to be appreciated. It is well got up, the chorus being admirable throughout, and the costumes are very effective.

Whether with Bouffes at the Gaiety, the Strand, and the *Opéra Comique*, and two Italian Operas, all going on simultaneously, the more the merrier will prove the rule, is what I am not called upon to determine as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. In answer to an advertisement that caught my foot and my eye on the pavement, I beg to say that I have not yet seen *Killjoy*, the sly Dog of the Adelphi, but I will. Also that I failed in an attempt to represent my chief at *About Town*, at the Court, where, however, I saw the *Happy Land* for the second time, and thought it capital up to the end of the first twenty-five minutes, when it ought to finish; and that my absence was conspicuous among those who went to see *The New Magdalen*. I shall wait till she is *The Old Magdalen*. Adieu. Adieu. I am awear, awear.

Y. R.

COMMON CRIES.

DURING the stormy debate in the French National Assembly, which resulted in causing the resignation of M. THIERS, of course, we were duly told by telegram that:—

"Immense agitation prevailed throughout the sitting, and an excited crowd has assembled in the Rue des Réservoirs."

With the sole difference of some other street than the Rue des Réservoirs, how often have you read all this before, and will again, if you live. Inevitably the crowd in waiting outside the Chamber raised shouts of "Vive la République!" What will be their next cry? "Vive la Monarchie Constitutionnelle," or "Vive l'Empire?" or is it even possible that the next, or after the next not very distant utterance of their most sweet voices, will be "Vive le Roi?"



THE HORSE-SHOW.

Groom. "GOT TH' OLD MARE UP AGAIN! WHAT'S SHE BEEN A DOIN' ALL WINTER?"

Boy on Mare. "RUNNIN' IN OUR MILK-CART. NOW, SHE'S 'LADY SUSAN,' AMONG THE PARK 'ACKS AND PHE-ATON 'ORSES!"

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHETY.

THERE now! That comes of relying on somebody else, instead of doing one's work oneself. For years and years *Mr. Punch* has been his own Derby Prophet, and has, of course, never once been wrong. This year, just for a change, he sends to Assyria for a Prophecy, and obtains one. A beautiful one, no doubt, and one which he rendered into English undefiled, which he hopes will be studied by certain Revisers, in the Jerusalem Chamber. But, as he stated, two lines were entirely illegible. He telegraphed to *MR. GEORGE SMITH*, to send him a fresh copy, but the telegraph porter's uncle's aunt's cousin had been beheaded that morning, and the family had held such rejoicing that the inebriated messenger went to Moselle instead of Mosul. However, *MR. SMITH* got the message at last, and most kindly and promptly sent us the missing lines—too late, alas, for insertion in our Number, but we gave away copies to all persons who applied for them on the Wednesday, at 86, Fleet Street. We print them now merely to show that we lost no chance of completing the vaticination. There came, after the lines—

"Let him upraise his cry,
And put his fine gold upon the horse
Whose name is from a northern city of races,
So shall he be as the owner is named."

We have frankly explained the accident, but as we were enabled to place all the best horses among "the more potent strivers," and to put *Gang Forward* and *Kaiser* together, and to bring *Doncaster* out as no other Prophet has done, and to signalise *Chandos*, who was fourth, as a "grand oss," we gave about six times as much real information as any contemporary. But we have usually selected a Winner, and our nomination has always been right. We regret that it was not absolutely thus this time, but the astronomer of King Belligofuster the Uncompromising showed wonderful instinct. Another year, however, we read the Stars for ourselves.

CRY OF COLLIER'S UNIONS.—A fair day's work for a fair week's wages.

OUR CULINARY PROSPECTS.

If Cooking be not worthy to be ranked with the Fine Arts, it may certainly be classed among the elegant professions: at least we judge so by the tone adopted by its followers, when they proclaim themselves at liberty to accept a vacant place. Here is a recent specimen of the grandiloquence employed:

"As a Professed Cook and Housekeeper, in a Nobleman's family. Salary £50."

Obviously, cooking must be viewed as a profession, since its practitioners assume the title of Professed Cooks; and surely nobody would dream of regarding them as servants, seeing that they now no longer work for vulgar wages, but politely claim a salary to reward them for their toil. Obviously, moreover, Cooks feel pride in their profession, or they would hardly stipulate that the family must be a noble one where they will condescend to take a situation.

To other professional persons such exclusiveness is denied: and we therefore should regard with due humility the social precedence of Cooks. A Lawyer hardly can expect to pick his clients from the Peerage, nor could a Doctor hope for large advantage to his practice by announcing that in future he intended to prescribe for noblemen alone. Perhaps we soon may hear of Cooks, on the day before a dinner-party, demanding information about the guests invited, and declining to serve *entrees* for those without a title, or handle to their names. Or we may live to read of Kitchennmaids becoming so particular about the social rank of the ladies who engage them, that they will commonly insist, as a postscript to advertisements, "N.B.—Nobody beneath a Duchess need apply."

Another Protector.

THE rallying cry of the new French President is "*Dieu et l'Armée*." Is it quite original? At least a similar sentiment was embodied in the exhortation addressed by the Chief of another Commonwealth to the troops, whom he advised to put their trust in providential assistance, and at the same time to take the necessary care of their powder.



MORBID SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Mistress. "HOW IS IT YOU CAME HOME FROM YOUR PARTY SO EARLY LAST NIGHT, SUSAN? DIDN'T YOU ENJOY YOURSELF?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. BUT THE YOUNG MAN AS TOOK ME HIN TO SUPPER INSULTED ME!"

Mistress. "INSULTED YOU, SUSAN! WHY, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Susan. "YES, MA'AM. HE ASKED ME IF MY PROGRAM WAS FULL; AND I'M SURE I NEVER 'AD NOTHING BUT A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF LEMONADE, SO I COME AWAY HOME."

IN THE NAME OF PEACE AND ITS PROFIT.

M. DE LESSEPS publishes the communications which have passed between himself and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, representative of the Russian Government at Constantinople, on the subject of his grand proposal for a railway line to connect the barbarous regions of Central Asia (which Russia is now engaged in civilising) with Russia on the one side and British India on the other—an iron highway, in short—as Russian highways ought to be—between St. Petersburg and Peshawur. M. DE LESSEPS and GENERAL IGNATIEFF both express their hope and trust that England will see the enormous interest she has in promoting this magnificent undertaking, in the interests at once of commerce and civilisation—not, as a shallow view might lead one to believe, of Russian conquest in Central Asia, and as a Russian short-cut to British India.

When this noble, if costly, enterprise is carried out, England will have only to cede Gibraltar to the rising Republic of Spain, Aden to the SULTAN OF MUSCAT, Singapore to the EMPEROR OF CHINA or any Malay potentate who may like to take it, and make a few other acts of becoming, though tardy, restitution, and then to take shares, extensively, in M. DE LESSEPS's crowning project—still in his portfolio—for converting the "silver streak" of the Channel into dry land, as he has already transformed the sand of the Egyptian desert into sea, to feel that she has done an instalment, at least, of what she is bound to do for the promotion of international fraternity, and the advancement of commerce and civilisation, all over the world, with the same noble disregard to her own narrow and selfish interests as an empire, which has been shown on all occasions by her Continental neighbours, and, above all, by Russia, whose representative at the Ottoman Porte so disinterestedly welcomes, and

promises to recommend to his Government, this last great and benevolent project of M. DE LESSEPS.

Let Mr. Punch earnestly hope—if he cannot quite so confidently anticipate—that Great Britain will seem to see it; that all this will sooner or later be effected; and that Great Britain will live happy ever after, crippled here and there, it may be, but with the consoling consciousness that she has substituted for the unsociable barriers of severing seas and mountains, barbarous Khanates and inhospitable deserts, the grander defences of cosmopolitan goodwill and philanthropic fraternity! Heaven speed the time! May the shadow of Russia, the moving spirit of this mighty change, never be less! And may LESSEPS be handed up to Prosperity, and down to Posterity, as the realiser of this grand scheme of Peace, and its Prophet—with the "fi" as well as the "phe" thereto belonging.

TRETOTAL TATTLE.

"DON'T be a fool!" was the reply of a Professor of Finance to a person who asked him whether prosperity of the liquor trade was not always accompanied by tightness in the money-market.

The announcement of the fact that no less than £28,000,000 of the national income is derived from the duty on "intoxicating liquors," has suggested a new synonym for the state which results from the abuse of those generous beverages. As the Member for a Northern Constituency and a representative of rational people were conversing in a street contiguous to the House of Commons, a working-man approached them, walking zigzag, and inquired the way to Westminster Bridge. "Straight as you can go," answered the more practical Member, and, turning to his companion, added, "That fellow, you see, SIR WILFRID, has been contributing to the Revenue."

THE DAY FOR HAMPTON COURT.

If thou wouldest view Hampton Court aright,
Go visit it when the Spring is bright,
Choose, if thou canst, the Derby Day;
Then the accustomed crowd's away.
When thy Species aloof are out of sight,
And thy Kind afar, where they more delight,
When the Turf's all-attractive power
Draws them away from hall and bower,
When better and better, alternately,
Seem forms of folly and knavery,
When thimbling gulls the yokelry,
And befools the green in the bumpkin's eye;
When thy flesh and blood on the horsecourse rave,
And around thee the few are serene and grave,
Then go, and go in peace the while;
Then view fair Hampton's grounds and pile,
And, home returning, safely swear
That was the day for going there.

ROGERS'S NEW PLEASURE OF MEMORY.

THERE is nothing like a thankful spirit. So precious is it, that it is not wise, perhaps, to be too curious in analysing the sources of it, any more than it is likely to conduce to our comfort, sometimes, to analyse those of the water we drink. But of all the thankful men we have known, PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS, of Oxford, has shown the most ingenuity in discovering a reason for thankfulness, when at a meeting of the Oxford Council of Convocation, the other day, to decide for or against SIR GILBERT Scott's designs for the new Schools, he said, "he was thankful he understood nothing of Art."

We had thought MR. AYRTON the only man who had discovered that particular motive for thankfulness. But if PROFESSOR ROGERS be equally thankful for all he understands nothing of, what a great deal he must have to be thankful for!

Mr. Punch has heard of "graces" offered to the Senate of Cambridge, if not to the Convocation of Oxford. He would respectfully suggest to the former learned body that PROFESSOR ROGERS should be admitted, *per saltum*, to an *ad eundem* Mastership of Arts at the sister University, in order that he may offer to the Senate this, which we will take leave to call the new Rogers' Grace—"a grace" indeed "beyond the reach of Art"—"For what we have *not* received, may we be truly thankful."

A "SWELL" ORGAN.—*The Morning Post.*



A POSER!

Mivvins (he doesn't "take" well) thought there was a chance for him, having heard that Partouche & Co. "retain a Staff of Artists who are exclusively engaged in studying to impart an unconstrained grace of 'pose' and characteristic expression in the attitudes of their numerous Sitters"!

Artist (fixing M.'s hand, so as to show his diamond ring). "THERE, SIR! 'ENERY, BRING THE 'EAD-REST!—(M. winces.)—NOW, SIR, FIX THE EYES, AND IMAGINE YOU'RE WELCOMIN' A FRIEND!!" [No! It was a failure!—Mivvins does not "take" well.

POPE AND NO PRETENDER.

LONG live His Holiness to sit in PETER's chair,
So-called, that is, at Rome, if PETER ne'er was there.
But, if he be a link, indeed, of PETER's chain,
To rule as PETER ruled still on may PIUS reign.

Because there is no doubt at least of this one thing;
Whate'er St. PETER was, he was no temporal King.
And, PIUS from the load of temporal kingship free,
PIUS to PETER is therein as P. to P.

PIUS has, first of Popes, the years of PETER seen;
Reduced to PETER's realm his own domain has been.
And Italy will be of nations all the fool
If ever Pope again bear more than PETER's rule.

PIUS was made a King, and for a King was owned;
A kingdom still can claim, although by force dethroned.
But Cardinals have since to subjects been cut down.
The law that made him King can no successor crown.

When into Conclave next their Eminences go,
Thus much must Italy not fail to let them know:—
The Vatican remains the Pope's allotted home;
But held beneath her King, thenceforth sole King in Rome.

The Latest Invention.

THE arrival of Summer cannot be much longer delayed. We shall then probably have some sultry days, and be glad to go wherever we can get a breeze, and a blow. When that time comes, no better place can be found than the Alexandra Palace, for there "the wind is supplied by two steam engines."

A CARD.

MESSRS. ODGER, FINLAN, MOONEY, SPOONEY, and the other representative men composing the Committee of the Birmingham Republican Convention, beg to convey to Mr. Punch their united assurance of deep disgust at CHARLEY BRADLAUGH's impudence in passing himself off at Madrid, and no doubt, if we knew it elsewhere, as the representative man of the Representative men aforesaid—and so getting public receptions, private interviews, serenades, dinners, paragraphs in the newspapers, and they don't know what beside, of which MR. BRADLAUGH is not so ready to render an account as of his honours, from the heads—and tails—of the Spanish Republic.

They do not see why, if this sort of thing was to come off, they should not all have had their whack as well as BRADLAUGH, whom they consider a noisy, frothy, empty upstart, with lots of tongue, but nothing else, to entitle him to represent the rising Republic of Great Britain.

They trust that Mr. Punch will give the assistance of his publicity in making known these their sentiments on the subject of the said BRADLAUGH. And so say all of us,—which nobody can deny.

N.B. We have just heard that C. B. has been bagged by the Carlists, on his way from Madrid. All we can say is, serves him jolly well right.

A CERTAIN PROPHECY.

To back any other horse than the Winner of the Derby for the other great three-year old race of the year, would be a sheer waste of money, for all Yorkshire, all England, knows that Doncaster and the St. Leger are inseparable.

A WELL-TIMED VISIT.—Calling for the Queen's Taxes on the Queen's Birthday.



CLERICAL PRESUMPTION.

Coal-Mine Overlooker (to Curate). "I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT THESE 'ERE COLLIERS, NOW THEY'RE IN FULL WORK, CAN MAKE THEIR TEN AN' TWELVE SHILLIN' A DAY!"

Curate. "DEAR ME! AH! IT'S ACTUALLY MORE THAN I GET!"
Overlooker. "MORE THAN YOU GET! WHY, IT'S MORE THAN I GET!"

THE NEXT "DEMONSTRATION."

THE Isthmian Games were of a character distinctly Pagan. There are some who account the great annual horse-race at Epsom, called after them by our late genial and jolly Premier, little better. But what would those good people say of the French Derby, run on a Sunday?

We, however, are not as other nations are, nor even as that France. We do not desecrate the Sunday with horse-racing. No; amongst us that day is happily devoted to far other contests—by the Ministers of all denominations.

A competition, indeed, between our various Preachers is to come off this very next Sunday. But this will not be one of a distinctly controversial character, in which the Preachers will expressly contend for proselytes. On Sunday next, June 15, our different Divines will all agree in devoting their eloquence to the advocacy of charity, as represented by our public Hospitals. Instead of discourses chiefly consisting in the assertion of opinions as facts, the extremest of dogmatists even will address themselves in the main to the inculcation of duties which nobody can deny.

Of course, all who enjoy the unspeakable blessing of a sure and certain income, more than sufficient for all their wants, are prepared to contribute largely out of their superabundance to the Offertory-bag, plate, or poor-box. But unless they rent pews, wherein seats will be reserved for them, they will have to go to Church or Chapel early next Sunday. Or else they will be crowded out; for every Church and every Chapel is sure to be crammed with the working classes. They, of all sorts and conditions of men, and women, are those whom Hospitals principally concern. They are the people who, as a body, enjoy the chief benefit, such enjoyment as it is, of those institutions. The cause of the Hospitals is simply their own. They have lately signalized their capacity for self-help by mutual association in Trades' Unions, and combination in strikes for higher wages, and in menacing demonstration against the Law,

which in some degree regulates strikes. By the high wages which they have thus obtained through co-operation, they have been enabled to rejoice in the consumption of good things so greatly as to have very much raised the price of nearly all of them. Almost untouched by any other than voluntary taxation, they contribute, of their own accord, the greater part of £28,000,000 yearly to the revenue by their spontaneous liberality in solacing themselves with "intoxicating," but excusable, fluids. None can better afford than they to support institutions that operate to their own especial advantage, all the rather that, if they will live up to their incomes while their work lasts, there is no place for them but the Hospital, except the Workhouse, when both wages and health fail. To bestow charity not only on their fellow-man, but their fellow-workmen, and very likely also on their own individual selves, the generous, yet prudent working-men, will, of course, contribute not their mites, but their sovereigns, and bank-notes. On Sunday next, Hospital Sunday, the working classes may be expected to rush in their thousands to their various places of worship, prepared to devote as much as they can possibly spare from necessary expenses to the Hospital funds. They might, however, do better than rushing along the streets pell-mell and higgledy-piggledy. Let them march in marshalled and orderly processions to their several temples, under the guidances of leaders on horseback, and beneath flying banners announcing appropriate sentiments, and especially the determination to be independent of Capital in respect of self-assistance. Thus they will unite in a demonstration which we should all admire, one entirely suitable to the day of the week, and particularly appropriate to Hospital Sunday.

CYNICAL THOUGHT.

A MAN is never so Old in the outside world as he is made to feel when in the bosom of his family.

- GILES ON A GATE.

(Sings.)

THEM fields wi' buttercups zo bright,
This fur uff to behold,
Be what I calls a temptun' zight;
They looks all over gold.

So close together, glitterun', grows
Them flowers o' yaller dye.
Zome calls um kingups; I suppose
Their shape and colour's why.

Cups made o' suv'rups like as 'twere
Tom Tiddler's ground did yield:
I wish I'd sitch a crop out there
Agrown' in yonder field.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE expressed the difficulty he felt in understanding how a female character could possibly be turned into a male one in such pieces as were produced at Stonyhurst. SIR ALEXANDER is, probably, well acquainted with the "*Triumviretta*," entitled *Cox and Box*, for which MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN composed some of his very best music of the lighter sort. In *Box and Cox*, the original farce, the third character was the immortal *Mrs. Bouncer*; but in *Cox and Box*, the *opéra bouffe*, *Mrs. Bouncer*, for reasons best known to the librettist, becomes *Sergeant Bouncer*, and the mutation was most satisfactory, as no doubt the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who is a judge of music, can testify. If his Lordship cannot, but requires further explanation, it is at hand from

A SKILLED WITNESS.

Survival in Spain.

THE Carlists have not yet triumphed over Spanish liberty. But one day last week a telegram from Madrid, relative to a Cabinet Council and the Cortes, announced that:—

"The latter body will be opened on Sunday."

It may reassure the minds of some readers to inform them that the Representative Government in Spain is not yet defunct.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



REAT Lilliput's affairs again summoned its Senators on Thursday, June 5.—The *Hurgoes* did not meet, taking prolonged Whitsuntide holiday. But the *Clinabs* re-assembled at the call of their *Wingul*, and there was a goodly array on both the *Tramecsan* and *Slaemeasan* benches.

How, Madam? Are you disposed to think of preparing to freely of the wine-cup? Far be that thought from you. Or are you inclined to quote our dear old friend and contributor G. A. A'BECKETT, and say—

“You surely do forget yourself, my son,
And of your ‘mother’ come to make vile fun?”

Dismiss the idea. We would instruct you, but in so delightful a fashion that you shall rather like being instructed than not. Know that in the last century, when the Reporters' Gallery was not, Parliamentary speeches were furtively given to the reader, but the names of the orators had to be disguised. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*—volumes for '73, '40, and '41 lie before us—you shall read, if you will, the senatorial talk of the time, but you must think of your *Gulliver*, and you must be apt at anagram, if you would detect the Speakers' names, and the places or things spoken of. *Punch* will give you a specimen of such reporting, (borrowing the old nomenclature when it will serve,) and if it bores you, no matter. In talking to a Lady 'tis better to create any sensation in her mind than none at all, as those who have loved know well. [Ah, *BELINDA*! (Sighs deeply.) That was a Bellowser, as our friend, *WILLIE COLLINS*, says.] But let us to business, even as weat the faithful *Clinabs* to-day.

The *Urg. Sadnud* took his seat for Michrond, in the room of the present *Hurgo Dabness*.

In reply to the *Hurgolen Gatehey*, who asked about the *Ierne* Census, the *Glum-glum Toninghart* said that a good deal was done, and all would be ready in 1874.

In reply to the *Urgol Skul*, the *Urgol Curseloe* said that the Deek-loading question was to be considered by the Royal Commission.

The Senate then went into Committee on the Juries Bill. The *Urg. Dyrah* wished to exempt Masters of Public Schools, Professors, and College Tutors, from service on juries.

The *First Snipal Adviser* of the Government opposed this, but was beaten by 70 to 55, so a Master need not dismiss his class to football, that he may throw away his *Horace* and go and sit to decide whether SNORKS cheated BUTTONS more than an honest tradesman has a right to do.

The *Urg. Lempam* moved to exempt Officers of the Houses of Hurgoes and Clinabs, and this was agreed to, the exemption being only, however, during the Session.

The *Urg. Stew* would exempt Town Councillors, Justices of the Peace, and others.

The *First Snipal Adviser* admitted that the gentlemen referred to were, as a rule, fully occupied, but if they were to exempt all who were fully occupied, they would have to fall back on those whom he from his soul abominated—"professional" jurors, men of loose and inaccurate minds, hangers on to Society, and in every way the least qualified for serving on juries. The proposal was rejected by 126 to 42. *Hurgolet Juan's* language will bitterly offend a lot of fussy and officious prigs, who love to see themselves in a jury-box, and hear themselves buttered up by the barristers.

Loc. Tolbarlet wished to exempt Veterinary Surgeons, and, after some debate, this was agreed to. *Punch* congratulates the Vets, some of whom are the best fellows he knows, Madam, men who combine a genuine and genial love of the horse with knowledge of his wants and ways. *Punch* rejoices that they are not to be put into a "tight" box.

The *Urg. Wyldin* would exempt Railway Managers. This was refused, *Mr. Punch* cannot tell why. A Manager had better be at his post, providing against accidents, than sitting in a box to reduce damages asked by an injured passenger.

The *Urg. Fawderor* would exempt the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Nabk.

The *Urg. Norven Truhocar* (*Odfrox*) made a humorous suggestion. He would vote for the exemption, but it should not apply to the days which were Nabk holidays. This riled the *Urg. Fawderor*, who said the jest was beneath the speaker. The Senate laughed, however; and the Senator for *Mildendo* should not be cross, especially as his Motion was agreed to.

Other proposals were made and negatived, and then the *Ealdarman Rancewel* proposed to exempt all the *Ealdermen* of *Mildendo*.

To this responded the acute and able *Hivree Jacomo* (we follow the G. M., but could have made a much better anagram about the Senator for *Notaunt*), who said, "and wisely was it said," that

"There were good aldermen and bad aldermen. (*Laughter.*) The good aldermen got into the House of Commons, and were exempt, and as for the bad aldermen, it would be a great advantage that they should sit on juries, and thus acquire a little knowledge of jurisprudence. (*Laughter.*) The six aldermen who were in the House of Commons might very well take the duties of such of their colleagues as were compelled to serve on juries."

This did convince, and the Amendment was rejected by 81 to 17.

The *Urg. O. Rangom* would exclude all persons who could not speak Lilliputian. This suggestion he meant chiefly for the benefit of *Sawel*, but a Senator named *Winguls* declared that great numbers of *Sawel*, who could not speak that language, were capital jurymen, and the First Snipal Adviser said that such an exemption would be to abolish trial by jury altogether in *Sawel*. So the idea was given up.

The *Urg. R. Lowfer* would exempt all gentlemen of 60, instead of beginning exemption at 70. But it appears that any one who has good reason to claim it at 65 may do so, and this proposal was negatived. We think that if a gentleman even of 70 is able and willing to serve, he might well do so. For

"The Soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that Time hath made."

Pretty lines, Madam. Know whose they are? Our own? *Hookey-Walker*. They are dear *EDMUND WALLER'S*, Madam, *SACHARISSA*'s lover.

More proposals of exemption (for it is delightful to see how eager the true Lilliputian is to escape being made part of the Palladium of Lilliput's Liberty), but they were disposed of, and we came to the clause which interferes for the improvement of *Mildendo* Juries. The City fought hard against such profanity, but the *Urg. Jacomo* told the Senators that the commercial juries got worse and worse every year, and that the lists were selected from the worst citizens. The City made more row, but the clause was retained by 97 to 19.

On the clause for providing for the payment of expenses out of the Poor Rates, resistance was made by the *Urg. Naigme*, and a somewhat earnest debate ensued, which brought up the great orator,

The *Urg. Wingul Staneglod*, who treated the motion as one of censure on the Government for not taking a certain view of local

taxation. He protested vigorously against a course which would cripple a most valuable Bill.

The *Urg. Reviebou* warned the Senate against a snap division. In effect, Madam, things were looking a little ominous, and Government had some awkward facers lately.

The *Urg. Retrob Woel* had no objection to fight the matter, but a fair notice ought to be given.

Finally, progress was reported, that is, matters came to a dead stop.

An *Ierne Registration Bill* was passed.

No foreign questions were raised. No one had anything to say of the new Chief of the State of *Blefuscu*, of the Exhibition at *Vinena*, of the progress of the *Pshaw in Parushy*, or of the Carlist war in *Iberia*. Nor had the *Urg. Yellawh* anything to observe against *Missism*, or in favour of *Phat Tonor*.

There! dear Madam. Will that do? Out of such reports as that your respected great-grandmother had to pick her political knowledge. Be thankful that you live in days when not only is Parliamentary talk given with the utmost freedom, but when you, dear, have a *Punch* by your side to supply you with its Essence only.

Friday.—Mr. BRUCE, referring to the case of the sixteen viragos of Chipping-Norton, who were sent to gaol by two Parsons for intimidating a brace of valiant labourers, declared that the punishment was excessive, and that the *LORD CHANCELLOR* meant to call on the Magistrates for explanation. *MR. GLADSTONE* afterwards intimated, darkly, yet plainly enough, that he thought the fewer Clergymen put on the bench the better.

The *SNAH* was to be received, said *MR. GÖSCHEN*, by a considerable gathering of Iron-Clads, but there was to be no naval review. Very well, but let 'em all rear their very loudest—don't spare powder on that day.

Debate on Cavalry Horses. We have 7481, and *MR. CARDWELL* says that nothing can be finer than our men and their steeds.

The rest of the night was given to debate on the Law of Masters and Servants, *MR. V. HAROURT* attacking it, and *MR. BRUCE* defending. For the present the House upholds the old Scotch doctrine—

"If he have na gold to fine,
He has shins to pine."

"VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTION."

It is not often that *Mr. Punch* favours the world with the contributions of volunteers like the writer of the following letter. But in these days all classes claim to be represented, and Woman claims her rights. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to introduce a correspondent who is not a professional scribe, but who gives various reasons why she should be heard:—

Kensington.

SIR.—I trust that you will Pardon the Liberty I have taken in troubling you. But the writer of this a Female who has been in Good Circumstances and has in youth Been Complimented on her wit had a occasion to Go to Brompton on Business on Tuesday Evening and on her return Passed the Horticultural Gardens where they was a Evening Fete and as it often happens in those Places the most Comic Fun is outside was herself the Principal in the Following Laughable Scene which she thought up to the Standard of your Columns

Time—5 minutes to 12 o'clock P.M.

The rank half mile Long Gentry in rain trying to Get to there Carriages the Police Pushing Every one being no respecter of Persons

Old Gent coming up the Avenue Impatiently

Orchards Servants any one Seen Orchards Servants Sergeant in the Bs I Haint seen him this Hour Sir the Female voice from the Crowd Orchard Sir wrong way for the Orchard the way to the Orchard is at the Back

as I have often Been told that Persons no matter who they are do send those things to you should you think it will do, and any Little Remuneration you would Give me should Be thankful as Being redicced to a Needlewoman with a Daughter to Keep find it very Hard to make Both Ends meet

Yours most respectfully SARAH —

Wednesday Afternoon SARAH —
PS—Sir my Daughter is Finishing some Shirts and the Following Riddle is Just Come in to her mind

Why is the Prince Imperial like a Childs Ball

Because it is waiting to be Thrown (to be Throned)

SARAH —

A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.—A Policeman at a crowded crossing.

BANK HOLIDAYS FOR BABES.



ow, on Whit Monday, it being a Bank Holiday, and the weather permitting excursions, the omnibuses, railways, and steam-boats were very crowded, and so were all the usual places of popular resort, wherein, apart from the demonstrators in Hyde Park, the People assembled in their thousands. The day was dry, but so, the United Kingdom Allies must grieve to think, were not the People. That, on the other hand, the People in general, or any considerable percentage of them, were wet, in the sense in which that epithet is wont to be applied to an unworthy member of the Society of Friends, it would be libellous to say. Comparatively few appeared to be what is vulgarly, though euphemistically, called "tight" and "screwed." Still they had, as many of them as were not Teetotallers, their whack, as the Mobility say, or, at least, were in a position to have it if they chose. There's the respect which must sadden the United Kingdom Allies: 'tis enough to make them all, as our youth phrase it, blub, with *SIR WILFRID LAWSON* at the head of them, chief mourner. They have no doubt wept rivers to think how the People's enjoyment of a holiday on Whit-Monday must have been impaired by the circumstance that the inns, taverns, and restaurants remained open all day, even between the hours of three and six in the afternoon; the very time within which the majority of persons out for the day want to dine!

Abandoned to their own self-guidance with regard to their dinner-hour, and not only that, but being also at liberty to accompany their meals with indulgence in intoxicating fluids, the People were, of course, deprived of the pleasure, which on Sundays and other ecclesiastical holidays they are now obliged to experience, of exercising the virtue of patience, which is its own reward, in contentedly submitting to the sweet yoke of the paternal Licensing Act. Perhaps it will be suggested that they had probably had enough of it the day before; but total abstinence is not, like beer, one of those good things (if beer can be called a good thing) of which you can have too much. To render the Bank Holiday equally enjoyable with the Sunday, it is obviously necessary that all the taverns and refreshment-rooms should, on every such day of recreation, as well as the weekly one, be shut up at least during the whole of the afternoon, so that, if the People wish to dine betwixt the third hour and the sixth, they may be able to do so if they stay at home, and not otherwise. Then the pure pleasure of sight-seeing and visiting remarkable places will no longer be alloyed with any exhilaration derived from the fermented and stimulant beverages at the command of all travellers and others who are permitted to take their ease in their Inn. And, when all other holidays shall, in regard to restrictions of personal liberty, have been put on the same footing as Sunday, let those who like call the Licensing Act a paternal enactment; they will, at any rate, be unable any longer to denounce it as a piece of Sabbatarian legislation.

Widdle.

Q. If His Majesty of Persia took to wearing Scotch trousers, what delicious *lysseur* would they resemble?

A. Shah-trews.



DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

Mamma. "WHAT A DIN YOU'RE MAKING, CHICKS! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?"

Tricky. "O, MAMMA, WE'RE PLAYING AT RAILWAY TRAINS. I'M THE ENGINE, AND GUY'S A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND SYLVIA'S A SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND MAY'S A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE, AND GERALD, HE'S A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE, TOO—THAT IS, HE'S REALLY ONLY A TRUCK, YOU KNOW, ONLY YOU MUSTN'T TELL HIM SO, AS IT WOULD OFFEND HIM!"

The Sorrow of Darmstadt.

Once more Grief's hard but not unkindly hand,
Closes knits England and her ruling race :
'Tis no feigned sympathy that, through the land,
Throws this dark shadow on BRITANNIA's face.

As she was widow with her widowed QUEEN,
And watching wife by her sick Prince's bed,
So now her mother's tears, of truest teen,
With this bereaved young mother will be shed.

England lives with her that dire moment's space,
That fall from height of joy to depth of ill ;
Yearns with her o'er the death-pale little face,
But now so full of life, and now so still !

Sad Princess, if 'tis comfort in thy woe,
That every English mother shares therein,
To hold thee up, under this crushing blow,
Such strength thou from a nation's love may'st win.

Let Faction's jaundiced eyes and poisoned lips
See and say what they will, this still is true,
Here rules a Royal Race, whose grief's eclipse
Darkens our joy, whose joy claims ours as due.

Nor slavish is this sense of common life
Shared by the nation and its Royal Line :
No artificial fruit of civil strife,
In whose hot blasts such growths but peak and pine :
But the free fruitage of that seed of trust
In law-ruled Prince by law-ruled People sown :
Whose roots allow no space for lever-thrust
Of Demagogic wedge 'twixt folk and Throne.

What race, whose children are so proud to speak
Their mother-country's name, as this of ours ?
Where Faction, free as air, is yet so weak :
Where silent Sense loud Folly so o'erpowers.

And if this land, while still of all the lands
The closest to its Throne in griefs and joys,
To ordered liberty still staunchest stands,
And most renews, because it least destroys,

Of slowly ripened seeds all this is fruit,
And while those seeds live, fair their fruit will be :
Then let our loyal love, of comfort root,
On thy child's grave bloom in pale flowers for thee.

A BOON AND A BLOW.

It is too true, as the old song says, that :

" Every white will have its blacke,
And every sweete its sowre."

Witness, for example, the subjoined extract from a contemporary ;
date Whit Tuesday :-

" SETTLING DAY AND THE BANK HOLIDAY.—Amongst the many inconveniences arising from the Bank Holiday yesterday not the least was the impossibility of a settlement after the Epsom week at Tattersall's in consequence of the losers not being able to obtain bank notes."

What a pity that a day of needful recreation cannot be afforded to overworked bank-clerks except at the cost of impeding business in that useful department of industry the Turf, impairing the interests of an institution so beneficial as a Betting-House, and hindering the transactions of those valuable members of Society, the horsey gamblers !



“MISSIS'S ORDERS.”

FIRST CHARWOMAN (A-R-T-N). “WHAT 'AVE I GOT HERE? WELL, IT'S A WORK O' HART, MY DEAR, WHICH I GOT IT FOR NOTHINK AT THE GROCER'S. THE R-Y-L GENT COMES FROM THE HEAST, YOU KNOW, AND I THOUGHT AS IT MIGHT AMUSE 'IM!”

SECOND CHARWOMAN (L-W-E). “GOT IT FOR NOTHINK, DID YOU? AH, WELL, THAT'S SOMETHINK; BUT I WILL SAY AS WE COULD HA' DONE 'IM CHEAPER AT THE HOTEL—ONLY MISSIS WOULD 'AVE 'IM AT THE PALLIDGE!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He visits the School of Cookery, at the International; is edified, and reports. He also adds a P.S. about the Opéra Comique.



ONOUR'D SIR.—Music, the Drama, Art, Aesthetics generally, may be treated lightly, nay, flippantly. But Cookery is a serious and solemn thing. I avoid levity, and state at once that I visited the School of Cookery at Kensington.

Circumstances over which, etc., made me rather late. I rushed into the International, sought out the Cookery Room, found it, was told there was only standing room, was admitted, seated myself on a rail, like the little water-wagtail in the old nursery rhyme, and, taking off my hat, was at once all ears. (Of course I write as Your Representative.)

The Lecture is given in the trimmest-looking kitchen you ever saw out of a toy-shop. And, Sir, the trimmest-looking maids, to suit the place, in the

neatest possible uniform; the best looking one being (like those selected for the first line of the ballet) in front. Your Representative was delighted; he was seeing "how it's done." There were the stewpans, and the saucepans, and all the other pans, and the fires, and the cooks. There were the meats, and the vegetables, and the breadcrums, and high up in a rostrum was the intelligent Lecturer, looking uncommonly like an American skipper (I have never, to my recollection, seen an American skipper, but can imagine as well as any one), with kitchen-knives, skewers, and other weapons of his peaceful campaigns hanging up on the wall behind him.

The Cooks cooked while the Lecturer lectured. They seemed to me to be (at first) entirely independent of the Lecturer, but this I attribute to my having been so late, and having, as it were, missed the first piece of beef.

The Lecturer exhibited a pea-sausage, which he said had "been through the War," and he further informed us that when the German soldier could do nothing else, he fell back on his pea-sausage. It was a dull audience; and didn't take any of the Lecturer's jokes; but he evidently was able to gauge his audience, for finding his humorous touches unappreciated, he changed the whole tone of the discourse, which, when I entered, was inclining towards fun, into a serious essay on our duty towards our neighbour, and the marvellous designs of Providence as exemplified in onion and vegetable soups. All this was what they call in magazines "padding," and was uncommonly like the "patter" with which a skilful conjuror engages the attention of the audience while some mechanical change is taking place in an orange-tree, or his assistant is struggling out of a drawer in a table. It is unfair to entice us in to hear a lecture on cooking, and then to make us listen to a very commonplace sermon. If this is to be the plan, let the Lecturer and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY take turn and turn about in the rostrum: one down t'other come on—but let each stick to his text.

The Lecturer drew a comparison between the wasteful cooking of an English artisan's wife and that of a German soldier: very much, of course, and most justly in favour of the latter. I think he also mentioned a French peasant's cookery: a Breton peasant thrives, where a Devonshire clodhopper would starve.

The crowd (and the room was crowded) consisted mainly of ladies.

The Lecturer made all his points tell with admirable effect. When he found his padding getting a trifle wearisome, even to such an audience, he suddenly brightened up and said, "Now the Onion!" Whereupon the excitement was as great as when the horses come round Tattenham Corner. Your Representative was no proof against the one touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin, and he, like the rest, scrooged and elbowed and leaned forward to see the Onion in the cook's hand. I believe the pervading idea was that nothing was real, that there was some deception somewhere, and that new, or never, we should detect it. No, there was no doubt about it (at least I think not), if it was a real Onion; at all events not a bit like what you'd see, under similar conditions, in a Pantomime,

for the School of Cookery would afford admirable scope to the talented PAYNE family or to the VOXES'S. It was a genuine onion, and the cook put it (I think) into the soup. At all events, when I looked again, it had vanished, leaving not even a perfume behind. The Lecturer gave one hint which struck me most forcibly. He said, "If you want to make vermicelli soup, introduce vermicelli." There was more true morality in this than in all his sermonising, and it was a bit of genuine humour. Were I to draw out a lecture I should certainly proceed on this plan. I should say (with safety), "If you want shrimp sauce, make your sauce, and introduce shrimps. If you want apple tart, make your tart, and introduce apples," and so on. Your Representative is to be hired for a series of Culinary Lectures on his own terms.

I now discovered that the cooks had been making croquettes, for the Lecturer, as a sort of marry-and-live-happily-ever-afterwards sort of finish, said, "The three first rows of the audience will taste the croquettes." Immense excitement. Envy of the privileged three first rows, and an inclination to depreciate the croquettes, were prevalent among the occupants of the back seats.

There was just a little stirring incident ("stirring" is the word, as a cook, a spoon, and a saucier pan were in it), which demonstrated the difference between theory and practice. I will give it dramatically:—

Lecturer (stopping in his discourse, and addressing a Cook). That saucier pan is too hot.

[Audience in admiration of the Lecturer, and rather annoyed with the Cook.]

Cook (speaking up for herself). No, it isn't *not* any too hot.

[Audience astonished at Cook, and expecting a row.]

Lecturer (controlling himself, but ominously). Well,—you'll see.

Your Representative was for applauding this scene. It was capitally done. By the way, the Cook was right; at least we didn't "see," and so I suppose, the saucier pan was "not any too hot."

Advice gratis.—The Lecture should be given in a larger room, where three times the number could be accommodated, and where, depend upon it, three times the number would attend. It is an excellent notion, but let the motto be "Cookery! no preaching!" and if the Lecturer must fill up the time, or feels that there is a necessity for throwing a little life into the thing, let him have a pianist seated below, let him change his dress several times, with imitations of French, German, Russian, Italian chefs, with a good comic song to wind up with, and he will thus merit the entire approbation of a grateful public, and above all of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. I have seen *The Wonderful Duck* at the Opéra Comique. The Duck has been carved, I mean cut, since the first representation. The idea of the piece is very funny; the music very pretty; in some respects more graceful than is either demanded or expected in *opéra bouffe*. Miss Rose BELL, notwithstanding the drawback of French accent, is capital, and MISS LAVERNE sings charmingly.

SIGHTS WHICH WE SHOULD SHOW THE SHAH.

WHEN the SHAH OF PERSIA comes we are to show him Temple Bar, and the Beefeaters at the Tower, and the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, and the fleet reviewed at Portsmouth, and the Waxwork Show in Baker Street, and the Freedom of the City at a feast in the Guildhall. But His Majesty will get but a very poor idea of the grandeur of our country from such paltry shows as these. The following must be ranked among the truly British sights, which we may well feel proud of showing any visitor who come to us:—

Our London four-wheel cabs—their horses, and their drivers.

Our Mammoth Iron Duke, and other noble public monuments.

Our splendid National Gallery,—i.e., not the pictures, but the palace which contains them.

Our Haymarket, and other vastly decorous West End thoroughfares at Midnight.

Our ingenious devices for sluicing the streets, and sprinkling the passers-by upon the pavements.

Our Divorce Court; and, hard by, our blatant fellow-countrymen in waiting to applaud the daily egress of our Claimant.

Our Hyde Park Sunday meetings.

Our Income-tax returns for the last score of years or so, and the pledges of our Statesmen for its speedy abolition.

Our thieves' kitchens and night cellars.

Our penny gaffs and music-halls, and other intellectual places of amusement which are sanctioned by the Legislature.

Our site for our new Law Courts, and the sight of money lost in interest since we purchased it.

Our Museums shut on Sundays, and our gin-shops all left open.

Our street Arabs and organ-boys, and the gruesome slums they sleep in.

Our unrivalled Leicester Square, with its horse *in statue quo*.



NEGLECTED GENIUS.

Mistress. "No OPPORTUNITY OF IMPROVING YOURSELF HERE, PARKER? WHY NOT?"

Maid. "WELL, MA'AM, I'VE ARRANGED THIS HAIR DIFFERENTLY EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK; BUT AS YOU HAVE NEVER PUT IT ON, AND HAVE TAKEN TO WEARING YOUR OWN, I FEEL AS MY FEELIN'S IS HURT, AND MY EDUCATION IS WASTED."

PERSIANA.

On the eighteenth of this month, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, but too late for the contest at Ascot, the supreme Sovereign of a country which has no National Debt, but is badly off for roads, is expected to land at Dover, where he will, for the first time in his life, make the acquaintance of a Mayor and Corporation, and receive the usual English welcome of a congratulatory address execrated in ornamental penmanship.

From the hour that the SHAH OF PERSIA left his own dominions, we have been watching his progress from country to country, from Court to Court, with the benevolent purpose of treasuring up any incidents of his journey likely to be useful as precedents to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the LORD MAYOR, the Diplomatic Body, the Managers of the two Opera Houses, the City Chamberlain, the Court Newsman, Mayors, Sheriffs, Port Admirals, Superintendents of Fire Brigades, High Constables, and others in an exalted position who may be brought into personal intercourse with His Majesty.

As Dover will be the first place in this country on which the SHAH will set his Royal Slipper, we warn the Authorities of that port and sea-side resort that if they desire to give His Majesty a complete welcome, and one which will remind him of his own dear home far away, they must have in readiness a trustworthy and efficient butcher, with an animal from one of the Royal farms, in case the SHAH should desire to repose, after the fatigue of his sea voyage, at the Lord Warden Hotel.

The following account of what occurred when the SHAH reached Astrakhan will sufficiently explain why the presence of a butcher at Dover may be as indispensable as the attendance of the Mayor, Recorder, and Town Clerk, and the Artists of the Illustrated newspapers:

"When he alighted at the Government Buildings prepared for his reception, he was surprised to find a butcher waiting at the door, knife in hand, with a snow-white ram ready for slaughter. More Persico the blood of the animal was sprinkled on the threshold, to purify the house before the Sovereign entered."

It is to be hoped that Persian etiquette is satisfied with the slaughter of one snow-white ram in each fresh country the Monarch visits, and that it is not imperative for the butcher and his victim to be in waiting at the front door, whenever the SHAH deigns to cross a strange threshold. If so, very strict police regulations will be required to keep in order the crowds which are sure to assemble to see Buckingham Palace, the Guildhall, the Albert Hall, Marlborough House, and other edifices public and private, purified by the Royal Purveyor for the SHAH's entrance. (It would not surprise us if the London butchers were to make the demand for sacrificial animals a pretext for raising the price of meat.)

Is Guildhall carpeted? If not, there is still time to cover its floors with the costliest products of Persian looms before the evening of the 20th. Judge, after reading of the SHAH's courtesy at Moscow, whether it would not be a graceful compliment on the part of the LORD MAYOR and Corporation to receive their Royal guest on the manufactures of his own country:

"On the second evening he has promised to attend a ball at the Governor-General's, having kindly consented to strain a point, and enter an uncarpeted room, contrary to all rules of Persian etiquette."

Any Duke, millionaire, or other distinguished personage, hoping to be honoured with the SHAH's presence at a grand ball, will act wisely not to take up the carpets, as His Majesty cannot be expected on all occasions to waive the scruples and prejudices of his country.

There are two things which all Kings, Princes, and Potentates, Christian or otherwise, never neglect doing in any strange Capital they may chance to visit. They receive the Corps Diplomatique, as a duty, and they go to see a grand Ballet, generally on the first night of their arrival, as a pleasure. The Persian Monarch does not seem to be behind his Western Brothers in either of these respects; and at St. Petersburg he "received the Diplomatic Body, having previously been present at a review of the Fire Brigade." CAPTAIN SHAW has, no doubt, taken note of this indication of the SHAH's tastes, and will be ready with his gallant men to give His Majesty a warm reception, should he favour Watling Street with a visit."



"O, come into my parlour,
Said the Spider to the Fly."

Benedick. "YES, BUT FOUR GUINEAS, HANG IT! WHY, THE BONNETS IN THE WINDOW ARE TICKETED EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS!"

Madame Amarantine (*née* Robinson). "YES, MY DEAR GENTLEMAN; BUT, CANDIDLY, WOULD A CHEAP ARTICLE BE SUITABLE TO SUCH A SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL PERSON AS YOUR DEAR LADY?"

[MORAL.—Husbands, don't accompany your Wives on such Expeditions as this.

Perhaps this is the most suitable place to hint that the week which has yet to elapse before the arrival of NASSER-ED-DIN cannot be better spent than in studying the geography, history, and language of the country over which he rules. Most of us know something of Persia, its cats, carpets, silkworms, roses, and bulbuls; but as questions are likely to be asked by Society about the position of Persia on the map, the leading events in its annals, and the exploits of such great shades as DARIUS, CYRUS, and ARTAXERES—why does not some enterprising theatre revive DR. ARNE'S opera?—the perusal of one or two standard works will save us all, particularly our young men, from making incoherent answers at the garden-party, at the dinner-table, in the ball-room and the Row, and by the side of the gay and festive Drive. The books recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners are Herodotus, MALCOLM's *History of Persia*, MORIER's *Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, the Persian Letters of M. DE MONTESQUIEU, the works of FERDUSI, HAFIZ, SADI, and ZOROASTER, and above all, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

A Little Misapprehension.

MRS. MALAPROP has been greatly distressed at hearing that some opposition was made in Parliament to money being allowed for the "Queen's Plates." The loyal old soul is happier now in her mind, since she has been told that there never was any intention to refuse to replenish the Royal dinner and tea services.

THE LAUNDRESS'S PARADISE.—Starch Green.

A CHRISTIAN BABY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Look at this, from the *Liverpool Courier*:

WET NURSE.—Wanted immediately, a respectable Young Woman to take charge of a Christian Baby. Good wages. Apply at * * * Birkenhead. Simyjes.

(What's "Simyjes"—baby's name? An ugly one, but rhymes to images. But) Mr. Punch, I feel inclined to say, with BRETHARTER'S *Truthful James*—

"Do I sleep; do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they seem,
Or is visions about?"

Is the "Christian baby" supposed to imbibe principles and doctrines with its earliest food, and is it a caution to the "respectable Young Woman," that unless she be eminently respectable that "Christian baby" will find her out? Or is it a gentle hint that though "good wages" are given, no dunces are to be expected, as the Christening has already taken place? Also, I feel sad at the dangers to which this "Christian baby" may be exposed in its first troubled months of life. Suppose the incautious hand of some disciple of JENNER should introduce into the "Christian baby's" system vaccine from a degenerate cow, or even lymph from an unChristian infant! I most earnestly beg the "Christian baby's" relatives not to risk the dangers of a wet-nurse, but bring up the infant by bottle, on MRS. MALAPROP'S "Consecrated Milk," which certainly forms the most suitable diet for a "Christian baby."

Yours ever, Mr. Punch,
Babbacombe Bay. A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Inconceivable Enormity.

If the throne of Persia were now filled by an Irishman, who, having left it behind him, was about to visit this country, who would possibly commit the offence of declaring our illustrious visitor to be at once the Shah and the Sultan? Breathes there the buffoon who would venture to call his Persian Majesty the Padisha?

SLANDER.—An old Cavalier poet speaks of "Fishes that tipple in the deep." Do the researches of modern ichthyologists confirm this imputation on the moral character of animals, which are generally supposed to be of necessity habitual water-drinkers?

WHAT THE SHAH WILL DO.

(Contributed by an enthusiastic Gentleman, with the Shah on the Brain.)

FIRST and foremost, the SHAH will be immediately presented, by Mr. Punch with a copy of the London *Shah-i-vari*.

The SHAH will drive about in a *Shah-à-banc*.

After dinner, when hilarious, he will sing "Champagne Shah-ley is my name."

He will receive from Windermere "potted Shah" for breakfast.

After several evening parties, he will be what the Americans call "danced down to Shabs," and glad to rest.

He will call on the French Ambassador, and playfully hide behind the window-curtains, where he will cleverly imitate the "miaou" of a cat. His Excellency will detect him, when His Imperial Majesty will slip out, and say, "Voici le Chat!" a jeu de mot which he has been preparing for months past.

His Majesty will go and see all the Conjurors in town, and everybody at all like a *Char-latan*.

Depend upon the above information. (Contributors, be warned.)

"GOING THE, ETC."

THOSE who have studied the law of Sequences will feel no surprise at finding (in one of the new Magazines) *Franklin Bacon's Republic* followed immediately by *The Sons of Ham*.



A LUSUS NATURÆ.

Mamma (to her eldest Son, who had come down late, and was evidently out of temper.) "Now, GEORGE, EAT YOUR BREAKFAST, AND, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, LET'S HAVE NO GRUMBLING! WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Master George (eying with suspicion the last egg). "V'Y WELL. CAN'T I HAVE ONE OF OUR OWN HEN'S—R, ELSE 'DON'T SEE THE USE O' KEEPING FOWLS. I CAN SEE WHAT THIS IS—TS A BUTTERMEN'S EGG!!!"

WRONGS OF THE OUTPORTERS.

To the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MY DEAR LOWE,

I HATE fuss and solemnity, and I like the jolly old PALMERSTON way of getting things done; that is, when they ought to be done. Half-a-dozen words, and a thumb-poke under the fifth rib (between Gentlemen), and a matter is settled. Let Philistines exchange long letters, and make speechification. All good things are arranged in five minutes. Now, you are a Brick—rather hard-baked, perhaps, but so the best bricks are. You'd be the better for a little glazing; but let that pass.

I say, BOBUS, or, as you call yourself, ROBERTUS HUMILIS, about those Outport Clerks?

They are being treated in the shabbiest manner. The Tories intended to do what was right, and when turned out, left orders, which the Liberals suspended; in the case of the London men for two years, and for four in the case of the Outporters. At last, the Londoners were paid up, in full, what was due under the Improved Scale, but hitherto nothing has been done for the men at the ports. They tell me, BOBUS, my son, that you admit their claim in the frankest manner, but that with equally pleasing jolliness you tell 'em that you'll pay up when the House of Commons orders you to do it, and deuce a twenty minutes before.

Come, BOBUS, that's not the way to go on with men who earn money loyally, and want it badly. Play whatever you like, and also Tommy, with the big whales, but feed the little fishes. Keeping men out of £60, £90, and £120, as justly due to them as your own well-earned salary, ain't the thing, BOBO mio. Don't wait for a vote, ask for one; or pay up first, and then get the House's sanction to an act which would have been one of honesty if you had done it four years ago, but which now will hardly amount to reparation. Pay up the Outport Clerks, BOZONINO of the Bicycle, and may your wheel never be less.

"I like your version of the Epitaph on you—this—

"Continentur hac in fossa,
Humilis Roberti osra.
Si ad celum evolabit,
Pax in celo non restabit;
Sin in inferno jacebit,
Diabolum ejus penitabit."

But I hope the sculptor won't want it for many and many a year. I say, you might evade the difficulty by turning Papist. Why don't you? However, that's a trifle, but see to the Clerks, will you?

Ever yours, PUNCH.

A Happy Release.

From Italy we learn that "a Bill for the abolition of Italian organ boys has finally come on for discussion in the House of Deputies." This is glorious news (for the Bill seems sure to pass), and we shall double our donations on Hospital Sunday. Albeit abolition is a strong measure, and we have never wished any bodily harm to the boys, and should have been glad if the organ-nuisance could have been stopped without the annihilation of the unfortunate musicians. But we have suffered too much and too long to think of interfering with what no doubt is superior wisdom on the part of the Italian Deputies—so the law must take its course.

Reade v. Association of the Licensed Victuallers.

"SIR JOHN COLEBRIDGE stated that at the trial he was willing to accept a nominal verdict—but the libel being persisted in, he sought to maintain the verdict for £200, and the Court so ruled."

It is never "Too Late" for a critic "To Mend"
His statements unfounded and rash;
But libel persisted in quite to the end,
Must be paid for in very "Hard Cash!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ENORMALLY dull,
O dear Madam,
were all the pro-
ceedings in the

Houses of *Hurgoes* and *Clinabs*
during the past week. There, do
not be alarmed. *Punch* is not
going to give you the Gulliver
nomenclature over again. One
lesson, like that of Canterbury
Cathedral, is not enough to teach
people not to let British workmen,

unwatched, use fire on the roofs of buildings; but we are quite sure that one lesson in anything *Mr. Punch* wishes to teach you is quite sufficient.

In the Lords on Monday, June 9 (the day the Alexandra Palace was burned) EARL RUSSELL came to the front. The veteran politician is about eighty-three, but he is as ready for work as in the days when *Mr. Punch* pourtrayed him as the Boy who wrote "No Popery" on CARDINAL WISEMAN's door. He had to-night to introduce a plan for the better Government of Ireland. His speech was fitly preluded by LORD GRANVILLE's statement that he had received a telegram descriptive of the last freak of "an affectionate people." There was a fire in Dublin. Of this the populace availed itself to break into a neighbouring spirit-store, to get drunk, to beat the police, to wound the head of the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, to stone a Judge, and to try to prevent the firemen from extinguishing the flames. The military had to be called in to remonstrate with the affectionate people, and seem to have given it them a little hot, but not half hot enough, considering the atrocious outrages which they were then committing, and upon which they improved, later, by breaking into poor persons' houses, and robbing women of the articles they were trying to remove, in fear of further conflagration. It is right to state that none of the Home Rule papers defend the rioters, or abuse the military, this time.

EARL RUSSELL's proposal is to abolish the Lord-Lieutenant, and to create a Secretary of State for Ireland. He would make six jurors enough for a conviction, except in capital cases. He would give the English Committee of Council authority over schools, taking away all power assumed by the POPE. He protested against giving CARDINAL CULLEN complete control over the education of Ireland.

LORD KIMBERLEY made a moderate and respectful reply, but said that until the Cabinet could consider the plan, he could give no opinion on it. But no one desired that Ireland should be dominated by a Catholic majority, *vice* the deposed Protestant minority.

The Bill of the Earl was read a First Time. (*The Gentleman's Magazine* would have called him an *Eral*.)

MR. BRUCE, in the *Clinabs*, said that horses formed part of the last demonstration in the Park, but this was contrary to rule, and should not be allowed to occur again. (*Laughter*.)

Asked questions about the Shah-in-Shah, MR. GLADSTONE said that some discretion must be allowed to the distinguished visitor himself, and that we must not map out all his movements for him as if he were to be drilled. We mention, dear Madam, that you shall have the fullest particulars of his Majesty's reception at *Punch's* office.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL (surely you were not bothered by our calling SIR JOHN the *First Snipal Adviser*) moved the Second Reading of the Judicature Bill. This important measure has been passed by the *Hurgoes*, in whose House there is so much legal knowledge that the *Clinabs* might reasonably accept such a measure without much debate. But sundry thought otherwise, and it was proposed to send the Bill to a Select Committee; and had this been done, it could not have passed this year. If you care to know what the measure is to do, a few words from SIR JOHN COLEBRIDGE's speech will enlighten you:—

"The main principle of the Bill would be the formation of one Queen's Court in England—one supreme Court of Judicature—in the various branches and divisions of which law and equity, in their perfection, would be together administered. All the existing Courts—those at Westminster and at Lincoln's Inn, together with certain quasi inferior Courts—would be merged into, and form parts of, this one supreme Court. The Court itself would be divided into two parts, one of which would be called the High Court of Justice, and the other the Court of Appeal. The present Courts of Appeal would form parts of the High Court of Justice, and the Court of Appeal would, as its name indicated, be an appeal from the various divisions of the High Court of Justice. In all the branch Courts law and equity would be administered concurrently. Every Court will be competent to hear everything (except when the abominable bells of the neighbouring *Chinches* strike up), and the old historical names of the Courts are to be retained."

That, Madam, is as much as you can want to know about the measure. We hope that neither you, nor any of your amiable descendants, will ever need law; but, should the case be otherwise, and the proposed Act come into operation, its excellence will be revealed to the parties concerned. It is convenient—that is, it will save trouble—to add that the debate was adjourned, and resumed on another night, and the Bill was read a Second Time, and was to be Committed in the regular way.

Then we had a debate on the postal arrangements between Zanzibar and Aden. That does not sound interesting, but when we say that our revered Ministers, and specially MR. ROBERT LOWE, proposed to spend £26,000 on what they could get done for £15,000, and were ignorant of the existence of a document illustrating their wisdom, and therefore asked to adjourn the debate that they might get up the facts, you may think that the topic deserved some attention. MR. DISRAEELI's virtuous mind was so moved by the "extraordinary" conduct of the Government, that he took a division against adjournment, and, though Ministers triumphed on this by 205 to 151, the victory was one of the kind which the late lamented Sovereign, KING PYRRHUS, did by no means admire.

Tuesday.—The *Hurgoes* read a Second Time a Bill for preventing little children from being used as agricultural labourers until they attain the mature age of eight years. LORD SALISBURY approved of the principle of the Bill, but feared it would "intensify the dislike of the Farmers to Educational measures." His Lordship knows the bucolic mind.

The *Clinabs* sat on the Rating Bill, on which much wise talk was expended, and then (two counts being attempted) they had discussion on Naval Promotion, but refused SIR JOHN HAY [a Committee thereon].

Wednesday.—A Scottish Roads and Bridges Bill was read a Second Time, and we are glad of this, as we are beginning to think of travel, and some of us will use roads and bridges in Scotland. It is a pity that the Bill does not contain a clause for visiting with condign punishment the Highland drivers who spoil the effect of the glorious northern scenery by their brutal cruelty to the poor horses. It is of no use complaining of this in Scotland—you are sure to be told, in any individual case, that doubtless it is an error to depart from humanity, but that MR. MACFLAY-HORSE is a very decent body and a regular communicant.

MR. MUNDELLA tried to promote a Bill for lightening Female Labour in Factories. This sounds excellently, but MR. FAWCETT has something to say on the other side about the jealousy of Male Labourers, and their wish to prevent women from earning as much as they can. However, the clock limited the hours of Parliamentary labour.

Thursday.—LORD POWERSOURT moved the Second Reading of a Bill for altering the days on which Shooting (at birds, not landlords) begins in Ireland. Grouse and moor game he proposes to kill on the 12th of August, and partridges, landrails, and quails on the 10th of September.

LORD CAIRNS asked Lord HALIFAX when we were to have the final accounts of the Banda and Kirwee Booty.

LORD HALIFAX replied that he did not know. "Good boy, always speak the truth."

MR. PETER TAYLOR again demanded the recognition of the Spanish Republic. He



IRISH IDEAL OF THEMIS.

Biddy (to *Pat* in charge about a difficulty). "NEVER FEAR, PAT! SHURE Y'AVE GOT AN UPRIGHT JUDGE TO THRY YE!"

Pat. "AE, BIDDY DARLIN', THE DIVEL AN UPRIGHT JUDGE I WANT! 'TIS WONE THAT'LL LANE A LITTLE!!"

took a more than usually appropriate time for this demand, for at the hour he spoke the evening papers were in everybody's hand, with the account of the Ministry being kicked out, an officer's being murdered, the ex-Premier's having fled, and Madrid in horrid fear of an insurrection of the rabble, whom the last Government but six or eight had the idiotey to allow to arm.

MR. FORSTER introduced his Improved Education Bill, and it is very good. He goes somewhat further with compulsion, and is resolved that all pauper children shall be taught. He makes most considerate provision for the payment of the school-fees of other children, whose parents are unable to pay. Do you know, Madam, that One Farthing a day pays for a child's tuition, and may make him a respectable member of society? That the Bill is a good one may be inferred from the fact that fanatics express "bitter disappointment" with it.

Friday.—LORD SALISBURY is aptly described by the *Daily News* as "a man of letters who respects his Pen." No wonder that he was moved to protest, to-night, against the slovenly style in which Acts of Parliament are drawn. A Bill which the *Hurgoes* were asked to read a Second Time proposed to provide for those whom SIR FRANCIS HEAD's young lady called Hilly Jittimites, but so contrived that it abolished the whole law of Court Martial in India!

We had, in the *Clinabs*, another Rating Debate, in which SIR GEORGE JENKINSON brought up the question of rating personal property. He raised a prolonged discussion, which MR. DISRAELI said had been very useful, but it came to nothing.

Then we got on the Fiji Islands, which MR. M'ARTHUR wants us to annex. MR. GLADSTONE delivered an elegant and elaborate speech on the subject, which *Mr. Punch* ventures to condense

"Annex Fiji?
O dear, not I."

MR. WHALLEY finished the week by moving for copies of papers connected with the Tichborne case, and was politely informed by the SPEAKER that he was entirely out of order. *Mr. Punch* had left

BALL OR BALLET?

In a programme of the entertainment to be given by the civic authorities to our Illustrious Visitor, it is announced that:—

"Upon the arrival of the SHAH, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the LORD MAYOR in the Guildhall, dancing will begin; the library also will be used for dancing."

No better reception could have been devised for the entertainment of an Oriental potentate than the arrangement of dancing to begin the moment that he arrives; but who are to dance? The SHAH, probably, would care little to see dancing dervishes. The dancers to suit him should, one would think, be a company of *artistes* selected from the *corps de ballet* of the principal theatres. Theirs is the sort of dancing which an Asiatic monarch would prefer to any other admitting of less decorative costume, and, being promiscuous; Aldermen and Common Councilmen and other men dancing before his Oriental Majesty along with their wives and daughters, and the numerous fair guests voluntarily assisting as *odalisques* and *bayadères*. Surely the civic dignitaries do not expect the SHAH to dance too?

"The Moon is Hot."

THE Philosophers, who never know anything, are making a great fuss over the above Discovery, as they are pleased—very much pleased—to call it. Dear readers of *Punch*, who are therefore also readers of the other great poets, how you must smile at the Philosophers! How wise you are never to take any notice of your so-called instructors, and to stick to the Poets, who, as MR. CARLYLE says, are the real Doers. The Moon is hot! That is a discovery for you, who have your SHELLEY by heart:—

"That orb'd maiden, with White Fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon."

A SLIP OF SHAMROCK.

SPEAKING of a middle-aged Gentleman who had married a very young Lady, "That man," said MR. MURPHY, "is old enough to be her father." "Not quite," replied MR. O'ROURKE. "There's only seventeen years difference between them. But he's quite old enough to be her mother."

the House, but has no doubt that MR. WHALLEY smiled at a fuss being made over such a ridiculous detail.

THE CAT, THE BEAR, AND THE LION.

A FABLE.

(Freely adapted from the *Punch-a-bant'r'a*, the Sanskrit original of the *Fables of Pilpay or Bidpai*, first translated into Pehlvi by order of KHOSROU-NOURSHIWAN, the great Persian King of the Sassanian dynasty.)

A PERSIAN Cat, whose name was NASR-ED-DIN, Thick-furred of tail, and velvet-soft of skin, Whose eyes, in changing lustre, shot and shone With diamond's, ruby's, emerald's light, in one, Thus spit from out his beard, on his divan, Amidst the crumbling splendours of Tehrān, "Too long have I, soft pillow'd, softly fur'd, Here on the carpet of contentment purred, While round my cushions, bigger beasts of prey, With mutual growl, have tugged, each his own way— Till by my passive purring bolder grown, The rug I lie on soon they'll call their own. But how can a poor Cat, though Persian, dare Beard British Lion, or brave Russian Bear? To the wise Jackal for advice I'll go, Which of the two were best made friend, or foe." So said, so done: the Jackal's cave he seeks, And sage solution of his doubt bespeaks. Sly Jackal winked his eye, and twitted his tail: "Who would read, now-a-days, paust run by rail: Lion and Bear at home 'twere best to know, If you would gauge their use as friend or foe."



A FIX.

Hospitable Lady (with interesting Daughters). "AH! HOW DO YOU DO, CAPTAIN LOVELL? WHAT AN AGE SINCE WE MET! ARE YOU ENGAGED THIS EVENING?"

Soft-Hearted Captain (who likes all interesting Daughters). "ER—NO!"

Hospitable Lady. "THEIR COME AND DINE WITH US!"

Soft-Hearted Captain. "YOU'RE VERY KIND! MOST HAPPY! AT WHAT O'CLOCK?"

Hospitable Lady. "A QUARTER TO EIGHT. *AU REVOIR!*"

Soft-Hearted Captain (suddenly recollecting that he has completely forgotten who the Hospitable Lady is, and not liking to say so). "O—ER—HUM! AH!—BY THE BYE—ER—WHERE ARE YOU STAYING NOW?"

Hospitable Lady. "O, THE SAME OLD PLACE—No. 16. *AU REVOIR!*"

[Exit *Hospitable Lady.*]

I know you felines better love the ease
Of cushioned sleep than toil o'er lands and seas,
But now no sleeper, though he wear a crown,
Except a railway-sleeper, will go down.
Then visit Europe: knock up the Great Bear:
Drop in upon the Lion in his lair:
With ears on the *qui vive*, eyes opened wide,
Say little, see all, and on every side.
Judge not by what they say, but what you see,
And let your judgment guide your policy."

NASR-ED-DIN groaned, but bowed his head to fate,
Donned diamond aigrette and coat of state;
Took leave of all his wives, and, with a sigh,
A Shah of Diamonds flashed on Europe's eye!
The earliest of his calls was on the Bear:
Warm was his greeting, his professions fair:
But all for which he claimed the Cat's applause,
Was variations, still, on teeth and claws.
Now in friend, bed-fellow, or hand at play,
Teeth and claws, thought the Cat, are best away:
One cat were scarce a dinner *à la Russe*:
What may be game to Bear were death to Puss.
So under a brisk fire of mutual bows,
And interchange of kisses and kotows,
NASR-ED-DIN, glad to 'scape with a whole skin,
From the Bear, on the Lion next dropped in.
Here, too, strong jaws, and claws full-grown he found,
But muzzled these, and those to bluntness ground.
The British Lion, once a beast of prey,
From meals carnivorous had turned away.

His economic taste a joint offends,
Which but cheese-parings craves and candle-ends.
From feline moods reclaimed, he sets his heart
On money-making, and industrial art,
And the deep throat, heard winds and waves above,
Now roars as gently as a sucking-dove.
The wary Cat spent some observant days,
Watching the British Lion's walks and ways,
Saw how the teeth, by Russia used to tear,
The British Lion takes his cheese to pare:
How claws wherewith the Bear rends limb from limb,
The Lion serve his candle-ends to trim.
"A Lion this?" quoth he. "Negatur flat,
This is no Lion—only a big Cat!—
And as Cat should to Cat—my wavering ends:
Do your worst, Bear! Lion and I are friends!"

BAD JOB FOR BETSY.

THE Post announces:—

"A WOMAN FINED FOR BETTING.—On Wednesday, at the Birmingham Police-court, Mrs. COOPER, wife of a well-known book-maker, was fined £25 for illegally assisting in betting transactions. Police officers in disguise visited a barber's shop in Bell Street, where Mrs. COOPER was booking bets on various races. The premises belonged to her husband."

If so, women seem to be getting their rights with a vengeance. However, Mr. and Mrs. COOPER being partners in book-making as well as in matrimony, the former will have to bear at least his part of the fine which has been inflicted upon his better half.

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK.

ATINATORY.

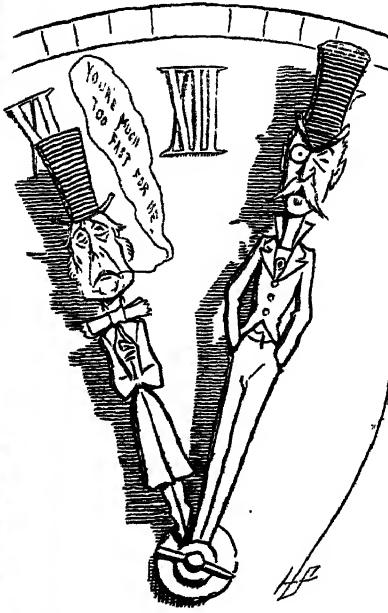
*Wednesday, June 18.—Gunpowder Day. Arrival of the SHAH. Sleepless night on the part of the Mayor and Corporation of Dover. Scene in the Straits and Streets. All the officials, up to the very last moment, studying Persius and other standard works on Persia. Excitement at the Lord Warden Hotel; several waiters lose their heads, and obtain no compensation. The SHAH receives his first (but by no means his last) address on vellum. Presentation by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to His Majesty of the new number of *Punch*; the services of SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, SIR ARNOLD KEMBALL, &c., not required to interpret the meaning of the Cartoon. General inspection of the South Eastern Railway. The SHAH's introduction to an*

English Palace. Distant roar of the great City; proximate serenades of organ-grinders. The SHAH retires to his State Bed—his first impressions. Increase of traffic on the Metropolitan Railway; St. James's Park Station brought into use.

*Thursday, June 19.—The SHAH and his suite greatly pleased at the thoughtful care bestowed on their accommodation: Persian carpets and Persian ware in all the rooms; Persian cats rubbing themselves against their legs; Persian sherbet to drink; Persian pipes to smoke; illustrated copies of the *Arabian Nights*, freshly gathered roses, and otto of roses on every table. Begging letters; tradesmen's cards and circulars; invitations to visit all the principal towns and cities in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to lay first stones and to assist at inaugurations, and to be present at fêtes, balls, banquets, soirées, conversazioni, garden parties, charitable anniversaries, receptions, reviews, sham fights, and afternoon drums. The SHAH expresses a desire to inspect the Treasury; his disappointment at finding no treasures; the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is introduced to him, but he is not satisfied. Visits the Bank of England, the Tower (where he is much struck with the Beefeaters), and some of our principal jewellers, and is better contented. Ascends the Monument, and is taken to see one of our great markets—Billingsgate. Is shown over St. Paul's; special arrangement between the Dean and Chapter and the Government as to the remission of the usual fees.*

Friday, June 20.—Round of Sights. Site of the New Law Courts, site of the New Natural History Museum, finest site in Europe; the Duke of Wellington on Constitution Hill, and all the other public statues and frights (the SHAH and his party depressed in spirits); the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and SIR JOHN SOANE'S Museum; the Royal Academy, the Royal Observatory, and the Royal Mews. In the evening the SHAH attends the grand Reception at the Guildhall, and is presented with the freedom of the City, which, it is explained to His Majesty, will enable him to get through the block on Ludgate Hill and other crowded thoroughfares. Particularly pleased with the Oriental magnificence of the LORD MAYOR'S footmen, and interested in the biographical account of Gog and Magog. Discovers in the course of conversation that the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London is not so extensive as he had imagined, and mentally determines that the Local Government of the Metropolis is not one of our institutions to be copied and introduced into Persia.

*Saturday, June 21.—The SHAH writes home. Afterwards receives the Corps Diplomatique and Deputations. Visits Madame Tussaud's. Explores the principal bazaars, the Soho, Crystal Palace, &c., and compares them with the same establishments in his own country. The Persians being excellent horsemen, the SHAH and his suite ride in Rotten Row, and then take part in a match at Polo. Unluckily, their love of the chace cannot be gratified at this season of the year, and, as it is understood that they have come to England to see the evidences of our advanced civilisation, nothing is said to them about pigeon-shooting. At night, State visit to the Opera. Disappointment at not hearing the opera of *Artaxerxes*. The Ballet not equal to expectation.*



Sunday, June 22.—The Great Lion of the Season goes to the Zoological Gardens. The beasts behave better than the company.

Monday, June 23.—Little excursion to Portsmouth and Spithead. Another gunpowder day. Blue jackets, blue dresses, blue sky, blue sea, blue bonnets, and blue Peters. Not a Naval Review "in the strict sense of the word," but something so very like it that Persia not being a great naval power, the SHAH and his suite will probably return to the Caspian without having detected the difference. The newest things out in iron-clads and armour plates, very ugly and very expensive, and warranted to be obsolete and only fit to be broken up and sold as old metal after another ten years of experiments and improvements. Fête at night at the International Exhibition and Albert Hall; pipes and pictures, songs and sherbet, machinery in motion and people in motion to catch a glimpse of the SHAH and his jewels. School of Cookery unfortunately closed for the day.

Tuesday, June 24.—Midsummer Day. If the weather is not like the middle of summer, or any other time in summer, apologies and explanations to the SHAH. Yesterday, Navy and blue jackets, to-day, Army and scarlet tunics. Review, "in the strict sense of the word," of troops in Windsor Great Park. Quantity small, quality good. Compliments to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and MR. CARDWELL. The latter, having for some weeks past been taking lessons of a Persian Moonshee, replies in a few graceful words in the language of HAFIZ and ZOROASTER.

BARS FOR BOB-MAJORS.

HANG the poker on to a string, strike it with the tongs, and you will immediately twig the value of a suggestion put forward in the *Choir* by DR. FERDINAND RAHLES. "Go, bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready, She strike upon the bell." Had there been no bell at hand, *Lady Macbeth* might have banged the tongs against the poker, if there had been a poker and tongs in *Macbeth's* Castle. They would have fully answered her guilty purpose. But there is an opposite kind of purpose that similar means may be made to answer. DR. RAHLES proposes the substitution of steel bars for Church bells.

Steel bars are more musical and sonorous, more precisely tuneable, more easily made to discourse their notes and harmonies, lighter, more compact, and very much cheaper than bells. They are not liable to be cracked like Big Ben—that should have been transferred to Hanwell, or Colney Hatch. Their manufacture is comparatively simple; they can be made of any size, from a magnitude equivalent to that of said Big Ben to that of a bell suitable to the dimensions of Little Bethel. They are rung with greater safety than bells, and hung with greater facility; no more trouble than hanging takes MR. CALCRAFT.

According to DR. RAHLES, steel bars in place of bells have been introduced in Germany and in the United States with great success. Anything that tends to promote harmony among our kinsmen of the great Teutonic and Angle-Saxon races must gratify every true Englishman, and in regard to bells, it is an agreeable disappointment to learn that steel bars have been selected as substitutes for them in the United States, because it was to be expected, if any modern invention had been adopted in their stead, that Yankee church bells would be superseded by the steam whistle.

As steel bars are susceptible of permanent magnetism, it remains to be seen to what extent, if used for bells, they would have the advantage, not adverted to by DR. RAHLES, of attracting people of iron constitution to Church.

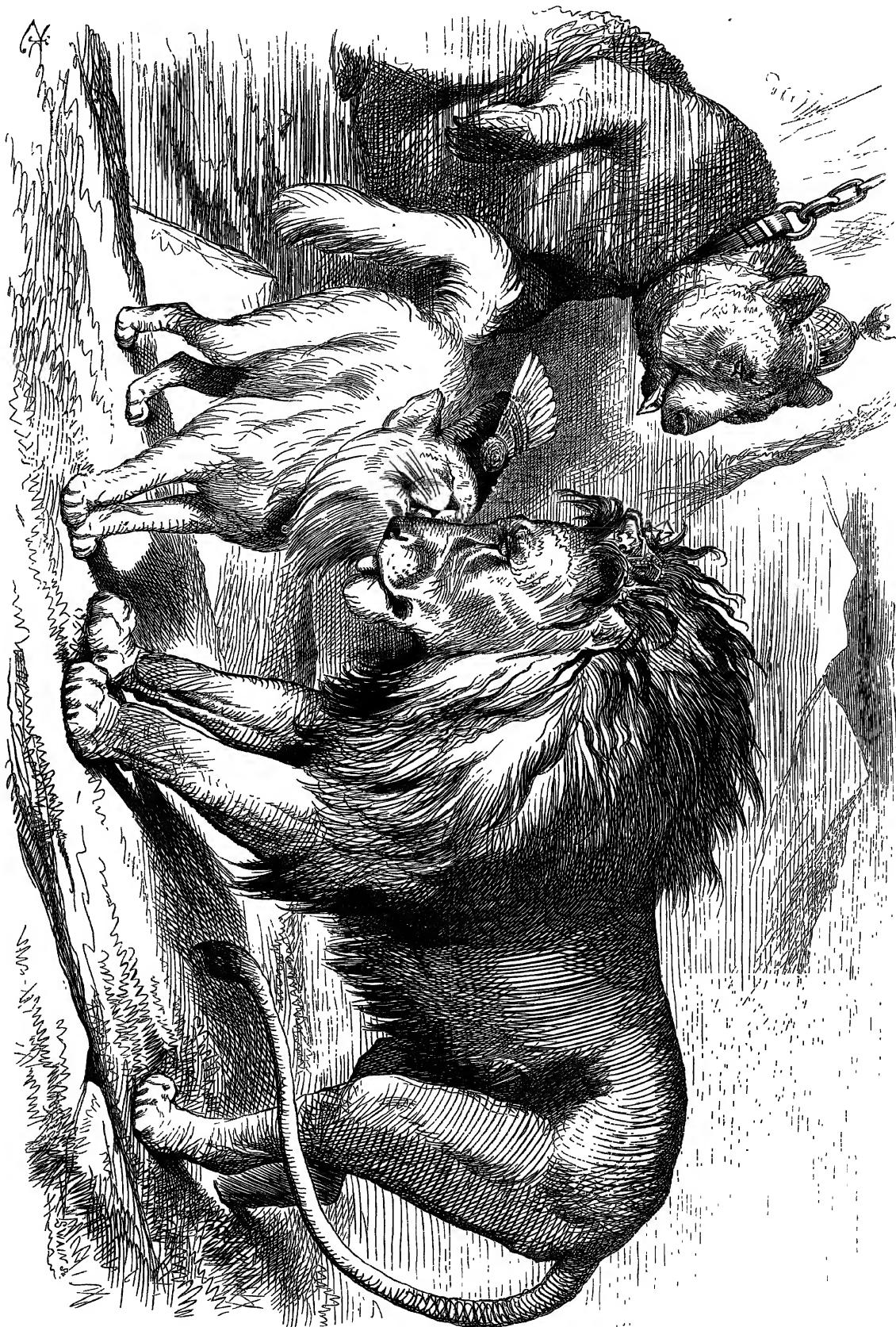
EYES RIGHT!

"Little seems to be known of the persons composing the new Spanish Cabinet, but the Finance Minister, SENOR CARVAJAL, is stated to be a Madrid oculist."

THEY make and remake Cabinets with great expedition in Spain, so perhaps by this time an aurist or a dentist may be Chancellor of the Exchequer in that country. But if SENOR CARVAJAL is still Finance Minister, any one may see at a glance his peculiar fitness for the office. With the experience he must have had, he will have an eye to the main chance, and be able to keep a sharp look out upon his subordinates. The Spaniards are far too stately and ceremonious a people to bandy slang, or one could fancy the Senor's political opponents condensing their opinion of his appointment into few but expressive words, and describing it as "all my eye."

APEMAN'S OWN EPITAPH.

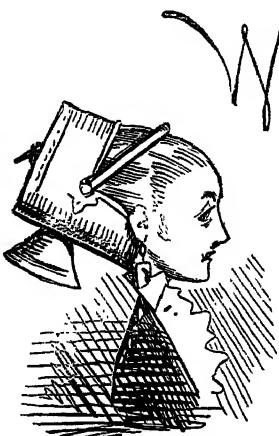
MORS Janua Vite! Yes, indeed; no doubt. The gate of life through which we shall go out.



FELINE FRIENDS; OR, THE BRITISH LION AND THE PERSIAN "CHAT!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He rides in a Cab or two, and faithfully reports thereon to the Editor.



WHILE You ride in your coach and four, loll in your Victoria and pair by the banks of the blue Serpentine, or wave your hand indolently from your cushioned barouche on your road to Richmond, I, Sir, have to represent You in vehicles licensed to carry twenty-six people at once, or, at best, to take only two inside.

Hence it is that Your Representative is one of the greatest employers of London Cabs. He is a fortune to the drivers and proprietors, as, being of a timid and retiring disposition (wherever there's a chance of a row), and, never having acquired proficiency in the art of self-defence, he invariably gives at least sixpence over the regular fare, so as to avoid all discussion and interchange of compliments, whereat, not having crushing repartees ready at hand, Your Representative generally gets worsted, after having been held up to the execration of a dirty crowd as a penurious aristocrat grinding down the honest working man, or having been chaffed out of his life by the unscrupulous driver in front of the open windows of his (Your Representative's) Club.

The Cabman has an advantage, in badinage, over his respectable fare, similar to that possessed by the French over the English Dramatists in writing for the stage, that is, they have such a field, and such scope; they can say anything and everything, while the virtuous fare is gagged by his respectability as tightly as is a criminal on his trial by the English law. Brilliance is lost on a cabman; he winks at your sky-rocket of wit, which goes far above his head, and is down upon you with his bomb-shell.

Therefore, Sir, I pay, as the stage Yankee speaks, through the nose. But what do I get in return for this? Thanks? Rarely. What have I previously got for it? Nothing; except twenty minutes' worth of worry, nervousness, danger, jolting, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

Were all Cabs good in every respect, the lives of vehicle-patronising Londoners would be lengthened by many years.

Sir, emphatically, our London Cabs, taking them all round (Heaven forbid I should have to do so!), are what *Hamlet* said the player's "faces" were, in Act iii., Sc. 2, where *Mr. Lucianus* enters to go through his part, and is most rudely interrupted by his highly educated audience. (*SHAKSPEARE* evidently meant this as a satire on some of the swells of his day who would talk aloud during the performance. But this by the way.)

You don't, perhaps, expect much from a Four-wheeler, but, hang it, you do from a Hansom. Hansoms now-a-days are a snare and a delusion. They are calculated to ruin your hat, and your temper. There is none good, no, scarcely one. Like the gods of the Heathen, they are all become abominable. I had not intended writing this, but the edifice of injuries was crowned on my way to the International Exhibition, when I was going, last week, to represent you, Sir, at the Cookery Lecture, and I can no longer control my just indignation. 'Tis the last bluebottle that rouses the sleeping Lion (I am getting up such Eastern proverbs for the *SHAH*), and the Hansom that took me to South Kensington caused me to shed tears of vexation.

I selected him from many others with such care and discrimination as I should have used at Tattersall's in buying a horse. I eyed his points—cab-horses have heaps of points, all more or less prominent—and I took him after dismissing three others who sought my favours.

Let me tell you of one Hansom refused by me earlier in the day. It came out of a stable-yard: the horse was being led by an ostler; the driver (dressed in a Jemmy-Jessamy sporting style, with a wisp of dark blue ribbon round his whip, probably left there under the impression that the University boat-race was still going on, as he'd been all this time getting to it) was urging him by jerking the loose reins, and making noises which were all more or less variations on such original themes as "Tchik! get along, Ky'up!" and so forth, while, the animal itself was limping and halting as though he were trying his legs, one after the other, for the first time in his life, and was doubtful of their capabilities. The wretched machine (including the horse in this term) stumbled along, and the man had the impudence, the coolness, the unspeakable effrontery, to hail me, and say, "Hansom, Sir?" But then and there I had my revenge. I replied, with biting sarcasm,

but ineffable politeness, "No thank you, *I'm in a hurry*." After this I shot on, like the advertising picture of Mr. WALKINGFAST, the bootmaker (capital name!), and left the poor crazy wreck to flounder about as best or worst it might. I just heard him anathematizing me, the cab, and the horse, as I turned the corner. Excuse me if I am proud of the exploit: it may be weak, but seeing that it is scoring the bull's eye after a quarter of a century of misses, I do think the exultation pardonable. I make a present of my repartee to the public. It will always tell: it will never grow old: it will improve by use: it will be better for keeping—in short, like every other effort of genius, it is not for an age, but for all time.

I will not here dwell on the dangers and difficulties of entry common to all Hansoms, as to what you're to lay hold of, what you're not to lay hold of, what you're to cling to, when you're to cling to it, how you've got to keep your eye on the hind-quarters of the horse, how you're to back in, still holding on to something, and how you're to stoop cautiously, for fear of the loosely strapped-up window catching your neatly-brushed hat—on these troubles I will not now dilate: another time. Sir, I was in a hurry, as I often am; And when in a hurry, there is nothing in nature so irritating as a slow Hansom. This cab was not only slow, it was doddling; that's the word, doddling. Also, it was wagging; going from one side to the other, like one of those jointed toy-serpents that you hold by the tail, and making very little more progress. To whichever side it swerved it got into danger; in avoiding a cart on the left, it threatened an omnibus on the right; in giving a wide berth to a waggon approaching, it narrowly escaped the hind wheel of a barouche passing us. Life was *pro tem.* not worth having on such terms. It was sudden extinction or premature greyness. It was Westminster Abbey, or Mrs. Somebody's Hair-restorer. O Pilot! 'twas an awful night—I mean a fearful drive! The horse was the most perfect *multum in parvo* I had ever seen. I mean he was too small for the cab every way, and he had nearly every fault that you could imagine in so small a compass. He had a kink in his moral and physical being, and couldn't go straight; he stumbled a little, he jibbed a little, he kicked a little, he cracked himself up, quite frolicsomely, a little, he trotted a little, he cantered a little, he walked a little—in fact, he did everything a little and nothing well, or for long. The trick which was the most unsatisfactory and perplexing to the person inside was a dejected way he had, after the failure of any such great effort as breaking into a canter, of hanging his head so low as to be completely out of sight. For minutes, while going down Piccadilly hill, there was nothing before me but the headless trunk of a horse, slowly and unevenly trotting. It was ghostly—it was Gustave-Doré-ish. I had a mind to push up the little peep-show trap above, and have a look at the driver, to see that he'd got his head on all right. I became nervous: I began to think that all this was some horrid dream, and that I was in the hands of a goblin cabman driving a nightmare.

We passed nothing; we followed everything. I envied people in four-wheelers and busses. I growled to myself; I implored him through the trap, I urged him onward by drawing his attention to the fact that a bus which had stopped three times on the same route had always caught us up and passed us. The driver replied, "All right!" to me, and said "Tchik!" to the headless horse, which responded to the very gentle touch of the whip (which the man used as if it had been a fishing-rod, and he were dropping a hook with ground-bait very quietly into a stream) by jibbing, tossing its head, cantering, and then relapsing into the old despondent trot.

Sir, I paid that man one sixpence, at least, over and above his fare. I made no remark. I was speechless with gratitude for my safety. Had the authorities been inclined to permit it, I would have gone into the Albert Hall, and celebrated my safe arrival with a piece of sacred music (my own composition) on the organ, which should have been afterwards known, like the "*Göttingen Te Deum*," as the *Got-back-again Te Deum*.

However, were I always to insist upon performing this on the Albert Hall instrument whenever I had survived a drive in a cab, I should be the most voluminous composer of this or any other time, and the organ would soon be worn out.

Another day I selected a brilliant-looking affair. Black turned up with blue and blue turned up with black, silver-plated harness, a horse of a peculiar colour, not unlike that of the variegated granite rocks on the Jersey coast—an excellent notion, by the way, for material for the animal in an equestrian statue—and reminding me forcibly of the sand in one of those glass mementos, bell-shaped, of the Isle of Wight called a "*Trifle from Shanklin*," and meant, if used properly, for a paper-weight. Would you gather from this that it was a sort of roan? I believe it was. Somebody to whom I described this said, "Oh! that was a *Strawberry Dun*." It might have been, but it seemed to me what a strawberry might look like under a sharp attack of measles. He was stepping along as proud as a peacock when I hired him.

From the moment I got in, bumping my hats as usual, the *Strawberry Dun* showed what a trained humbug of a steed he was. His airy manners forsook him completely; he jogged along at a slow



A THING TO BE DONE BY INSTALMENTS.

Aunt Emily. "YOU'RE SURELY NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME, MALCOLM?"
Malcolm. "WELL, NO! ANYHOW, NOT ALL AT ONCE, YOU KNOW, 'COS YOU'RE TOO BIG!"

pace, until I began to think that "I really *would* speak to the driver"—when all of a sudden he plucked up as we were crossing a thoroughfare, and in glorious style charged another Hansom which was driving out of a street at right angles to us. How a collision, in which the horse would have been the principal sufferer, was avoided, I don't know, but avoided it was, and he went on in his old butter-and-egg fashion, until a nasty corner offered him a chance of displaying his original genius. He was going round this as though he were practically discovering some new force in nature, when his knees failed him, and, after recovering from such a stumble as would have ruined less gifted creatures for life, he resumed his former ruminative trot. The Cabman's knowledge of short cuts would have been most praiseworthy, if in every case the short cuts had not been blocked up by coal-carts, carts without coal, carts with sacks, and trucks; also cabs, meeting us where there was only room for one at a time, which disputed the ground inch by inch, and before which we had to retire. The Strawberry Dun performed this graceful act to perfection. It only wanted music to have made it worthy of a circus.

I paid this Cabman his exact fare, and he asked me, "How's one to live if one only has his 'xact fare?" I did not stop to answer the conundrum.

Another horse was what I believe is called "a weed." He was long, bony, lanky, rat-tailed, and long-legged. He looked like pace. When I was seated in the cab, however, he went either as if he was of an inquiring disposition, and wanted to see what sort of fare he was taking, or as if he had a stiff neck, and was obliged to keep his head always turned quite round to the right. Perhaps this was his merit, and he saw what to avoid in front and at the back. If so, he went cautiously, and walked round the corners.

In fact we walked the greater part of the time. When I remonstrated, the man said, "He'd ha' gone faster if he'd known as I

was in a hurry;" but they always have some answer, and it is surprising if it isn't of the sort to which repartee is impossible in the mouth of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"Persicos odi, Puer, Apparatus."

(Freely adapted by MR. PUNCH from HORACE'S "*Ad Puerum, Carminum*, lib. 1. 38.)

TO MY OFFICE-BOY.

I HATE the row folks round this Persian raise,
 These penny-paper crowns of puffy praise.
 Bring me no flowers of speech, in far-fetched phrase,
 Twined for this Shah.

No such poor tinsel-wreaths to my plain screen
 Of laurel pinned shall be in Fleet Street seen.
 'Neath my own vine, I'll sip my cup, serene,
 And murmur, "Psshaw!"

Bless the Bank!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has obtained leave to bring in a Bill authorising the Bank of England, in certain events, to issue an extraordinary amount of notes in exchange for securities. How much the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street will resemble PATTI and TITTIENS, and CHRISTINE NILSSON! Bless her old heart. More power to her larynx. May her ability to utter notes abide for ever; may her voice never crack: may no length of years impair her utterance so as to transmute the bank-note from a soprano to a falsetto.

HAWFINCH'S HOAX.

As I was a gather'n hop-tops
 O' the hedge, one bright June day,
 A Cockney chap come watchun me,
 And he ass'd me, "Wot be they?"
 "What, dosn't thee know, thee Mozus,"
 I answers, "what hop-tops be?"
 Didst never see hops a grow'n afore;
 The hops as they brews beer wi'?"
 "Wot, be 'um physic?" says Cockney.
 Says I, "Bist thee an ass?"
 Woot'st goo to a chemist and druggistes shop
 For a bilun o' sparrer-grass?
 "They be good to ate as spinnidge;
 Fit to set afore the QUEEN.
 Look here, how like they be thyself,
 So tender, soft, and green."
 In that same lane, soon arter,
 Where our dialogue fust took please,
 Agen I meets my Cockney friend,
 Like a miller all meal-y-feace.
 And "Yah!" a yowls out at me,
 Wi' a yell o' horrer and woe;
 "No more o' yer hop-tops. A bastely shame
 To gammon a young man so!"
 "Why, what's the matter?" I says to 'n.
 "The matter!" a made reply.
 "I ate a dish o' they hop-tops there;
 And they pizon'd me purty nigh."
 "Them hop-tops? Them thee pints to?"
 "Them. Ees. Them there," says he.
 "Loramassy!" I-roars; "Loramassy ho!
 Thee'st ben and ate Bryony.
 "They grows both zummunt like, sure,
 And climbs wi' twirl and twist.
 But what but a fool could mistake the two?
 And a purty fool thee bist."
 "I thought 'twas the cobbler's marvels,
 Sitch a collect," a said, "I got."
 Says I, "Thee medat think thyself well off
 O' the death as was in thy pot."
 When I practizes botany
 Herearter, whoso comes by,
 Wi' "Could you inform me what them things be?"
 I shall tell 'un to ax my eye.



A NOTE AND QUERY.

Farmer Drennidge (meeting his Rector at the Royal Academy Exhibition). "HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTUR', SIR, NO. 988, BY MR. WEE PRINSEP, O' THE EVIL SPERITS THAT ENTERED THE HERD O' SWINE, AND THEY RUSHED WOLVENTLY DOWN THE PRECIPICE, AND PERISHED IN THE SEA! THA'S THE PICTUR' I'D LIKE TO HEV, SIR. BUT THERE'S ONE PINT ABOUT THAT 'STRONDARY EWENT, SIR, AS HAS ALLUS WEIGHED ON MY MIND, AND I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT O' ASTIN' O' YOU—"

Rector. "O, I SHALL BE MOST HAPPY, MR. DRENNIDGE, AT ANY TIME TO EXPLAIN—"

Farmer Drennidge. "WELL, IT'S THIS 'ERE, SIE." (In a serious whisper.) "WHEW PAID FOR THEY DROWNDED PIGS, SIR!!!!"

Racy Wine.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in a contemporary, headed "The Race Week," and being a panegyric upon an intoxicating fluid,— "There is nothing more refreshing than sparkling Rhinegau Champagne." Very likely; but was it quite a happy thought to announce that information under heading of "The Race Week"? Rhinegau Champagne should be a German Wine, but "The Race Week" is a period to which "Rhinegau" may be considered very much less germane than Goosegau.

THE SHAH AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

SOME "Spinsters" write to the *Times* a nice little letter, stating certain "Income-tax Exactions" to which they have been subjected, and would continue to be if they did not annually take a great deal of trouble. Their artless tale would perhaps enlist the sympathy of the SHAH. The sole income of the "Spinsters" is £100 a year, a pension bought for them by their late father during his life. They were for many years overtaxed for it at the rate of 30s. a year, not knowing that their pittance was exempt from confiscation. Having, however, found that out, and applied for restitution of the overcharge to Somerset House, they were informed by the authorities there, that only three years' excess could be recovered. The recovery of that little cost these poor ladies a heavy expense "for postage, cab-hire, and the like." Thus it appears that Government, having pillaged individuals by mistake, refuses, on being convinced of that fact, to make any but a very limited restitution of plunder, and also throws every possible obstacle in the way of obtaining even that. These things are, probably, managed otherwise in Persia, now at least under her present Sovereign, howsoever they may have been in some former reigns.

It may amuse an enlightened and righteous Monarch to observe, further, that not only does our Government resist with all its might a demand for the redress of demonstrated and acknowledged injustice, but continues, in the face of demonstration and acknowledgment, to repeat the wrong it has done, so as to re-impose on the overtaxed the trouble of seeking redress on every occasion of being repeatedly robbed. The "Spinsters" say that:—

"The strangest part of the matter, however, is that the overcharge still continues, and has to be recovered by the following process:—Printed forms have to be obtained from Somerset House, and certificates from our agents that the overcharge is correct. These papers are sent to the District Surveyor, where other papers, specifying whether our parents are dead, whether the income is for maintenance or education, vested interest or contingent, are received; and all these sets have to be returned to Somerset House, whence, after considerable delay, the overcharge is returned."

When our illustrious visitor the SHAH is conducted over Somerset House, care will of course be taken to show his Persian Majesty the machinery at that establishment designed for the obstruction of attempts to get surcharges of Income-tax refunded. It is one of those specialities of the British system of taxation which those who work it will naturally think likely to interest the SHAH. He, indeed, might profit considerably by studying it, if his views on the subject of extortion were similar to those of Oriental potentates in general. But no. The SHAH is a just ruler, and wise as well as just. Such a policy on the part of his Government as that which the "Spinsters" were fleeced by must, he would see, necessarily tend to provoke corresponding tactics on the part of the tax-payers. That is, it would justify them, in their own minds, in doing their utmost to evade taxation and defraud the revenue.

But there! Perhaps we shall shortly see in the *Times* an acknowledgment, by the "Spinsters," of the receipt of £10 or £12 "Conscience Money," for Income-tax overcharged, from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE PERILS OF THE PARKS.



If such an innocent act as skipping may be followed by fine and, possibly, imprisonment, we must all mind what we are doing, and when the warm summer weather comes and tempts us into the Parks, be on our guard not to show our delight at the phenomenon by so much as a single hop, skip, or jump.

One hardly likes to think of the tremendous consequences of even a momentary forgetfulness of the etiquette all are expected to observe who ramble in the Parks. A Member of Parliament, MR. AYRON for instance, going down to Westminster on a sultry afternoon in July, and finding there was No House, might stroll into St. James's Park,

and in the exuberance of his delight at having escaped several hours of Local Taxation or Courts of Judicature, be betrayed into an acceleration of pace, an impetuosity of movement, which might easily be mistaken by some vigilant guardian of public propriety and decorum for a skip. Would the offender have to appear at the Westminster Police Court? Would he be allowed to remain at large on bail until the next morning?

Perhaps other actions, which we have hitherto looked upon as perfectly harmless and unobjectionable, are daily exposing us to all those pains and penalties which an infringement of Park rules and regulations sets in motion. Perhaps it is a misdemeanour to run after a friend in Kensington Gardens, and endeavour to attract his attention by calling out his name in a loud tone of voice? Perhaps it is petty larceny to pick up a stone and throw it into the Round Pond for Oscar's delight and recreation? Perhaps it is downright felony to allow the same moist and intelligent animal to carry in his mouth, beyond the Park boundaries, the fragment of stick we have thoughtlessly abstracted from the grass? Are the daisies Crown property? Are the other wild flowers counted every morning and evening by the Park Keepers?

The Parks at the present time are delightful resorts, and we shall forfeit many agreeable hours by shunning their shady walks and emerald paths, but, until satisfactory replies are returned to our questions, we cannot, we dare not, venture within such dangerous precincts. Fortunately, the Mays, and lilacs, and laburnums are past their prime.

BISMARCK AND BIGOTRY.

AN article in the *Saturday Review* on "The Jesuits," referring to the antagonism heretofore existing between that Order and the Bishops of their communion, contains the following passage:—

"PRINCE BISMARCK has done his best to promote a closer alliance between them in Germany, just as the kindred though far feebler policy of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act helped to rally all Roman Catholic parties in England under the banners of Ultramontanism."

Exactly so. Only the Ecclesiastical Titles Act did no more than help to narrow all Roman Catholic parties in England to Ultramontanism. Its work remained to be completed by the Vatican Council in declaring Papal Infallibility. That finished it. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act has been wisely repealed. Who would like to give gratuitous offence to his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects?

Here and everywhere else in Christendom people are now comfortably divided into Protestants and Papists. Roman Catholics should accept and not resent that denomination. Ultramontanism is Popery in a simply definitive sense. Protestantism and Popery are now marked off from each other, by a line which no believer on one side can pass, and very few thinking men on the other will. How many such are likely to commit themselves to all that Popery comprehends? High Anglican Parsons appear to have nearly ceased "going over to Rome," in whose eyes they occupy the same ecclesiastical level with MR. SPURGEON. Is not all this just what PRINCE BISMARCK would rejoice over if he were in MR. GLADSTONE's place? He would probably not regret the feebleness of the policy which has helped to obtain such results. The stronger policy which he now pursues is perhaps necessitated by the excess of holy zeal which sometimes renders Popish ecclesiastics a little troublesome. When the Ultramontane Bishops are quiet, PRINCE BISMARCK will doubtless know how to deal with them in a spirit of enlightened toleration. Perhaps he will be happy to concede almost as much to Ultramontanism as British Statesmen have yielded—as soon as he can afford it.

NOVEL SUPPER ROOM.

We can imagine few people indifferent to an invitation to the Entertainment to be given at the Guildhall to the SHAH, but it is open to a doubt how far guests may like to be included amongst the ninety who are to sup in "the Court of Sewers."

THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Now Spring hath fled; but yet, is Winter past?
With frosty breath he has returned in June
Oft, when from east and north a biting blast
Nipped the young flowers, and hushed the song-bird's tune.

And in my grate at times have I been faint
To light a costly fire of precious coals,
Which at one pound-sixteen a ton remain;
So we burn money—bless the colliers' souls!

The berry coupled with the name of "goose,"
Whereto old English cookery added "fool,"
Hath yielded pies and puddings to our use
At Whitsuntide, as due by antique rule.

But Whitsuntide was late, nor can we call
Potatoes early that were premature,
And watery, more than waxy, almost all;
Such lack of sun our gardens did endure.

Deferred, too, was the customary boon
Of young green peas, and men said, "Where are they?"
On old KING GEORGE's birthday, Fourth of June.
They were not yet when it had passed away.

But see who hither, clad in Orient state,
Comes as the Rising Sun from o'er the seas!
May glorious Summer on his chariot wait,
And bring on our potatoes and our peas.

Compétition and Cleverness.

It appears that the Government has found it necessary to issue a warning to Civil Servants, threatening dismissal as the penalty of betraying official secrets to the Press. The system of Competitive Examination was designed to provide the Civil Service with clever young men. It has provided it with young men so clever that they are able to obtain appointments on the Press, and then turn their official knowledge to account in journalism. Thus the Competitive Examination System has more than succeeded in providing the Civil Service with young men who are clever. Those young men are too clever by half. The Government finds that in producing the Competition Wallah it has driven its pigs to a pretty market.



“ONE FOR HIS NOB.”

Yankee Passenger. “WHY ON AIRTH DO YOU PUT BLINKERS ON THE HORSES IN THIS BRIGHTEST OLD COUNTRY! WE’VE LONG GIVEN ‘EM UP IN AMERICA, I RECKON!”

British ‘Bus-Driver. “WELL, I’LL TELL YER WOT IT IS. IF THEM ‘ERE ‘OSSES WAS ONLY JUST TO CATCH A SIGHT OF YOU A SITTIN’ BE’IND ‘EM, THEY’D BE THAT FRIGHTENED THEY’D JUST SMASH THE ‘OLE BLESSED ‘BUS ALL TO PIECES!”

COMMANDING FIGURE.

A good man struggling with the storms of fate is, we all know, a very admirable sight, and also a most agreeable one to those who are themselves in tranquil circumstances. Such a man, so holding his own, we admire, although his own may be contrary to ours. The good old POPE is such a man, and holds his own so; his own claims that is to say: fortunately not the powers he lays claim to. He has the courage of his opinions; and you may esteem that, although you deny them. According to a Roman telegram, in a speech addressed the other day to the Cardinals, His Holiness expressed himself as much grieved to hear that SIGNOR RATTAZZI had received Christian burial. His perfectly consistent grief was occasioned by the fact that SIGNOR RATTAZZI was a person “who died without the consolation of religion, in obedience to the wishes of his friends.” The Holy Father added:—

“SIGNOR RATTAZZI always fought against the peace of Italy and the Holy See; still the judgment of God is unknown to us, nor must we seek to guess it. But I experienced a very painful impression on learning from the newspapers that the clergy of Alessandria were present at the funeral obsequies. Those priests showed themselves greater courtiers than ministers of God. I hope, however, that the news given by the papers is false.”

A subsequent telegram says that the *Italia* mentions a rumour that MGR. SALVATI, Archbishop of Alessandria, where SIGNOR RATTAZZI was buried, has been summoned to Rome by the Vatican, “*ad verbum audiendum.*” Very likely. He may expect that he will hear a word, and to what effect we can conjecture, though unable to tell what precise word it will be. The *verbum*, whether verb or noun, substantive or adjective, will no doubt be a part of speech such as may be called strong language, if it be not *anathema* itself, as a menace if not a judgment; or perhaps some more colloquial

expression equivalent to *anathema*. *Ad audiendum verbum* may only mean “to receive a wagging;” but that is the least that the offending Archbishop can look for. He will learn what the POPE thinks of countenancing the obsequies of an excommunicated Statesman. Let us admire the thoroughness and consistency of the POPE in having let him know so much as he has already; and this we can do all the more serenely for that His Holiness is able to pronounce only spiritual censures, and has no power any longer to enforce them by the secular arm. But, in fulminating words, though mere words, boldly in the face of Europe and the World, he stands in a far grander position than that of Ajax merely defying the lightning. He commands the same respect as that which one accords to his predecessor, BENEDICT THE THIRTEENTH, who, whether he was lawful Pope or no, believed himself to be, and, having been deposed by a Council which he did not recognise, used to excommunicate everybody regularly twice a day. Perhaps PIUS THE NINTH will finally do likewise.

What's in a Name?

MR. FITZGERALD, R.A.—no, we mean MR. R. A. FITZGERALD, which is an *autre pair* of *chose*—has written an entertaining account of the doings of the twelve English Cricketing Champions in America. The title of the book is deceptive to the Cockney mind, being called alliteratively *Wickets in the West*. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the Secretary of Lord’s ever played cricket in his “West,” but he must not be surprised, if, at Kennington Oval, he should hear BILL SOMEBODY, the eminent professional, criticise the name thus—“*Wickets in the Vest!* Well, I’d ha’ as soon thought o’ *Cricket in a Coat!*” There is something, you see, in a name.

MORAL SONG ON MONEY.

MONEY is not happiness;
Wealth may co-exist with gout;
Buys the physic, ne’ertheless,
Which you can’t be cured without.

Money is not mutton ; no,
Money is not beer or wine ;
But to lack it is to owe
Grievous bills, or not to dine.

Money occupies the purse ;
Happiness is in the mind.
Else its state is the reverse ;
Woe with indigence combined.

Happiness you purchase through
Money that you wisely spend.
Money is the means unto
Happiness, and that’s the end.

Who can keep a conscience clear,
Who can have a mind at rest,
That of ruin lives with fear
Ever gnawing at his breast ?

Others’ happiness your own
Would you render if you could ?
’Tis by money’s aid alone
You can do your Species good.

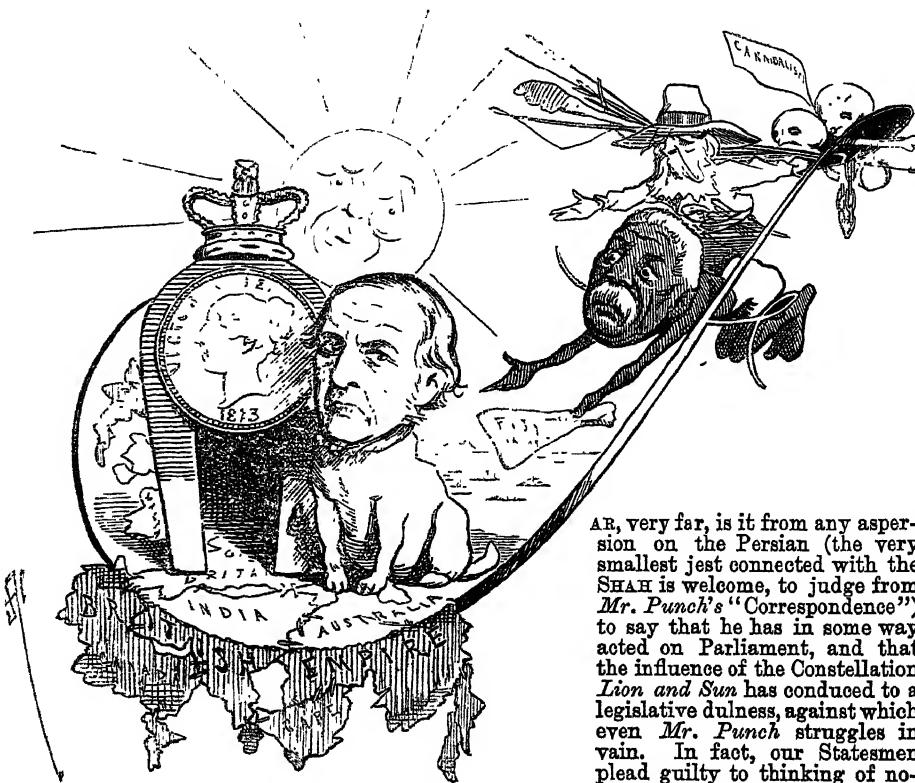
Happiness he may, below,
Find, with money who abounds ;
None else can until they go
To the Happy Hunting-grounds.

Money when a man decries,
Ten to one his bond is due,
And that presently he tries
Out of cash to swindle you.

Really Thoughtful.

The arrangement for throwing the full glare of the electric light from St. Stephen’s on to the SHAH’s bedroom windows at Buckingham Palace, was admirable. How soothing when he came in, tired, from the Ball, and wanted to go to sleep! Why did not LORD SYDNEY insist on fireworks all night in the SHAH’s bedroom, crackers in the cupboard, Roman candles on the toilet-table, and catherine-wheels as castors to his arm-chairs?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GLADSTONE allowed the Commons to rise early on the Friday, that they might get into the City, and MR. PELL wanted them to rise earlier still, declaring that he should otherwise never get his carriage, with Mrs. PELL, to the Guildhall in time; and besides, he had had no lunch, and wished to have some dinner. You see, Madam, we are all in a state like that of your own excellent household on the day before the night of your charming ball, when you are shoring up your drawing floors from below, and tastefully festooning the chintz-covered props with lovely flowers from your villa near the Thames.

Monday, June 16.—To-day Ministers were helped out of the Zanzibar business (the postal contract to spend £26,000 when £15,000 would do) by accepting Mr. BOUVERIE's proposal for a Select Committee on the subject. He was not over polite, however, for he objected to let any of the Cabinet sit in judgment on Mr. LOWE, declaring that this would be like calling on a St. Giles' jury to try a member of the Swell Mob.

We sat till two o'clock on the Rating Bill, and, if *Mr. Punch* could be severe at such a time, he would say that folks whom it is proposed to Rate show quite sufficient energy in resisting an imposition which is supposed to be fair. But, to do each "interest" justice, it is very ready to assent to the taxation of every other.

MR. BRUCE was asked whether he knew how many people had lately been killed in the streets of London. He said he was very sorry (and we do not doubt it) to have to state that the numbers had not decreased. In 1872 the drivers destroyed 118 persons. The police force had been increased, and everything was done that could be done. This latter statement, of course, is too absurd to be dealt with seriously. Nothing will have been done until heavy traffic shall be excluded from the great thoroughfares during the hours passengers want them. As regards furious driving, the Magistrates are much too punctilious in requiring the most positive evidence, MR. BRUCE thinks. If there is a doubt, it should go in favour of a wounded pedestrian. Yet some pedestrians, especially ladies, are wilfully careless, and choose to think that a horse at average speed can be brought to a dead standstill in a second.

In the Commons MR. WHALLEY obtruded some more Tichborne queries, and MR. LOWE said, one evening, that those who had the advantage of hearing the sort of questions MR. WHALLEY asked, would "not be surprised" at his (MR. LOWE'S) begging him to reduce his inquiries to writing. We rather like MR. WHALLEY (apart from his absurdities), and therefore decline to quote a wish of *Dogberry's*.

Tuesday.—Can you, Madam, wish to know anything about the system of Patronage in the Kirk of Scotland? Of course not. It is enough for you to know that the system of Church Government in Scotland, doubtless, has its merits, but that the theory which makes the taught judges of the teacher perpetually produces the most ludicrous results. When any half-dozen old women may complain to the authorities that a Pastor does not speak loud enough, or speaks coldly, sneezes too often, or looks about him too much, or combs his hair in a non-Calvinistic fashion, it is not wonderful that Clergymen are much exercised in the North.

Wednesday.—We debated MR. FAWCETT'S Bill for relieving Parliamentary candidates from election expenses, and throwing them on the localities. It was decided by 205 to 91 that things should remain as they are.

This was the day of the SHAH's arrival. The topic is so far Parliamentary that at night the bright clock-tower light, which should have been extinguished, the House having

risen, was turned upon Buckingham Palace, and if NASSR-ED-DIN's shutters were not what MRS. MALAPROP calls "arithmetically" closed, His Majesty must have emitted some choice Persian execrations at having his slumbers hindered by the AYTON Comet.

Thursday.—MR. AYTON said that the iron floors of the new National Gallery must be covered with wood, because a large number of the persons who would go there to study aesthetics and the Old Masters wear iron nails in their shoes. So we must run the risk of using an inflammable material.

One night this week—it does not matter which night—an Honourable Member, in alluding to the Irish, called them "aliens and enemies." He remembered LORD LYNDHURST and the "aliens in blood, religion, and language." MR. GLADSTONE gently deprecated such phrases. But the Home-Rulers accept them as the highest compliment an Englishman could pay. By the way, the "affectionate people" are committing murders by the dozen just now, and we suppose that a return on the subject will soon be asked.

Friday.—LORD VIVIAN mentioned that "extremely rough diamonds" now seek to insert themselves into the Army by means of competition—including two that had been expelled from Woolwich. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said that he did what he could to prevent the admission of other than gentlemen, but the fact was that marvellous testimonials were always sent in, and that the two expelled persons were described to him as most perfect characters. The MARQUIS OF HERTFORD's "blood boiled at seeing MR. CARDWELL'S name at the head of the *Army List*, instead of the venerated name of the Illustrious Duke."

The Commons (after more Rating) adjourned soon after six, that everybody might go to Guildhall, to the ball in honour of the SHAH. And truly it was worth while to go and see the opening Quadrille. Listen, dear Madam.

The Lord Mayor.	The Cesarevina.
Prince of Wales.	Miss Waterlow.
Princess of Wales.	Cesarewitch.
Princess Mary.	Prince Christian.
Princess Christian.	Duke of Cambridge.
Duchess of Manchester.	Prince Arthur.
Duke of Edinburgh.	Miss Waterlow.
Duke of Teck.	Lady Spencer.

Mr. Punch having gazed on that scene, kissed his hand to NASSR-ED-DIN, and retired to his own seclusion and tobacco.

An Appeal to Spain.

SPANIARDS, noble Latin Race,
Generous, fine, impulsive nation,
Should not wrath at last give place,
Now, to reconciliation?

Turn death-grapple to salute;
Every man embrace his brother.
Time it is you ceased to shoot,
And began to kiss each other.

Trumps.

On the occasion of the Royal meeting between the Sovereigns of Persia and England, when the latter received the former in state at Windsor Castle, it was remarked by people addicted to whist and cribbage that the illustrious guest and hostess represented two Court Cards—HER MAJESTY the Queen of Hearts, and the SHAH the King of Diamonds.

"MOST PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

"THE SHAH keeps a Journal, in which he notes up with great care whatever strikes him. He is also attended by an historiographer, in the person of KHAN MAHOMMED HASSAN-EL-SANEE-ED-DOWLAH, Editor of the Official Gazette of Tehran."—*Court Newsman.*

[*How we became possessed of the very curious and interesting extracts which we here print we are not at liberty to reveal. We have our own little birds, but, if they have any other name than Legion, it is as private and confidential as the news they carry.—ED.*]

EXTRACT

From the most private Journal of KHAN MAHOMMED HASSAN-EL-SANEE-ED-DOWLAH.

In the train of fire, at Dover. Thanks be to Allah, we are off the sea. The Feringhees said it was calm during our passage. And the SHAH-IN-SHAH—may his name be crowned with honour!—kept his head erect and his countenance cheerful before these Kaffirs, and was not cast down, neither was his face blackened in crossing the sea of the English. This power was not given to us, his servants. How should it be? May the Illustrious not ask to see the journal of this crossing kept by his servant EL SANEE. All I know is that I lay in a narrow box, and felt rollings and great throbings, and smelt grievous smells, and heard thunderings far and near, and many tramplings and clashings of chains over my head, till my entrails were loosed with a great fear. I gave myself up altogether to misery, as one in the realm of the Djinns, or as he that passeth over the hair bridge of El Sirat, in the Valley of Judgment. They that sat erect tell me we saw many war-ships of iron and brass, some like birds with wings, and others like houses sailing without sails, and bearing cannon that fired without hands, and manned by monkeys or demons. How these things may be, truly I know not. We are in the land of enchantments and wonders, praise be to the name of the Prophet, and protection to his servants.

We fly through this land in the cushioned carriages of the railway. This thing we have seen elsewhere, but nowhere so swift as here. All here is by steam—more even than in the land of the Russki and the Prusski, and the face of all things—excepting only the heavens—shines. There is a dark grey shadow always over the sky; I cannot speak with the astrologer of the SHAH-IN-SHAH, for he is in another carriage. But I fear the signs of the heavens are inauspicious, and that we did ill to come hither in this conjunction of planets. The English people gather in crowds to do honour to the SHAH-IN-SHAH, and wave their hats and shout. Who are we that we should shine in the brightness of his face?

The women here go unveiled, as in other lands of the Feringhee. They are more moon-faced than the women of the Russki, and the Prusski. My friend, a great Moonshee of the household of the Elched RAWLINSON, may his name be honoured, tells me that the women of the English have lately risen up in revolt, and come out of their anderoons, and are now striving with men in all things, and often beating and buffeting them. A wise man would have foreseen this. Why did the English let their females come abroad out of the apartments of the women, and lay aside their veils? A fire is good, but only while it is kept in the fire-pans. Let the woman that can rule a man rule in the chamber, not in the street; so strength hath its right, and weakness is not encouraged to its undoing. In this land we see many more people of peace than soldiers, and all the soil is as a garden: even the beasts in the fields are clean and well cared for. Herein this land is different from the land of the Russki and the Prusski. Nor do the Khans and Elches and other servants of the Great QUEEN go so softly, or bow to the ground so often or so low as the servants of the Czar and the EMPEROR in those lands. Nor do they wear coats buttoned up so tight, nor so many stars and badges of honour on their breasts. The Russki and Prusski said we should find all men in this country loving money and not caring for honour. This I do not know. We shall learn. Only I know, unworthy as I am to know anything of the Lion and Sun of the Universe—that the SHAH-IN-SHAH had blackness of face by reason of the grievous bowing down and the constant ordering of all things in those lands, whereby we could not move, but in a line first drawn out for all. At last did they not order even the SHAH-IN-SHAH! Then their faces were blackened before him; and we had a hard time, and much stick. Here I hope all will be well. Allah grant so much to his servant.

(At the Palace of the Great Queen, in the first hour of the evening.)

My head aches sorely. We have all drunk much rain-water, and our robes of honour are damp and defiled. Here the Great QUEEN may be mistress of the earth and the sea, but Shaitan is master of the heavens.

It is now what these English call Midsummer, but the cold is as that of our second month of the winter solstice, and the rains are as the latter rains of sowing time.

It is, in this land, as if for money and steam they had given sunshine. Our hearts are black in spite of the whiteness of the face of the SHAH-IN-SHAH before this people.

(Two Hours later.)

I have eaten a dinner of the English. Allah kerim! it was good. I have drunk of their sherbet that goes off by steam, and, as with the bursting of guns, like other things in this country. It was very good, and made my heart merry within me, so that I sang this verse:

"I also am going by steam, like all things in this land of wonders. My head is as a wheel, that turneth and grindeth wondrously, and my heart is full of still brightness, like the shining of the sea under the moon, and the sherbet of the stranger is at the screw of the fire-ship that carries my soul swiftly through the waters."

Even while I sing, I am summoned to the presence of the SHAH-IN-SHAH—may he be strengthened!

(At the fourth hour of the night.)

The SHAH-IN-SHAH sent for me to attend him to the magical instrument which these wonderful English have brought to his chamber, whereby he can send his orders to Tehran, and receive words thence, as lord talketh to slave in a chamber of audience.

The magician who works the spell was also at hand.

The SHAH-IN-SHAH spoke. "Call me up the Prince Governor of Tehran."

"He is called."

"What says he?"

"That this must be Shaitan, and not the SHAH-IN-SHAH, that talks to him so many thousand miles away, and therefore he will not listen."

"Let him have stick, that he may know it is the SHAH-IN-SHAH."

Then came the message that stick was being given to the Governor.

The SHAH-IN-SHAH wished to hear the cries of his slave under the ferashes. But the magician said this was beyond his power.

Then the SHAH-IN-SHAH was pleased to talk with his servant of this wonderful land, and the sea-journey, and the ships, and all the marvels he had seen; and bade his servant show him the journal thereof.

Then I said, "Lo! O SHAH, how can I show thee that which is not? Was not my journal swallowed up in the jaws of the Sea as we landed at Dover? And who is thy servant, that he should recover back its prey from the ocean?"

Then the SHAH-IN-SHAH was gracious, and went again to the magical instrument, and spoke again with those at Tehran.

And, lo! he made his wives to arise even at the fifth hour of the night—for this also was by magic, that here it was the first hour of the night, when at Tehran it was the fifth—and dress themselves in their best robes, and come down to talk with their lord and master; and woe be to any that shall grumble, now they know for a truth that the ear of the great SHAH is upon them, even from the ends of the earth!

Much wonder was uttered among the moonshees and khans, and aghas and meerzas of the Great QUEEN, as we sat at meat, that the SHAH-IN-SHAH had been pleased to grant such honours to REUTER KHAN, and to concede unto him the power to make channels wherein the wealth of the English should flow into Persia. But they do not understand how he is to get that wealth into those channels. Then I said to them: "The English have steam; have not we Persians stick—that does as great wonders for us as steam for you?" And I went on to explain to them the power of stick; how, if the SHAH-IN-SHAH once had the KHAN REUTER tight in Tehran, with the Royal ferashes standing over him, REUTER KHAN would have no chance but to bleed either blood or tomauns; and that in our country wise men would rather give up their coin than their cuticle. Now, REUTER KHAN was no doubt a wise man, or the SHAH-IN-SHAH would not have chosen him for this great favour. Besides, cannot the English make money, by help of steam and the Djinns together? and has not this REUTER lived among the English till he has learnt all their secrets? And did not SOLOMON, the wise king, compel the demons to give up their treasures? and shall not the SHAH-IN-SHAH know how to compel even REUTER KHAN?

Doubly Destitute.

VAGABONDS are generally credited with cleverness; if that is the only credit they get. But street-beggars exhibit want of originality at least as lamentable as their physical destitution. They continue to importune you for a "copper," although copper coin has long been superseded by bronze; and no mendicant asking alms ever thinks of saying, by way of novelty, "If you please, Sir, would you have the kindness to assist a poor man with a postage-stamp?"



MODEST ASSURANCE.

Lady of the House. "WELL, MILLICENT, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HORSE, 'ROLAND'?"

Millicent. "O, IMMENSELY! BUT HE WANTS A FIRM HAND, YOU KNOW. HE'D VERY SOON RUN AWAY WITH ME, IF I GAVE HIM A CHANCE; WOULDN'T HE, ROBERT?"

Robert (first Cousin to Millicent). "RUN AWAY WITH YOU, IF YOU GAVE HIM A CHANCE? BY GEORGE, IF I CAN JUDGE OF 'ROLAND'S' FEELINGS BY MY OWN, I SHOULD JUST THINK HE WOULD!"

PASSENGER AND PEOPLE.

THE People in their thousands
So close assembled were
That they obstructed Charing Cross,
And crammed Trafalgar Square.
The glorious British Public,
What went they forth to see,
And there did stand till after six,
Where they had come ere three?

With eyes intently gazing,
They stood at Charing Cross;
Yet not as round a prostrate steed,
Surveying "that 'ere 'oss."
Their aspects were erected,
And they looked right forth; for ah!
They fronted the Charing Cross Hotel,
And were waiting for the SHAH.

As bound upon a journey,
I rushed to catch the train,
The British Public blocked my way,
And did my course restrain.
I blessed the British Public,
With the accents of a man;
And I also blessed and praised the SHAH,
And wished him at Teheran.

The British Public's welcome
Was pure good-will's display.
They were not as supernumeraries
Engaged to shout for pay;

And the SHAH was more to gaze at,
As a Monarch of renown
Than the scene of a horrid murder is,
A dead horse, or a house burnt down.

RESPECT OF COURT.

IN the course of the Monster Trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, which is exemplifying the expedition, efficiency, economy, and common-sense of English Law to an admiring world, VISCOUNT ST. LAWRENCE, M.P., was examined one day last week. In cross-examination, his Lordship stated that, in an interview with the defendant, he had asked him questions suggesting certain inaccuracies relative to places, distances, and events, for the purpose of testing his suspected veracity. Subjoined is an extract from the *Times*' report of the evidence of LORD ST. LAWRENCE, cross-examined by DR. KENEALY:—

"Did ROGER ever walk that walk with you?—Never.
It was altogether untrue, then?—It was.
Was it the 'trap'?—Yes.
Was it not the *suggestio falsi*, the suggestion of a falsehood?—No, it was not."

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—You may call it a 'trap,' but I see nothing wrong in it at all. If you have a suspicion that a man is guilty of fraud and falsehood, there is no harm in putting a question which tends to show it.

DR. KENEALY.—Oh, my Lord, I think in any case it is wrong to suggest a lie.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—It is not a lie, and that is a very offensive and unwarrantable imputation to make upon the witness."

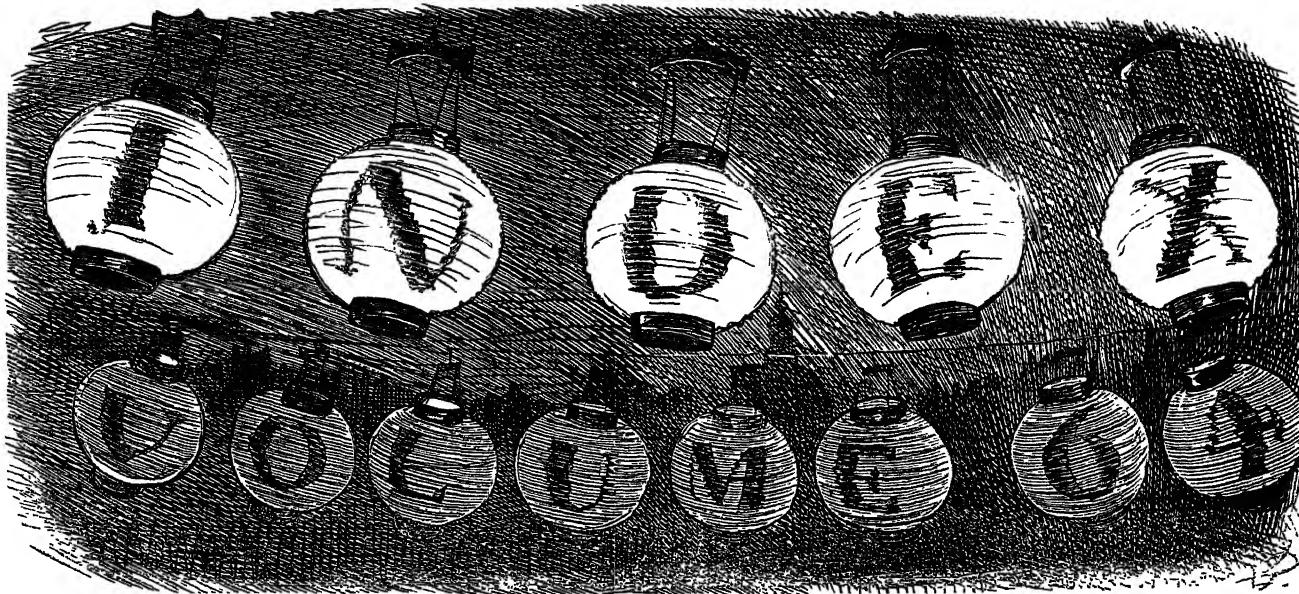
It is surely no contempt of Court, but quite the reverse, to say that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN is a gentleman.

A REWARD WHICH ROGUES REAP.—The County Crop.



“MORE CRY THAN WOOL.”

MR. PUNCH. “WELL, WELL, DEAR MADAM! NO DOUBT YOU’LL DO MORE NEXT TIME. AND—ER—VISITORS ARE EXPENSIVE; ONLY, THERE ARE CERTAIN FOLKS—AS THE IMMORTAL BARD OBSERVES—WHO ‘WILL NOT GIVE A DOIT TO RELIEVE A LAME BEGGAR, WHEN THEY WILL LAY OUT TEN TO SEE A LIVE PERSIAN.’”



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